

Cherie

Johnny Mathis

Cherie, Cherie, I dreamt that you were mine
But like all dreams, it withered on the vine
I imagined your love was true
Which only shows, how little I knew.

And when they asked me how, I get along without you
I joke about the smoke, that's in my eyes
But when I'm all alone, Cherie, Cherie
Your photograph is there, to laugh at all my lies.

So now I know, my dream is all in vain
Yet all the while, a voice I can't explain
Keeps repeating, come back to me
Be mine forever, be my Cherie.