

Tony Bennett & Lady Gaga, It's De-Lovely

The night is young, the skies are clear
So if you want to go walking, dear
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely
I understand the reason why
You're sentimental, 'cause so am I
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely
You can tell at a glance
What a swell night this is for romance
You can hear dear Mother Nature
Murmuring low
"Let yourself go!"
So please be sweet, my chickadee
And when I kiss you, just say to me
"It's delightful, it's delicious
It's delectable, it's delirious
It's dilemma, it's delimit, it's deluxe
It's de-lovely"

I feel a sudden urge to sing
The kind of ditty that invokes the spring

I'll control my desire to curse
While you crucify the verse

This verse I started seems to me
The Tin-Pantithesis of a melody