

Cuddle up a Little Closer

Doris Day

On the summer shore, where the breakers roar
Lovers sat on the glist'ning sand
And they talked of love while the moon above
And the stars seemed to understand
Then she grew more cold, and he grew more bold
Till she tho't that they had better go
But altho' he heard, he not even stirred
Only murmured in tones soft and low

Cuddle up a little closer, lovey mine
Cuddle up and be my little clinging vine
Like to feel your cheek so rosy
Like to make you comfy, cozy
'Cause I love from head to toesie, lovey mine

Then she deigned to rest on his manly chest
Her dear head with its flowing curls
And she said, "I'd stay on this lap for aye
How I envy the Capland girls!"
For Miss Esquimaux, 'mid the ice and snow
Has no steam-heat when he comes to call
Not a single glim, so it's up to him
To whisper in summer or fall

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