

Berlin Irving

"Coquette"

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Just a sweet coquette, so they say and yet
I know how true you can be
Just a butterfly, so they say but I
Know just how much you love me

The others you've met may call you Coquette
But I'll always call you "sweetheart"

They think of Coquette as something to pet
But I think of you as "sweetheart"

They say you're a devil with wonderful charms
But I held an angel that night in my arms

So try and forget the name of Coquette
And only remember "sweetheart"

[2]

Now that I love you, and you love me too
I'll keep you close to my heart
Now that I can see you belong to me
Nothing can keep us apart

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