

In the Still of the Night

The Four Tops

In the still of the night
As I gaze from my window
At the Moon in its flight
My thoughts all stray to you

In the still of the night
While the world is in slumber
Oh, the times without number
Darling, when I say to you

Do you love me as I love you
Are you my life to be, my dream come true
Or will this dream of mine fade out of sight
Like the Moon growing dim on the rim of the hill
In the chill, still of the night