

Bing Crosby - Two Cigarettes In The Dark

**Two, two cigarettes in the dark
He strikes a match 'til the
Spark clearly traces
One face is my sweetheart
Two, two silhouettes in a room
Almost obscured by the gloom
We were so close yet so far apart
It happened that I stumbled in
Upon their rendezvous
I heard my sweetheart whispering
"I love you, I love you, you know that I do."
Two, two cigarettes in the dark
Gone is the flame and the spark
Leaving just regrets and two cigarettes in the dark**