

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