

Patricia Barber, The Thrill Is Gone

The thrill is gone
The thrill is gone
I can see it in your eyes
I can hear it in your sighs
Feel your touch and realize
The thrill is gone.

The nights are cold,
For love is old,
Love was grand when love was new,
Birds were singin', skies were blue,
Now it don't appeal to you..
The thrill is gone.

This is the end,
So why pretend
And let it linger on?
The thrill is gone.

This is the end,
So why pretend
And let it linger on?
The thrill is gone.