

Sheryl Crow, Begin The Beguine

When they begin the beguine,
It brings back the sound of music so tender,
It brings back the night of tropical splendour,
It brings back a memory evergreen!

I'm with you once more under the stars,
And down by the shore an orchestra's playin'
Even the palms seems to be swayin'
When they begin the beguine!

To live it again is past all endeavour,
Except when that tune clutches my heart,
And there we are swearin' to love forever,
And promising never, never to part!

What moments divine, what raptures serene,
'Till clouds came along to disperse the joys we had tasted . . .
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 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!
When they begin . . . the beguine!