I hear your laughter and it dances like a bossa nova

You have the music in your smile

And in your eye a shimmer like a distant supernova

And the virtue of a child

I’d like to draw you with my words but I’m no Casanova

So there’s nothing I can do

I’ve noticed girls look so pretty in the summer

But you’re beautiful the whole year through

You’re beautiful the whole year through

You have a charm that ripens early like a Tempranillo

You are the sweetness on the vine

And then your strikingness and style is no mere peccadillo

You have the form, you have the line

But my tenacity is fleeting as a cigarillo

So there’s nothing I can do

I’ve noticed girls look so pretty in the summer

But you’re beautiful the whole year through

You’re beautiful the whole year through

And if you’d take me out of sympathy

I swear I wouldn’t care, I wouldn’t care

And if you’d say that you’re into me

I’d walk to you on air

You have a magnetism greater than the Himalayas

You’re attraction in my field

I’d write a nocturne in your name but I’m no Amadeus

That’s why my feelings are concealed

My apprehension is the fault line of my San Andreas

So there’s nothing I can do

I’ve noticed girls look so pretty in the summer

But you’re beautiful the whole year through

You’re beautiful the whole year through

You’re beautiful the whole year through

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