

## Catana

Frank Sinatra

Catana, what goddess gave you the name  
That has this heart of mine so aflame?  
Tell me, Catana, what heaven gave you your eyes?  
What elfin fiddler plays for your sighs?

Fashioned of Venus, that is your form and your face  
Two clinging vines for arms hold me in tender embrace  
While the mood poses from lips made of roses  
Each word opposes all else but love  
Catana, like a Madonna, you I'll adore forevermore

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