Laura

Don Byas

You know the feeling of something half remembered
Of something that never happened, yet you recall it well
You know the feeling of recognizing someone
That you've never met as far as you could tell, wellLaura is the face in the misty light
Footsteps that you hear down the hall
The laugh that floats on a summer night
That you can never quite recall
And you see Laura on the train that is passing through
Those eyes, how familiar they seem
She gave your very first kiss to you
That was Laura but she's only a dream

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