

The Thrill Is Gone

Chet Baker

The thrill is gone,
The thrill is gone,
I can see it in your eyes,
I can hear it in your sighs,
Feel your touch and realise
The thrill is gone.

The nights are cold,
For love is old,
Love was grand when love was new,
Birds were singing, skies were blue,
Now it don't appeal to you,
The thrill is gone.

This is the end
So why pretend
And let it linger on?
The thrill is gone,
The thrill is gone.