

Tony Bennett, Laura

Laura is the face in the misty lights
Footsteps that you hear down the hall
The laugh that flows on a summer night
That you can never quite recall
And you see Laura
On the train that is passing through
Those eyes, how familiar they seem
She gave your very first kiss to you
That was Laura, but she's only a dream
She gave your very first kiss to you
That was Laura, but she's only a dream