

## Days Of Wine And Roses

Wayne Newton

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 „never more”,  
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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