

## Frank Sinatra "Blue Lace"

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Blue lace, her gown was blue lace,  
She wore the promise of springtime and laughter.  
Daybreak, we talked till daybreak  
Without a warning of what might come after.  
Her touch was velvet, I still can feel it  
That one brief moment that ended in space.  
Sometime in mid-December,  
I hear the music, the echo of springtime laughter,  
All day I see the old days,  
When I'd seen the young girls in blue, blue lace.  
Her gown was blue lace, such lovely blue lace,  
Her gown was blue.

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