

# Matt Monro, On Days Like These

Questi giorni quando vieni il belle sole  
la la la la la-la-la-la la la la la

On days like these when skies are blue and fields are green  
I look around and think about what might have been  
and then I hear sweet music float around my head  
as I recall the many things we left unsaid  
its on days like these that I remember  
singing songs and drinking wine  
while your eyes played games with mine

on days like these I wonder what became of you  
maybe today you are singing songs with someone new  
I'd like to think you're walking by those willow trees  
remembering the love we knew on days like these  
its on days like these that I remember  
singing songs and drinking wine  
while your eyes played games with mine

on days like these I wonder what became of you  
maybe today you are singing songs with someone new

Questi giorni quando vieni il belle sole  
la la la la la-la-la-la