

Charade

Harry Connick, Jr.

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

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