

Charade

Quincy Jones

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 The 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