

Nana Mouskouri, Johnny

When I think of Johnny
I remember the spring
I remember his laughter
And the way he would sing

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Oh! How I loved Johnny
With my heart
I loved Johnny
Oh! How I loved Johnny
But he never knew

I prayed that he'd travel
Through the winter's wild storm
And he'd kiss me
And hold me
So close and so warm

He left with leaves falling
Falling dead to the ground
And no more will I ever
Hear his sweet laughing sound

But he never knew
But he never knew
But he never knew