Blue Moon

Sam Cooke

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Blue moon,
You saw me standing alone
Without a dream in my heart
Without a love of my own
You heard me sing a prayer
For someone I really care for

Then suddenly there appeared before me
The only one my arms could ever hold
Then I heard somebody whisper:
„Please adore me!" and when I looked
The moon had turned to gold

Blue moon, now I'm no longer alone
Without a dream in my heart
Without a love of my own
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