

Cook Barbara, Last Night When We Were Young

Last night, when we were young,
Love was a game, a song unsung;
Love was so new, so real so right,
Ages ago, last night.

Today, the world is old.
You went away, and time grew cold.
Where is that star that shone so bright,
Ages ago, last night?

To think, the world had depended
On merely this, a look, a kiss --
To think that something so splendid
Could slip away with one little daybreak.

So now, let's reminisce
And recollect, the sighs and the kisses,
The arms that clung, when we were young,
Last night.