

Frank Sinatra, Laura

Writer(s): David Raksin - Johnny Mercer

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
She gave your very first kiss to you
That was Laura
But she's only a dream