

Lindy-lou

Cibo Matto

I haven't got a diamond ring for you.
I have not got a thing for you.
All I can really do is sing for you, my lovely Lindy-Lou.

Who would have thought that you could care for me,
That you could wak on air for me?
Say that you will always be there for me, my lovely Lindy-Lou.

And should it rain,
I'll hold the parasol and call the raindrops falling stars.
So we will never get to Paris,
I'll build Paris wherever you are.

Mmm...

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