

Nicola Arigliano**"Cherokee"**

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Dreams of summertime,
Of lovertime gone by,
Thru my memory
So tenderly and sigh.

My sweet Indian maiden,
Since first I met you,
I can't forget you,
Cherokee sweetheart.

Child of the prairie
Your love keeps calling
My heart enthralling
Cherokee

Dreams of summertime,
Of lovertime gone by,
Thru my memory
So tenderly, and sigh.

My sweet Indian maiden,
One day I'll hold you
In my arms fold you
Cherokee

Dreams of summertime,
Of lovertime gone by,
Thru my memory
So tenderly, and sigh.

(My) Sweet Indian maiden,
One day I'll hold you
In my arms fold you
Cherokee

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