

A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square

Bobby Darin

That certain night, the night we met
There was magic abroad in the air
There were angels dining at the Ritz
And a nightingale sang in Berkeley Square

I may be right, I may be wrong
But I'm perfectly willing to swear
That when you turned and smiled at me
A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square

The moon that lingered over London town
Poor puzzled moon, he wore a frown
How could he know we two were so in love
The whole darned world seemed upside down

The streets of town were paved with stars
It was such a romantic affair
And as we kissed and said good night
A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square

How strange it was, how sweet and strange
There was never a dream to compare
That hazy crazy night we met
When a nightingale sang in Berkeley Square

Aw this heart of mine, it 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 stealin' up all gold and blue
To interrupt our rendez-vous
I still remember how you smiled and said
Was that a dream or was it true?

But a hundred step was just as light
As the dancing feet of Astaire
And just like an echo far away
A nightingale sang in Berkeley
A nightingale sang in Berkeley
That night in Berkeley Square