Begin the Beguine

Michael Nesmith

When they begin the beguine,It brings back the sound of music so tenderIt brings back a night of tropical splendorIt brings back a memory evergreenI'm with you once more under the starsAnd down by the shore an orchestra's playingAnd even the palms seem to be swayingWhen they begin the beguineTo live it again is past all endeavorExcept when that tune touches my heartAnd darling there we are swearing to love foreverAnd promising never, never to partWhat moments divine, what rapture serene,Two clouds came along to disperse the joys we had tasted,And now when I hear people curse the chance that was wasted,I know but too well what they mean.So don't let them begin the beguine,Let the love that was once a fire remain an ember,Let it sleep like the dead desire I only rememberWhen they begin the beguineOh, no, let them begin the bequine, make them playTill the stars that were there before return above you,Until you whisper to me once more, "Darling, I love you"And we suddenly know what heaven we're inWhen they begin the beguineOh, yes, let them begin the bequine, make them playUntil the stars that were there before return above youUntil you whisper to me once more, "Darling, I love you"And we suddenly know what heaven we're inWhen they begin the beguineAnd we suddenly know what heaven we're inWhen they begin the beguine

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