

# Ella Fitzgerald, Dancing On The Ceiling

The world is lyrical  
Because a miracle  
Has brought my lover to me  
Though she's some other place, her face I see  
At night I creep in bed  
And never sleep in bed  
But look above in the air  
And to my greatest joy, my love is there  
She dances overhead  
On the ceiling near my bed  
In my sight  
All through the night

I try to hide in vain  
Underneath my counterpane  
But there's my love  
Up there above  
I whisper, "go away, my lover  
It's not fair"  
But I'm so grateful to discover  
That she's still there  
I love my ceiling more  
Since it is a dancing floor  
Just for my love