

# The Night Is Young

## Moulettes

Imperial gin, what a delectable tippie  
irredeemable whisky, give me a triple  
a barrel of cider and ale by the cask  
I'm almost a widow in case you should ask  
Chambred 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.

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