

# Hildegard Knef, A Nightingale Sag In Berkeley Square

How strange it was, how sweet and strange  
There was never a dream to compare  
With that hazy, crazy night we met  
When a nightingale sang in Berkeley Square

This heart of mine beat loud and fast  
Like a merry-go-round in a fair  
For we were dancing cheek to cheek  
And a nightingale sang in Berkeley Square

When dawn came stealing up all golden blue,  
To interrupt our rendezvous.  
I still remember how you smiled and said,  
"Was that a dream or was it true?"

Our homeward step was just as light  
As the tap-dancing feet of Astaire  
And like an echo far away,  
A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square.

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I know 'cause I was there,  
That night in Berkeley Square