

## 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