

Days Of Wine And Roses

Patti Page

The days of wine and roses
Laugh and run away
Like a child at play
Through a meadowland toward a closing door
A door marked "nevermore"
That wasn't there before

The lonely night discloses
Just a passing breeze
Filled with memories
Of the golden smile that introduced me

To, the days of wine and roses
And you

(The lonely night discloses)
Just a passing breeze
Filled with memories
Of the golden smile that introduced me
To, the days of wine and roses
And you