

# Penthouse Serenade (When We're Alone)

**Bob Hope**

Just picture a penthouse  
Way up in the sky,  
With hinges on chimneys  
for stars to go by.  
A sweet slice of heaven  
for just you and I  
When we're alone

From all of society  
we'll stay aloof,  
and live in propriety  
There on the roof,  
Two heavenly hermits  
We will be in truth  
When we're alone

We'll view life's mad pattern,  
As we view old Manhattan,  
Then we can thank our lucky stars,  
That we're living as we are.

In our little penthouse,  
we'll always contrive,  
To keep love and romance forever alive.  
In view of the Hudson,  
Just over the drive,  
When we're in love.

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Lyrics submitted by Peter.

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