

A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square

Harry Connick, Jr.

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

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It was such a romantic affair
And as we kissed and said good-night
A nightingale sang
A nightingale sang
I know 'cause I was there
That night in Berkeley Square