

Neil Sedaka, Moon Of Gold

Moon of gold in the sky,
my loving sweetheart said goodbye.
Those moonlight kisses that she shared with me
are just a memory.

By the light of your glow
those tender love words whispered low
were just a promise that never came true,
for she found someone new.

How, how was I to know she'd soon go
and leave me longing in the moon glow.

Since she's gone I'm alone,
I have no sweetheart of my own,
Just a memory of a love that's grown cold,
and a tarnished moon of gold.

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