

# Tango

Damiano David

What a pretty little thing you are  
I'd let you take a little piece of my heart  
You remind me of a dark-haired tiny dancer in the dark  
What a pretty little thing you are  
I'd let you do a pirouette on my heart  
Knew that I would be addicted to your lipstick from the start  
False evidence appearing real

Oh how lovely  
The way you danced wearing nothing  
My ballerina  
I still feel you here  
When I tango with the fear  
Oh honey  
I would jump if you called me  
My ballerina  
I still feel you here  
When I tango with the fear  
Oh-oh

How could you say the pretty things you said  
And talk about me to your family and friends  
It's like you kept me in your pocket just to play on rainy days  
Let me tell you in a simple song  
What a pity that the pretty is gone  
Call me crazy, but sometimes I like to think that you're the one

Oh how lovely  
The way you danced wearing nothing  
My ballerina  
I still feel you here  
When I tango with the fear  
Oh honey  
I would jump if you called me  
My ballerina  
I still feel you here  
When I tango with the fear

Oh, I'm still dancing with your figure  
Even though you're gone  
Even though you're gone  
I still dance alone  
Oh how lovely  
The way you danced wearing nothing  
My ballerina  
I still feel you here

Oh how lovely  
The way you danced wearing nothing  
My ballerina  
I still feel you here  
When I tango with the fear  
Oh honey  
I would jump if you called me  
My ballerina  
I still feel you here  
When I tango with the fear