

When My Blue Moon Turns To Gold Again

Hank Thompson

When my blue moon turns to gold again,
When the rainbow turns the clouds away,
When my blue moon turns to gold again,
You'll be back in my arms to stay
Memories that linger in my heart.
Memories that make my heart grow cold,
But someday they'll live again, sweetheart,
And my blue moon again will turn to gold
The lips that used to thrill me so.
Your kisses were meant for only me.
In my dreams they live again, sweetheart,
But my blue moon is just a memory
The castles we used to build together
Were the sweetest stories ever told.
Maybe we will live them all again,
And my blue moon again will turn to gold.