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Henry Fiat's Open Sore "Charade"

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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 heart's composing I hear it still, I always will Best on the bill Charade

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