

A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square

Anita O'Day

how strange it was, how sweet and strange
there was never a dream to compare
with that hazy, crazy, night we met
when a nightingale sang in berkeley square
this heart of mine beat loud and fast
like a merry-go-round in a fair
for we were dancing cheek to cheek
and a nightingale sang in berkeley square

when dawn came stealing up all gold and blue
to interrupt our rendezvous
i still remember how you smiled and said
"was that a dream or was it true?"
our homeward step was just as light
as the tap-dancing feet of astaire
and like an echo far away
a nightingale sang in berkeley square

when dawn came stealing up all gold and blue
to interrupt our rendezvous
i still remember how you smiled and said
"was that a dream or was it true?"
the streets of town were paved with stars
it was such a romantic affair
and as we kissed and said goodnight
a nightingale sang in berkeley square

i know cause i was there
that night in berkeley square