

Hank Locklin, Where The Blue Of The Night Meets

Where the blue of the night meets the gold of the day someone waits for me
And the gold of her hair frowns the blue of her eyes like a halo tenderly
If only I could see her oh how happy I would be
Where the blue of the night meets the gold of the day someone waits for me
(If only I could see her) oh how happy I would be
Where the blue of the night meets the gold of the day someone waits for me