

## Blue Turning Grey Over You

Frankie Laine

Gee, how I miss  
Your tender kiss,  
And the wonderful things we would do.

Now I run my hands  
Through silvery strands,  
You left me blue turning gray over you.

You used to be  
So good to me,  
That's when I was a novelty.

Now, you've new friends in view,  
You've found someone new,  
And left me blue turning gray over you.