

Tell me, when will you return?

How many nights, How many days.
They are so, so long and you're far, far away,
You promised this trip would be the last.
No more heart's torn sails on a shipwrecked mast
In spring, we will be together again,
And spring is for love whispering under the moon,
And together we'll smell fresh flowers in bloom,
As we stroll arm in arm down Paris streets soon.

Tell me, when will you return?
Tell me, at the least don't you know
That all these moments passing
Will hardly ever remain.
That all these moments lost
Will never come again

Spring has long since fled almost ready to return.
Dry leaves they crackle, the wood fires they burn.
Paris in autumn is so beautiful and serene
But here I am listless, shivering as if in a dream
Reeling and stomach heaving just like love's old refrain
Now going now coming feet heavy as lead
And I'm so so love sick, and I'm so sick of you,
Your image it still haunts me, 'n I speak like one dead,

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Whether I love you now, whether I love you in arrears
Whether it's you I love in love, whether I love you only,
If you don't see that you must return to me
Then we two 'll be one of love's souvenirs.
And I 'll be on my way where the world's wonders are
And I'll hitch my poor heart to another bright star,
I am not one of those sorts who die of untold grief
And the virtue of sailor's wives has never been my brief.

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