

Michael Bublé (Michael Buble), A Nightingale Sang

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 Berkeley 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 Berkeley Square

The moon that lingered over London town
Poor puzzled moon, wore such 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 when you turned and smiled at me
A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square

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

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

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

Our homeward steps were just as light
As the dancing feet of Astaire
And like an echo far away
A nightingale sang in Berkeley
That night in Berkeley
That night in Berkeley Square