

# Ella Fitzgerald, Laura

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

And you see Laura on the 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

[Instrumental interlude]

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