

Bing Crosby, Trade Winds

Two, two cigarettes in the dark
He strikes a match 'til the
Spark clearly traces
One face is my sweetheart.
Two, two silhouettes in a room
Almost obscured by the gloom
We were so close yet so far apart,
It happened that I stumbled in
Upon their rendezvous.
I heard my sweetheart whispering
"I love you, I love you, you know that I do."
Two, two cigarettes in the dark,
Gone is the flame and the spark
Leaving just regrets and two cigarettes in the dark.