

Days Of Wine And Roses

Matt Monro

The days of wine and roses,
Laugh and run away,
Like a child at play,
Through a meadowland,
Toward a closing door,
A door marked "nevermore",
That wasn't there before.

The lonely night discloses,
Just a passing breeze,
Filled with memories,
Of the golden smile,
That introduced me to
The days of wine and roses,
And you!

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