

You shake, I sweat, it stings
I ache, you're wet, I cling
Your thighs, your breasts, my cheek
Your eyes, undress, don't speak

Since when, on time, you smiled
Since then, oh I'm, beguiled
So pure, your skin, tiptoe
I'm sure, you win, don't go

Like Gina Lollobrigida in "Belles de Nuit"
Like Gina Lollobrigida in "Belles de Nuit"

I stare, for too long, and you woke

Your hair, a song, I stroke
I'm glad, this breeze, so still

You're sad, but please, I will

Like Gina Lollobrigida in "Belles de Nuit"
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