

Gigolo Vagabundo

Bonaparte

In the house where the words are broken
and the forest has got no trees
where there's nothing left unspoken
the ferry of broken seas

somewhere down where streets are ending
down the road of no return
we will meet where hearts are mending
in a room where voices burn

gigolo - gigolo vagabundo
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gigolo - gigolo vagabundo
gigolo - a-go-go vagabundo

sleeping where dreams are stolen
and the windows have got no frame
wander where lust is swollen
and the lovers got no name

maybe there the story's ending
written on naked skin
burning drums and lips pretending
drowning in the sea of sin

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