

You'd Be So Nice to Come Home to

Ben E. King

You'd be so nice to come home to
You'd be so nice by the fire
While the breeze on high, sang a lullaby
You'd be all my heart could desire

Under stars chilled by the winter
Under an August moon shining above
You'd be so nice, you'd be paradise
To come home to and love

Under stars chilled by the winter
Under an August moon burning above
You'd be so nice, you'd be paradise
To come home to and love