Frank Sinatra, You'd Be So Nice To Come Home

Writer(s): Comden/Green/Styne

Verse:
It's not that you're fairer
Than a lot of girls just as pleasin'
That I doff my hat
As a worshipper at your shrine
It's not that you're rarer
Than asparagus out of season
No, my darling, this is the reason
Why you've got to be mine
Chorus:
You'd be so nice to come to
You'd be so nice by the fire
While the breeze on high, sang a lullaby
You'd be all that I could desire
Under stars chilled by the winter
Under an August moon burning above
You'd be so nice
You'd be paradise, to come home to and love