

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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