

# Michael Nesmith, Begin The Beguine

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 evergreen

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 touches my heart  
And darling there we are swearing to love forever  
And promising never, never to part

What moments divine, what rapture serene,  
Two 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, no, let them begin the bequine, make them play  
Till the stars that were there before return above you,  
Until you whisper to me once more, "Darling, I love you"  
And we suddenly know what heaven we're in  
When they begin the beguine

Oh, yes, let them begin the bequine, make them play  
Until the stars that were there before return above you  
Until you whisper to me once more, "Darling, I love you"  
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