

What Could Be More Beautiful

Dean Martin

A sea of star dust a cool midsummer breeze
The dew of orchids, the rustle of the leaves
The quiet magic of silhouetted trees
What could be more beautiful

The hush of evening so peaceful and so still
The brilliant glow of the moon beyond the hill
The sudden song of a lonely whippoorwill
What could be more beautiful

What could match that moment when
The dawn paints the sky
Setting of the scene before
The birds start to fly
To want to please and then to learn I do
To dream you need me and have my dreams come true
To know you love me as much as I love you
What could be more beautiful

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