

King Crimson

"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 Londontown
Poor puzzled moon, he wore a frown.
How could he know that we two were so in love?
The whole darn 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.

~interlude~

When dawn came stealing up, all gold and blue
To interrupt our rendez-vous,
I still remember how you smiled and said,
"Was that a dream? Or was it true?"

Our homeward step was just as light
As the dancing of Fred Astaire,
And like an echo far away,
A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square

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