It's Delovely

Barbara Lang, Ensemble, Hal Linden

The night is young, the skies are clear
So if you want to go walking, dear,
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely.
I understand the reason why
You're sentimental, 'cause so am I,
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely.
You can tell at a glance
What a swell night this is for romance,
You can hear dear Mother Nature
Murmuring low,
"Let yourself go!"So please be sweet, my chickadee,
And when I kiss you, just say to me,
"It's delightful, it's delicious,
It's delectable, it's delirious,
It's dilemma, it's delimit, it's deluxe,
It's de-lovely".I feel a sudden urge to sing
The kind of ditty that invokes the spring.I'll control my desire to curse
While you crucify the verse.This verse I started seems to me
The Tin-Pantithesis of a melodySo spare us all the pain,
Just skip the darn thing and sing the refrainMi, mi, mi, mi,
Re, re, re, re,
Do, sol, mi, do, la, si.The night is young, the skies are clear
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It's, it's de-lovely".

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