

Ella Fitzgerald, In The Still Of The Night

In the still of the night
As I gaze out of my window
At the moon in its flight
My thoughts all stray, stray to you

In the still of the night
While the world lies in slumber
Oh the times without number
When I say to you

Do you love me
Just like I love you
Are you my life to be
That dream come true
Or will this dream of mine
Will it fade way out of sight

Just like that moon growing dim
Way out on the rim of the hill
In the still of the night