

# Days of Wine and Roses

Frank Sinatra

The days of wine and roses laugh and run away like a child at play  
Through the meadow land toward a closing door  
A door marked "nevermore" that wasn't there before  
The lone-ly 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  
The days of wine and roses  
[more instrumental-rest of the first verse]  
The lonely - the 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

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