

# Here She Comes

Gino Vannelli

Here she comes the ghost of Venus de Milo  
A touch of madness streaks through her hair  
She'll tear your heart with a poisonous arrow  
She'll rob your soul if you look at her square  
...Do I dare?

Here she comes... such a beautiful sight  
Here she comes... oh I wish that I might

Here she comes the wildest cat in the jungle  
A beast of beauty beyond compare  
I watch the stalkers stalk but they stumble

The fools rush into Vanity Fair  
...But she's not there

Here she comes... such a beautiful sight  
Here she comes... oh I wish that I might

And all the green eyed women  
Swaying to the rhythm

Here she comes... such a beautiful sight  
Here she comes... oh I wish that I might  
Here she comes  
Here she comes