c. Hoagy Carmichael, 1936



Here we are,/ out of cigarettes,/ holding hands and yawning/ see how lates it gets./

Two sleepy people, by dawn's early light and too much in love to say good- night.///

Here we are,/ in the cozy chair,/ picking on a wishbone from the frigidaire,/

Two sleepy people with nothing to say and too much in love to break away.//Do you re-

Member the nights we used to linger in the hall./ Father diddn't like you at all.//Do you re-

Member the reason why we married in the fall?/To rent this little nest, and got a bit of rest. Well

Here we are,/ just about the same,/ foggy little fella, drowsy little dame,/ Two sleepy people, by dawn's early light, and too much in love to say good- night.//