

## 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.