

Ciao, Ciao Bambino

Connie Francis

Violins played by the wind are crying
Softly the silvery rain is sighing
Slowly the flame of our love is dying
It rains on our love, and we must part

Ciao, ciao, Bambina, the rain is falling
Once more I kiss you and then goodbye
Our love was just like a fairy story
But all its glory must pass us by
Are raindrops trembling upon your face, dear
Or are they teardrops for the love we knew?
Ciao, ciao, Bambina, my heart is calling
While rain is falling I cry with you

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