

Ella Fitzgerald

"Dancing on The Ceiling"

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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 boy is there

It his prince who walks
Into my dreams and talks

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

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

I whisper, "Go away, my lover
It's not fair"
But I'm so grateful to discover
He's still there

I love my ceiling more
Since it is a dancing floor
Just for my love

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