

Duke Ellington, My Little Brown Book

My little brown book
With the silver binding
How it keeps reminding me
Of a memory
That's haunting me.
In some quiet nook
I go thru its pages
And peruse this ageless tale
Of a love that failed
To ever become true.
On this page is the date
Of that fateful night at eight
When I found you were no longer in love.
After that there's nothing more
Just a dark and futile door
That shuts out the stars above.
In my little book
I inscribed your heart vow
But since we're apart now
This and that last sweet kiss
Is all that's left of you
Is all that's left of you.