

Legendary

Paolo Conte

I've arms full of night
to lull a little leopard
silent soul through
all these shining sorrows of life
I am a world of caresses,
whispering and tenderness
I am a special mistress

lovely house: I prepare for me a
mysterious bath,
melancholy water for a
barbarous queen
to wash the weight of caresses
whispering and happiness
of other people on me

queen, queen of carved adjectives
queen of carved adjectives
queen of carved adjectives

I'm alone tonight as a
legendary girl
see out of the window
this ordinary world
with my legendary smile
of my legendary lips,
I'm a legendary miss

I walk naked into my
legendary spleen
dribbling all the ghosts

flying in my solitude
see in my sweet-bitter eyes
I'm a legendary call
for some songwriter for dolls