

Talent scout man

Paolo Conte

The trees are in blossom
And I long to dance
But I strongly hope the world will
Observe me deeply
And once again turn around and observe me,
And the traffic will stop in Constantinople...
You who have made a fortune, Esther,
Leave some for me,
Leave me in the jingle of your jewellery
And in the ways of your victory,
I don't want too much, I only want
You to lead me to the beginning
And all the others: Ethel, Bessie, Ivy...
I detest you....

Gimme the phone number of your talent scout
Gimme the address of your impossible man
Gimme, gimme, gimme... I want this magic for me
Gimme the arms of your talent scout man!