

Penthouse Serenade

Nat King Cole

Picture a penthouse way up in the sky
With hinges on chimneys for stars to go by
A sweet slice of heaven for just you and I
When we're alone

From all of society we'll stay aloof
And live in propriety there on the roof
Two heavenly hermits, we will be in truth
When we're alone

We'll view life's mad pattern
As we view old Manhattan
Then we can thank our lucky stars
That we're living as we are

In our little penthouse we'll always contrive
To keep love and romance forever alive
In view of the Hudson, just over the drive
When we're alone