

## When Your Lover Has Gone

Julie London

What good is the scheming, the planning and dreaming  
That comes with each new love affair  
The dreams that we cherish, so often might perish  
And leaves you with castles in air

When you're alone, who cares for starlit skies  
When you're alone, the magic moonlight dies  
At break of dawn, there is no sunrise  
When your lover has gone

What lonely hours, the evening shadows bring  
What lonely hours, with memories lingering  
Like faded flowers, life can't mean anything  
When your lover has gone