

Dancing on the Ceiling

Peggy Lee

The world is lyrical
Because a miracle
Has brought my lover to me
Though he's some other place, his face I see

At night I creep in bed
And never sleep in bed
But look above in the air
And to my greatest joy, my love is there

He dances overhead
On the ceiling near my bed
In my sight
Through the night

I try to hide in vain
Underneath my counterpane
But there's my love
Up above

I whisper,