

# Charade

Wayne Newton

When we played our charade  
We were like children posing  
Playing at games, acting out names  
Guessing the parts we played

Oh what a hit we made  
We came on next to closing  
Best on the bill, lovers until  
Love left the masquerade

Fate seemed to pull the strings  
I turned and you were gone  
While from the darkened wings  
That music box played on

Sad little serenade  
Song of my heart's composing  
I hear it still, I always will  
Best on the bill  
Charade