Charade

Linda Eder

When we played our charade
We were like children posing
Playing at games, acting out names
Guessing the parts we playedOh what a hit we made
We came on next to closing
Best on the bill, lovers until
Love left the masqueradeFate seemed to pull the strings
I turned and you were gone
While from the darkened wings
That music box played onSad little serenade
Song of my heart's composing
I hear it still, I always will
Best on the bill
Charade

Songwriters
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