

# Midnight Sun

Al Jarreau

Your lips were like a red and ruby chalice,  
Warmer than the summer night  
The clouds were like an alabaster palace  
Rising to a starry height.  
Each star its own aurora borealis  
Suddenly you held me tight,  
I could see the Midnight Sun.

I can't explain the silver rain that found me...  
Or was that a moonlight veil?  
The music of the universe around me,  
Or was that a nightingale?  
And then your arms miraculously found  
Me, suddenly the sky turned pale,  
I could see the Midnight Sun  
Midnight Sun

Was there such a night,  
It's a thrill I still don't quite believe,  
And yet when you were gone,  
There was still some stardust on  
My sleeve.

The flame of it may dwindle to an ember,  
And the stars forget to shine,  
Or I may see the meadow in December,  
Icy white and crystalline.  
But oh my darling always I'll remember  
When your lips were close to mine,  
I saw the Midnight Sun.