

## A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square

Anita O'Day

how strange it was, how sweet and strange  
there was never a dream to compare  
with that hazy, crazy, night we met  
when a nightingale sang in berkeley square  
this heart of mine beat loud and fast  
like a merry-go-round in a fair  
for we were dancing cheek to cheek  
and 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 tap-dancing feet of astaire  
and like an echo far away  
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?"  
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

i know cause i was there  
that night in berkeley square