Charade

Kat Edmonson

When we play 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 wing
The music box played onSad little serenade
Song of my heart's composing
I hear it still, I always will
Best on the bill, charadeFate seemed to pull the strings
I turned and you were gone
While from the darkened wing
The music box played onSad little serenade
Song of my heart's composing
I hear it still, guess I always will
Best on the bill, charade

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