Brenda Lee, When Your Lover Has Gone

Gone, your lover is gone, gone Gone, your baby is gone, gone, gone, gone

When you're alone, ah, who cares for starry skies When you're alone the magic of the moonlight dies At break of dawn there is no sunrise When your lover has gone

What lonely hours the evening shadows bring What lonely hours memories lingering Like faded flowers life can mean anything When your lover, when he's gone