

Rita Pavone

"Your Waltz"

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Hey Mister,
I know you like flowers.
I could spend hours
Dancing with You.

It's amazing
How you dance all night long,
But remember
I'm too old.

All the singers in the choir are tired.
The musicians in the band, retired.

Hey Mister,
My dress wants to slip.
Hey Mister,
Your hair on the breeze.

Time's changing,
But you still dancing here.
The music stopped,
But still listen in your ear.

All the singers in the choir are tired,
The musicians in the band retired.

There's no more dreams at your door,
The light's on fire.

There's a hole on the floor
And you're a liar.

Hey Mister,
Hake my hand and make me fly.
Hey Mister,
I don't want to hear your cry.

Hey Mister,
Take my breathe and let me go.
Hey Mister,
Don't you know I love you sooo...

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