

Hildegard Knef, A Nightingale Sang 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.

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

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