

Midnight Sun

Nancy Wilson

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 its 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 moonlit 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 still a thrill I 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 darlin', always I'll remember
When your lips were close to mine,
And I saw the midnight sun.

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 darlin', always I'll remember
When your lips were close to mine,
And I saw the midnight sun,
The midnight sun,
The midnight sun,
The midnight sun.