Chet Atkins, Polka Dots And Moonbeams

Would you care to hear the strangest story?
At least it may be strange to you
If you started a moving picture
You would say, "It couldn't be true"
A country dance was being held in a garden
I felt a bump and heard an, oh, beg your pardon
Suddenly I saw polka dots and moonbeams
All around a pug-nosed dream
The music started and was I the perplexed one
I held my breath and said, "May I have the next one?"
In my frightened arms, polka dots and moonbeams
Sparkled on a pug-nosed dream
There were questions in the eyes of other dancers
As we floated over the floor
There were questions but my heart knew all the answers
And perhaps a few things more
Now in a cottage built of lilacs and laughter
I know the meaning of the words ever after
And I'll always see polka dots and moonbeams
When I kiss the pug-nosed dream
There were questions in the eyes of other dancers
As we floated over the floor
There were questions but my heart knew all the answers
And perhaps a few things more
Now in a cottage built of lilacs and laughter
I know the meaning of the words ever after
And I'll always see polka dots and moonbeams
When I kiss the pug-nosed dream