

Bing Crosby, Two Cigarettes In The Dark

The stars come out lighting a deep blue sky
When mother nature sings her lullaby
The moon bends low kissing each rose goodnight
When mother nature sings her lullaby
Our cares and all our troubles
Will soon be put to flight
The gentle breeze of evening
Will blow them thru the night,
Each heartache gone, many new hopes are born
When mother nature sings her lullaby