

It's De-Lovely

John Barrowman

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 melody,

So spare us all the pain,
Just skip the darn thing and sing the refrain...

Mi, mi, mi, mi,
Re, re, re, re,
Do, sol, mi, do, la, si.

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