

Prince

"The Belle Of St Mark"

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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 2 his father
Even though he was only 17

CHORUS:

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

U 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

CHORUS

The Belle of St. Mark, he don't talk 2 strangers, he's so mysterious
His erotic persuasion provokes me like no other man
The fire I have 4 him is undoubtedly serious
I need 2 make him see that he needs love 2 forget
And if anyone can help him, I can
I can help, I can help U

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
Cuz 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

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