

Henry Fiat's Open Sore

"Days Of Wine And Roses"

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The days of wine and roses laugh and run away like a
child at play
Through a meadow land toward a closing door
A door marked "nevermore" that wasn't there before

The lonely night discloses just a passing breeze filled
with memories
Of the golden smile that introduced me to
The days of wine and roses and you

(The lonely night discloses) just a passing breeze filled
with memories
Of the golden smile that introduced me to
The days of wine and roses and you-oo-oo

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