

Central Park (Bob Mondlock/Buddy Mondlock)

Nat King Cole was on the radio
A very strange enchanted boy
I was sitting with a certain girl
And having brunch at the Savoy
I was just nineteen

Then we walked down fifty-seventh street
To take a ride through Central Park
The driver looked just like he knew
Where we were going from the start
And I was just nineteen

Oh, that time of innocence
Just like in the song
When everything is possible
And nothing could go wrong

(break)

Dreams you think will all come true
Pictures in the dark
A boy who loved a certain girl
A ride through Central Park

Nat King Cole was on the radio
A very strange enchanted boy
I was dreaming of a certain girl
And having brunch at the Savoy
I was just nineteen