

## Dee dee Bridgewater "Midnight Sun"

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Your lips were like a red and ruby chalice, warmer than  
the summer night  
The clouds were like an alabaster palace rising to a  
snowy height.  
Each star it's own aurora borealis, suddenly you held  
me tight,  
I could see the Midnight Sun.  
I can't explain the silver rain that found me--or was that  
a moonlight veil?  
The music of the universe around me, or was that a  
nightingale?  
And then your arms miraculously found me, suddenly  
the sky turned pale,  
I could see the Midnight Sun.  
Was there such a night, it's a thrill I still don't quite  
believe,  
But after you were gone, there was still some stardust  
on my sleeve.  
The flame of it may dwindle to an ember, and the stars  
forget to shine,  
And we may see the meadow in December, icy white  
and crystalline.  
But oh my darling always I'll remember when your lips  
were close to mine,  
And we saw the Midnight Sun.

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