

# A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square

Anita O'Day

That certain night  
The night we met  
There was magic abroad in the air  
There were angels dining at the Ritz  
And a nightingale sang in Berkeley squareI may be right I may be wrong  
But I'm perfectly willing to swear  
That when you turned and smiled at me  
A nightingale sang in Berkeley squareThe moon that lingered over London town  
Poor puzzled moon he wore a frown  
How could he know we two were so in love  
The whole damned world seemed upside downThe streets of town were paved with stars  
It was such a romantic affair  
And as we kissed and said goodnight  
A nightingale sang in Berkeley squareHow strange it was  
How sweet and strange  
There was never a dream to compare  
To those hazy crazy nights we met  
And a nightingale sang in Berkeley squareAh this heart of mine  
Loud and fast  
Like a merry-go-round in a fair  
We would dance cheek to cheek  
And a nightingale sang in Berkeley squareThe dawn came stealing up  
All gold and blue  
To interrupt our rendez-vous  
I still remember how you smiled and said  
Was that a dream or was it true?Our homeward step was just as light  
As the dancing feet of Astaire  
And like an echo far away  
And a nightingale sang in Berkeley square  
And a nightingale sang in Berkeley squareThat night in Berkeley square.

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