

A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square

Nat King Cole

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 darn 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-bye,"
A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square.

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 at the 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
And like an echo, far away,
A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square.

I know 'cause I was there
That night in Berkeley Square.