

Dean Martin, 'Til I Find You

I look in vain
Down every lonely street
I talk of you
To every one I meet
I wander here and there
Looking everywhere
But you are gone from me
And I'm left at sea
To call your name
And search each passing phase
For your lost smile
Your sudden tender grace
Though friends all say
There's nothing to do about you
My heart can't rest 'til I find you

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