

Michael Bublé

"Begin The Beguine"

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When they begin the beguine
It brings back the sound of music so tender,
It brings back the days of tropical splendor,
It brings back a memory ever green.

I'm with you once more under the stars,
And down by the shore an orchestra's playing
And even the palms seem to be swaying
When they begin the beguine.

To live it again is past all endeavor,
Except when the tune clutches my heart,
And there we are, swearing to love forever,
And promising never, ever to part.

What moments divine, what rapture serene,
Till clouds came along to disperse the joys we had
tasted,
And now when I hear people curse the chance that was
wasted,
I know but too well what they mean;

So don't let them begin the beguine
Let the love that was once a fire remain an ember;
Let it sleep like the dead desire I only remember
When they begin the beguine.

Oh yes let them begin the beguine, make them play
Till the stars that were there before return above you,
Till you whisper to me once more,
Darling, I love you!
Then we'll suddenly know, what heaven we're in
When they begin the beguine
When they begin the beguine

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