

# Mam'selle

Dean Martin

A small cafe mam'selle  
A rendezvous mam'selle  
The violins were warm and sweet and so were you mam'selle  
And as the night danced by  
Her kiss became a sigh  
Your lovely eyes seemed to sparkle just like wine does  
No heart ever yearned the way mine does  
For you  
And yet I know too well  
Some day you'll say goodbye  
Then violins will cry and so will I mam'selle

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