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Frank Sinatra "Catana"

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Catana, what goddess gave you the name That has this heart of mine so aflame? Tell me, Catana, what heaven gave you your eyes? What elfin fiddler plays for your sighs?

Fashioned of Venus, that is your form and your face Two clinging vines for arms hold me in tender embrace While the mood poses from lips made of roses Each word opposes all else but love Catana, like a Madonna, you I'll adore forevermore

While the mood poses from lips made of roses Each word opposes all else but love Catana, like a Madonna, you I'll adore forevermore

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