

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.