

# Nana Mouskouri, Laura

Laura is the face in the misted light  
Footsteps that you hear down the hall  
The love that floats on a summer night  
That you can never quite recall

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Have you see Laura on the train that is passing through  
Those eyes, how familiar they seem  
She give your very first kiss to you  
That was Laura, but she's only a dream

(\* repeat)