That's My Desire

Ella Fitzgerald

To spend one night with you in our old rendezvous,
And reminisce with you that's my desire.
To meet where gypsies play, down in that dim cafe,
And dance 'till break of day that's my desire.
We'll sip a little glass of wine, I'll gaze into your eyes divine.
I'll feel the touch of your lips pressing on mine.
To hear you whisper low just when it's time to go,

Cherie, I love you so, that's my desire.

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