

Music: Frank Wildhorn
Lyrics: Jack Murphy

It's just another Saturday night
livin' in the 90's
with Mr. Almost, not Mr. Right
tell me...
where is the moonlight and
champagne and roses
god knows it's the way love should be...
livin' in the 90's

I've got you not quite under my skin
sorry, Mr. Porter
and when we dance beguines
don't begin darling,
you woo me with faxes,
I shelter your taxes but
is this any way to fall in love?

I go to lunch and schmooze with your ex
tense and superficial
two calm and cool emotional
wrecks brother...
significant other, I feel like your mother and
is this anyway to fall in love?

My analyst said
girl you better get smart
chivalry's dead, so think with your head
and not with your heart
but somewhere deep down inside
there's a feeling that can't be denied
when push comes to shove
tell me what about love?
Your lawyer sends me papers to sign
isn't it romantic?
my lawyer warns me I should decline
tell me...
where is the moonlight and
champagne and roses
is this anyway to fall in love?

My analyst stressed
"lady, this could take years"
he says I'm depressed from having
suppressed
my innermost fears
and so I pay him too much
in an effort at feeling in touch
it's all so complex
and it's all about sex?!

When did romance become déclassé?
livin' in the 90's
when did we make "I love you" passé?
tell me...
where is the moonlight and champagne and
roses, dear,
is this anyway to fall in love?