

Piotr Polk, Fly me to the moon

Fly me to the moon
Let me sing among those stars
Let me see what spring is like
On Jupiter and Mars
In other words, hold my hand
In other words, baby kiss me
Fill my heart with song
Let me sing for ever more
You are all I long for
All I worship and adore
In other words, hold my hand
In other words, baby kiss me