

Engelbert Humperdinck, The Way It Used To Be

Lonely table just for one.
In bright and crowded room.
While the music has begun.
I drink to memories in the gloom.
Though the music still the same.
It has a bitter sweet refrain.
So play the song the way it use to be.
Before she left and changed it all to sadness.
And maybe if she passing by the window.
She will hear our love song and the melody.
And even if the words are not so tender.
She will always remember the way it used to be.
Friends stop by and say hello.
Huh! and I laugh and hide the pain.
Its quite easy til they go.
Then the song begins again.
So play the song the way it used to be.
Before she left and changed it all to sadness.
And maybe if she passing by the window.
She will hear our love song and the melody.
And even if the words are not so tender.
She will always remember the way it used to be.