

A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square

Nat "King" Cole

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 Square I 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 Square The 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 darn world seemed upside down The 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 Square When dawn came stealing up, all gold and blue
To interrupt our rendezvous
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
A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square

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