

Blue Velvet

Barry Manilow

She wore blue velvet
Bluer than velvet was the night
Softer than satin was the light
From the stars

She wore blue velvet
Bluer than velvet were her eyes
Warmer than May her tender sighs
Love was ours

Ours a love I held tightly
Feeling the rapture grow
Like a flame burning brightly
But when she left, gone was the glow of

Blue velvet
But in my heart there'll always be
Precious and warm, a memory
Through the years
And I still can see blue velvet
Through my tears