

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