

Glenn Miller

"A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square"

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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 darned 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

And like an echo far away
A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square

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