

Porter Cole "Begin The Beguine"

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When they begin the beguine

It brings back the sound of music so tender

It brings back a night 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 that tune clutches my heart

And there we are, swearing to love forever

And promising never, never to part

What moments divine, what rapture serene

The 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

O 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!"

And we suddenly know what heaven we're in

When they begin the beguine

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