

Dancing On The Ceiling

Ella Fitzgerald

The world is lyrical, because a miracle
Has brought my lover to me;
Though she's some other place, her face I see.
At night I creep in bed, and never sleep in bed,
But look above in the air,
And to my greatest joy, my love is there.

She dan - ces o - ver - head on the ceiling near my bed,

In my sight, all through the night;

I try to hide in vain underneath my counterpane,

But there's my love up there above.

I whisper, "Go away, my lover, it's not fair,"

But I'm so grateful to discover, that she's still there.

I love my ceil -ing more, since it is a dancing floor,

Just for my love.