In the dark of deepest night there comes a haunting sigh floating down from somewhere on high, oh, what a lonely lullaby You'll hear a symphony in blue when ever BOY MEETS HORN, you'll hear a melody so new when BOY MEETS HORN; low and oh, so sweet that it seems It's like the mellow music from another world of dreams; you'll hear a strange and tender whenever BOY MEETS HORN, and when the music in the moonlight greets the morn, you'll see him standing way above the crowd and rockin on a cloud whenever BOY MEETS HORN. You'll hear a symphony in blue when ever BOY MEETS HORN, you'll hear a melody so new when BOY MEETS HORN; low and oh, so sweet that it seems It's like the mellow music from another world of dreams; you'll hear a strange and tender whenever BOY MEETS HORN, and when the music in the moonlight greets the morn, you'll see him standing way above the crowd and rockin on a cloud whenever BOY MEETS HORN.