

# Henry Mancini, Days Of Wine And Roses

The days of wine and roses laugh and run away like a child at play  
Through a meadow land toward a closing door  
A door marked &quot;nevermore&quot; that wasn't there before

The lonely night discloses just a passing breeze filled with memories  
Of the golden smile that introduced me to  
The days of wine and roses and you

(The lonely night discloses) just a passing breeze filled with memories  
Of the golden smile that introduced me to  
The days of wine and roses and you-oo-oo