The Night is Young

Moulettes

Imperial gin, what a delectable tipple.
The Redeemable whiskey, 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 spent long years apart
I still know by heart with no rehearsal
All that I have learned, it never made me happy.
So lets forget for a while, swap your tears for a smile
till the final curtain call...I can 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 spent long years apart
I still know by heart with no rehearsal
All that I have learned, it never made me happy.
So lets 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 summer time?
By November, in the winter, you had taken leave of me.Do you remember, O my lover,
when I first kissed you in the summer time?
By November, in the winter, you had taken leave of me.Lyrics from Constellations CD insert
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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