

The Brian Setzer Orchestra, A Nightingale Sang In

That certain night, the night we met
There was magic abroad in the air
There were angels dining at the ritz
And a nightingale sang in Berkley Square

I may be right, I may be wrong,
But I'm perfectly willing to swear,
That when you turned and smiled at me,
A nightingale sang in Berkley Square.

The moon that lingered over London town,
Poor puzzled moon, he wore a frown
How could he know we two were so in love,
The whole darn world seemed upside down.

The streets of town were paved with stars,
It was such a romantic affair.
And as we kissed and said goodnight,
A nightingale sang in Berkley 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 gold and 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 dancing feet of Astaire
And like an echo far away
A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square