

Midnight Sun

Dee Dee Bridgewater

Your lips were like a red and ruby chalice, warmer than
the summer night

The clouds were like an alabaster palace rising to a
snowy height.

Each star it's own aurora borealis, suddenly you held me
tight,

I could see the Midnight Sun.

I can't explain the silver rain that found me--or was
that a moonlight veil?

The music of the universe around me, or was that a
nightingale?

And then your arms miraculously found me, suddenly the sky
turned pale,

I could see the Midnight Sun.

Was there such a night, it's a thrill I still don't quite
believe,

But after you were gone, there was still some stardust on
my sleeve.

The flame of it may dwindle to an ember, and the stars
forget to shine,

And we may see the meadow in December, icy white and
crystalline.

But oh my darling always I'll remember when your lips
were close to mine,

And we saw the Midnight Sun.