

# Laura

## Patricia Barber

Laura is the face in the misty lights.  
Footsteps that you hear down the hall.  
The love that floats on a summer night,  
That you can never quite recall.

And you see Laura on a 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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