

Blue Turning Grey Over You

Louis Armstrong

Gee, how I miss
Your tender kiss,
And the wonderful things we would do. Now I run my hands
Through silvery strands,
You left me blue turning gray over you. You used to be
So good to me,
That's when I was a novelty. Now, you've new friends in view,
You've found someone new,
And left me blue turning gray over you.

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