

Sinatra Frank

"Old Devil Moon"

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Writers: B. Lane/ E.Y. Harburg

I look at you and suddenly,
Something in your eyes I see;
Soon begins bewitching me.
It's that old devil moon;
That you stole from the skies.
It's that old devil moon in your eyes.

You and you glance;
Make this romance;
Too hot to handle.
Stars in the night;
Blazing their light;
Can't hold a candle;
To your razzle-dazzle.

You've got me flyin' high and wide;
On a magic carpet ride;
Full of butterflies inside.
Wanna cry, wanna croon,
Wanna laugh like a loon.
It's that old devil moon in your eyes.

Just when I think, I'm;
Free as a dove.
Old devil moon,
Deep in your eyes,
Blinds me with love.

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