

# Frank Sinatra, Dancing On The Ceiling

(Lorenz Hart, Richard Rodgers)

The world is lyrical  
Because a miracle  
Has brought my lover to me

Though he's some other place  
His 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 boy is there

It his prince and walks  
Into my dreams and talks

He dances overhead  
On the ceiling near my bed  
In my sight  
Through the night

I tried to hide in vain  
Underneath my counterpane  
There's my love up above

I whisper "go away my lover it's not fair"  
But I'm so grateful to discover he's till there

I love my ceiling more since it is a dancing floor  
Just for my love