

Two Cigarettes in the Dark

Bing Crosby

Two, two cigarettes in the dark
He strikes a match 'til the spark
Clearly traces
One face is my sweetheart

Two, two silhouettes in a room
Almost obscured by the gloom
I was so close yet so far apart

It happened that I stumbled in
Upon their rendezvous
I heard my sweetheart whispering
"I love you, I love you, you know that I do"

Two, two cigarettes in the dark
Gone is the flame and the spark
Leaving just regrets
And two cigarettes in the dark

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