

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

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