

Charles Aznavour

"Happy Anniversary"

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I've been ready for hours and I'm wearing my best
Ordered champagne and flowers and you're not even dressed
Tonight's a special night to remember with pride
These twenty happy years since you became my bride

It is all too absurd; you're so cross and abrupt
So I don't say a word or you're bound to erupt
Your peculiar moods I've experienced before
So I'll pour another drink and quietly pace the floor

It's a quarter to eight as we fretfully wait
For your little black dress; that was promised by six
Is it just rotten luck when we're doing the town
That the fates should conspire to let us mortals down

I have seats for a show and it's opening night
My shoes do not fit me and my suit is too tight
And you sit there and curse, an occasional curse
And I've got a headache that's quickly getting worse

Happy anniversary, Happy anniversary
They deliver your frock but you're still in distress
It was past nine o'clock when I helped you to dress
I tried to do you up but it wasn't my day
For then to fill my cup your zipper stuck half way

I got all in a sweat, over anxious and vexed
Will I ever forget the thing that happened next
Your dress just came apart with one terrible tear
Your disappointed cries were more than I could bear

At eleven at last, when we got into town
We arrived at the show but the curtain was down
I suggested a bite. No, no you wanted to walk
You had no appetite and no desire to talk

So we strolled for an hour and the evening was sweet
And I bought you a flower from a man in the street
And we kissed on the sidewalk without reason or rhyme
And we knew that our love is much stronger than time
Happy anniversary, Happy anniversary, Happy anniversary

Submitter's comments:Â

beauty

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