

# Patti Page, 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.

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