

The Thrill Is Gone

Patti Page

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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Love was grand when love was new
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