

Tango Delle Rose (Tango Of Roses)

Connie Francis

There, apart from roses and flowers
the idyll began
furon and kisses,
caresses bold
then the madness of passion.
"T'amo," she whispers
and a kiss ardent makes tremar.
And his sweet love
ognor whispers thus:

"Amami! Baciami with passion!
Prendimi! Stringimi with ardor!
Coglimi! My life is like a flower:
soon blooms and dies soon.
E'sol for you my heart!"

But it was a sad day
and their love ended
as a rose
killed by frost
its beauty sfiorì soon.
Crowds in the garden of roses
strugge is vain in his dolor.
Piange and how allor
sings to lost love.

"Amami! Baciami with passion!
Prendimi! Stringimi with ardor!
Coglimi! My life is like a flower:
soon blooms and dies soon.
E'sol for you my heart!"