

On Days Like These

[Quincy Jones](#)

On days like these when skies are blue and fields are green
I look around and think about what might have been
And then I hear sweet music float around my head
As I recall the many things we left unsaid
And its on days like these that I remember
Singing songs and drinking wine
While your eyes play games with mine On days like these I wonder what became of you
Maybe today you are singing songs with someone new
I'd like to think you're walking by those willow trees
Remembering the lovely youth on days like these
And its on days like these that I remember
Singing songs and drinking wine
While your eyes play games with mine On days like these I wonder what became of you
Maybe today you are singing songs with someone new

Songwriters

BLACK, GRANT/HERMAN, PAUL/KENZIE, JOHN Published by

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