

Days of Wine and Roses (1st Set)

Bill Evans

The days of wine and roses
Laugh and run away
Like a child at play
Through the meadowland
Toward a closing door
A door marked never more
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

Songwriters

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Published by
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