

## 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