Dancing On the Ceiling

Johnny Mathis

The world is lyrical because a miracle
Has brought my lover to me
Though she's some other place, her face I seeAt night I creep in bed and never sleep in bed
But look above in the air
And to my greatest joy, my love is thereShe dances overhead
On the ceiling near my bed
In my sight, all through the nightI try to hide in vain
Underneath my counterpane
But there's my love up there above

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