

When Your Lover Has Gone

Julie London

What good is the scheming, the planning and dreaming
That comes with each new love affair
The dreams that we cherish, so often might perish
And leaves you with castles in air

When you're alone, who cares for starlit skies
When you're alone, the magic moonlight dies
At break of dawn, there is no sunrise
When your lover has gone

What lonely hours, the evening shadows bring
What lonely hours, with memories lingering
Like faded flowers, life can't mean anything
When your lover has gone