

When the Sun Goes Down

The Brothers Four

Every night, when the sun goes down
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every night, when the sun goes down
hang my head, and mournful cry:
You're gone!
You're gone!
My own true love, you're gone!

Our love was new on that yesterday;
Our love was true on that yesterday;
The love we knew on that yesterday
has grown cold; you're gone away.

Now I'm alone in this empty town;
I'm so alone in this dreary town,
and I call for my own true love,
every night, when the sun goes down:
You're gone!
You're gone!
My own true love, you're gone!
My own true love, you're gone!