

Emilia De Poret

"Première Lovin'"

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You wore a dark, purple suit, with a tissue 'round your neck.

Lonely, eating tomato soup, I knew I had to check.

A broken ball of fruits, was lying by your side,
You offered me a chair, I guess just to be polite.

I guess this is my premiere lovin'.

You asked me with a voice of torn old silk.

"Do you want some berries with sugar, chocolate and milk?"

I'm here, look at me, but you just lit a cigarette;

"You're not quite what I'm looking for my little marionette"

I guess this is my premiere lovin'.

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Well, that's sweet, how nice.

Now what will I do?

Stand up and leave or just sit still and look at you?

Well, that's sweet, how nice.

Now what will I do?

Stand up and leave or just sit still and look at you?

Gleaming, you stood up obviously had a thrill.

I sat there alone of course I had to pay the bill.

That's just great, how nice, what a surprise!

My luck had run out, on to the beach, to the sun,
resting, having fun.

I guess this is my premiere lovin'.

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