

# Gigolo Vagabundo

Bonaparte

In the house where the words are broken  
and the forest has got no trees  
where there's nothing left unspoken  
the ferry of broken seas

somewhere down where streets are ending  
down the road of no return  
we will meet where hearts are mending  
in a room where voices burn

gigolo - gigolo vagabundo  
gigolo - gigolo vagabundo  
gigolo - gigolo vagabundo  
gigolo - a-go-go vagabundo

sleeping where dreams are stolen  
and the windows have got no frame  
wander where lust is swollen  
and the lovers got no name

maybe there the story's ending  
written on naked skin  
burning drums and lips pretending  
drowning in the sea of sin

gigolo - gigolo vagabundo  
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gigolo - a-go-go vagabundo