

Penthouse Serenade

Tony Bennett

Just picture a penthouse
Way up in the sky
With hinges on chimneys
For stars to go by
A 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
To Heaven, we hermits
We will be in truth
When we're alone

We'll see life's mad pattern
As we view 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