

Ricky Martin

"Ella Es She Is"

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She is made of silk,
She is funny illusion,
It is dear truth,
When I talk to her seriously
She tells me necessary things.
Everything pass,
Happiness in every way,
She is freer than freedom,
She is comet without direction,
She is craziness,
She is forbidden game,
She is,
Spark which closes me,
Her brain runs away from reality,
There is no excuse because it's natural,
I love her,
Without anything but
It' is like that,
It is she and she goes with me,
Because she had never conquered me,
Because of her I lost my identity,

And her sincerity
Those are her manires.
She is a butterfly,
She is Hawthorne and rose,
She is cut off diamond,
I even adore her faults,
And without her body
I am dead man.
She is,
Spark which closes me,
Her brain runs away from reality,
There is no exuce because it is natural,
I love her
Without anything but
It is like that,
It is she and she goes with me,
Because she had never conquered me,
Because of her I lost my identity,
And her sincerity
Those are her manires

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