I feel a sudden urge to sing the kind of ditty that invokes the Spring

So, control your desire to curse while I crucify the verse This verse I've started seems to me the "Tin Pantithesis" of melody

So to spare you all the pain, I'll skip the darn thing and sing the refrain

The night is young, the skies are clear And if you want to go walkin', dear It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely

I understand the reason why
You're sentimental, 'cause so am I
It's delightful, it's delicious, it's de-lovely

You can tell at a glance what a swell night this is for romance You can hear, dear Mother Nature murmuring low "Let yourself go " $\!\!$

So please be sweet, my chickadee
And when I kiss ya, just say to me
"It's delightful, it's delicious, it's delectable, it's delirio
us
It's dilemma, it's de limit, it's deluxe, it's de-lovely"

You can tell at a glance what a swell night this is for romance You can hear dear Mother Nature murmuring low "Let yourself go"

So please be sweet, my chickadee
And when I kiss ya, just say to me
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