

(I) Never cared much for moon-lit skies, I never wink back at firelies, but

Now that the stars are in your eyes, I'm be-ginning to see the light.// I Never went in for after glow, or candlee light on the mistletoe, but Now, when you turn the lamp down low, I'm be-

ginning to see the light.///

Used to ramble through the park,/ shadow-boxing in the dark./ Then you came and caused a spark, that's a four-alarm fire/ now.//|I

Never made love by lantern shine, I never saw rainbows in my wine, but

Now that your lips are burning mine, I'm be- ginning to see the light.//