

## The Belle Of St. Mark

Sheila E.

The belle of St. Mark was a frail but a passionate creature  
Ebony hair and eyes a deep blue-green  
The belle of St. Mark wore clothes that belonged to his father  
Even though he was only 17

I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love with the belle of St. Mark  
It tears me apart whenever I hear him cry  
I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love with the belle of St. Mark  
And if he doesn't love me I think I'll probably die

You can tell from expressions that he makes public  
That he suffers from a badly broken heart  
He smiles as he feeds the afternoon pigeons  
But he cries as he walks the night streets of St. Mark

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The belle of St. Mark, he don't talk to strangers, he's so mysterious  
His erotic persuasion provokes me like no other man  
The fire I have for him is undoubtedly serious  
I need to make him see that he needs love to forget  
And if anyone can help him, I can  
I can help, I can help you

His Paris hair, it blows in the warm Parisian air  
That blows whenever his Paris hair is there  
The woman that hurt him surely must have trouble sleeping  
'Cause the belle of St. Mark is a beauty extraordinaire

Oh, I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love with the belle of St. Mark  
It tears me apart whenever I hear him cry  
I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love with the belle of St. Mark  
And if he doesn't love me I think I'll probably die

Ooh, I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love with the belle of St. Mark  
It tears me apart whenever I hear him cry  
Ooh, I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love with the belle of St.

. Mark

And if he doesn't love me I think I'll probably die

And if he doesn't love me I think I'll probably die

And if he don't, I'll die