

Glenn Miller, Imagination

In an old Dutch garden by an old Dutch mill,
Where the moon was dreaming on a distant hill,
When a smile danced by it was then that I saw
Heaven in a pair of wooden shoes.
In an old Dutch garden where the tulips grow
That's where I first whispered that I love you so
For my heart was blue till I gave it to
An angel in a pair of wooden shoes.
Then one sad day when summer meets September
I sailed away from a thrill I will remember,
In an old Dutch garden by an old Dutch mill
Every day I pray that you are waiting still
For my heart will yearn until I return
To Heaven in a pair of wooden shoes