

A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square

Rod Stewart

When two lovers meet in Mayfair, so the legends tell,
Songbirds sing; winter turns to spring.
Every winding street in Mayfair falls beneath the spell.
I know such enchantment can be, 'cos it happened one evening to
me:

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 'goodnight',
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
As the tap-dancing feet of Astaire
And, like an echo far away,
A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square

I know 'cos I was there,
That night in Berkeley Square.