

The Way It Used To Be

The Ink Spots

We say the same sweet things
We sigh when a bluebird sings
But is it just the way it used to be?

It seems there's something missing
In our laughter
Like roses once in bloom
Then fading after

It's still the same old town
The same old friends around
But somehow it's just not the same to me
And yet each kiss tells me that we could start again
Right from the heart again
The way it used to be

[Spoken]

We say the same sweet things, honey
We even sigh when a bluebird sings
But tell me, is it just the way it used to be?

[Sung]

It's still the same old town
The same old friends around
But somehow it's just not the same to me
And yet each kiss tells me that we could start again
Right from the heart again
The way it used to be