

A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square

The Brian Setzer Orchestra

That certain night, the night we met
There was magic abroad in the air
There were angels dining at the ritz
And a nightingale sang in Berkley Square

I may be right, I may be wrong,
But I'm perfectly willing to swear,
That when you turned and smiled at me,
A nightingale sang in Berkley Square.

The moon that lingered over London town,
Poor puzzled moon, he wore a frown
How could he know we two were so in love,
The whole darn world seemed upside down.

The streets of town were paved with stars,
It was such a romantic affair.
And as we kissed and said goodnight,
A nightingale sang in Berkley Square.

How strange it was, how sweet and strange
There was never a dream to compare
With that hazy, crazy, night we met
When a nightingale sang in Berkeley Square

This heart of mine beat loud and fast
Like a merry-go-round in a fair
For we were dancing cheek to cheek
And a nightingale sang in Berkeley Square

When dawn came stealing up all gold and blue
To interrupt our rendezvous
I still remember how you smiled and said
"Was that a dream or was it true?"

Our homeward step was just as light
As the dancing feet of Astaire
And like an echo far away
A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square