Days of Wine and Roses

Quincy Jones

The days of wine and roses laugh and run away like a child at p lay

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 me mories

Of the golden smile that introduced me to The days of wine and roses and you

(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