

Serenata

Johnny Mathis

Serenade nearly at midnight,
Guardians and thieves who come to blows
And the young people, alone
Are still romantic.
Serenade for the separated
And for the kids, alone and a little bit lost
Who fall asleep
Late with mom TV.
Serenade for government leaders,
If they sing, we will go further
For pensioners
A year and a penny more.
Serenade for black cats,
For old artists and the waiters,
For those who see love
Along the way.

Look out of the window, my beauty
I invent you a song and a poetry
And put your most beautiful clothes and let us go
A cat and an heart and you
What a company!

Serenade, perhaps a little bit cheesy
But it knows warm bread and it is rustic
As a sunday
When it was sunday
Serenade for journalists
With the ink still on the hands
Who have written at the night
And who already know about tomorrow

Look out of the window, my beauty
I invent you a song and a poetry
And put your most beautiful clothes and let us go
A cat and an heart and you
What a company!

Look out of the window, my beauty
There is a will of happiness in the air
Serenad, friend of the Moon
If you sing it, it will bring you good luck
Serenade, serenade