She Loves Italian

Sweet lady on the telephone She likes fast cars made in Rome Two week vacation in the hot, hot sun She's drop dead gorgeous, man, she loves to have fun

Aha, she loves Italian Aha, she loves Italian Ooh wah ooh, ooh wah ooh, ooh wah ooh

Brothers call her Desire A sweet sister of fire Were you born with a silver spoon? I dig your style, man, you fly me to the moon

Aha, she loves Italian Aha, she loves Italian Ooh wah ooh, ooh wah ooh, ooh wah ooh

She's got money, but she don?t care A fancy talk only bores her to tears She makes a move to a seaside cafe She orders pasta and a glass of champagne

Aha, she loves Italian Aha, she loves Italian Ooh wah ooh, ooh wah ooh, ooh wah ooh

She deserves to be in diamonds and furs She likes to dance with a sexy little twirls You make my heart skip, skip, skip, skip I'll give my right arm for a kiss, kiss, kiss

Aha, she loves Italian Aha, she loves Italian

Ooh wah ooh, ooh wah ooh Ooh wah ooh, ooh wah ooh

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