The Night Is Young

Moulettes

Imperial gin, what a delectable tipple
irredeemable whisky, give me a triple
a barrel of cider and ale by the cask
I'm almost a widow in case you should askChambred wine goes down fine
when reclining upon a chaise longue
vermouth is of use when you feel aloof
and you want to recapture your dwindling youth
first a scimitar and lime, one sip at a time
cast aside your misgiving
because the night is young
and there's plenty of rum
and life after all is for living...Dance with me again
here's to the end of a golden era!
though we spend long years apart
I still know it by heart, with no rehearsal
all that I have learned, it never made me happy
So let's forget for a while
swap your tears for a smile
'till the final curtain call...I can't count all the letters
I desperately wanted to write you
put the ink on the page, but that's where it stayed
the minutes became hours, the hours were days
the days were long, the years unkind
though I don't wish to seem unforgiving
because the night is young
and there's plenty of rum
and life after all is for living...Dance with me again
here's to the end of a golden era!
though we spend long years apart
I still know it by heart, with no rehearsal
all that I have learned, it never made me happy
so let's forget for a while
swap your tears for a smile
'till the final curtain call...Do you remember, O my lover !
when I first kissed you in the summertime
by November, in the winter,
you had taken leave of me.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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