

Valentine

Novembre

Come on, rag-doll ballerina
Return in your theatre made of tin
Do not forget one day you'll fly
The doors of the theatre open wide
The wind shakes your beautiful hair in this morning in Paris
I try to get closer to you with tears in the eyes
And then a myriad glints of rain in this old picture of your smile
Look at that seagull in the sky, it's my Valentine.