The Thrill Is Gone

Chet Baker

The thrill is gone
The thrill is gone
I can see it in your eyes
I can hear it in your sighs
Feel your touch and realize
The thrill is goneThe nights are cold
For love is old
Love was grand when love was new
Birds were singing, skies were blue
Now it don't appeal to you
The thrill is goneThis is the end
So why pretend
And let it linger on
The thrill is gone
The thrill is gone

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