

Laura

Vic Damone

You know the feeling of something half remembered
Of something that never happened, yet you recall it well.
You know the feeling of recognizing someone
That you've never met as far as you could tell, well.

Laura is the face in the misted light
Footsteps that you hear down the hall
The love that floats on a summer night
That you can never quite recall
Have you see Laura on the train that is passing through
Those eyes, how familiar they seem
She give your very first kiss to you
That was Laura, but she's only a dream

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