

Dear Michaelangelo

Prince

Every summer in the gardens of Florence
A peasant of female persuasion
Used to cry for Michaelangelo
To save her from death's invitation
Some say this woman was crazy
Others say this woman was possessed
Just one look at her face
And it's evident to her he was the best (Oh)

Dear Michaelangelo
Color the dreams in my head
I look at your paintings
And I'm with you in your bed
Dear Michaelangelo
Save me from death's invitation
I'll make love to no one unless he's of your persuasion

By summer's end came many offers
All of which the peasant refused
She wanted Michaelangelo
And no other, no other man would do
No one could speak of passion and touch her
Touch her the way he does
No one except Michaelangelo
It was him or a life without love

Dear Michaelangelo
Color the dreams in my head
I look at your paintings
And I'm with you in your bed
Dear Michaelangelo
Save me from death's invitation
I'll make love to no one unless he's of your persuasion

A life without love
A life without love
Don't die
Don't die without love
Dear Michaelangelo
Dear Michaelangelo

Dear Michaelangelo
Color the dreams in my head
I look at your paintings
And I'm with you in your bed
Dear Michaelangelo
Save me from death's invitation
I'll make love to no one unless he's of your persuasion

Dear, dear
Dear Michaelangelo
Angel

Dear Michaelangelo
Color the dreams in my head
I look at your paintings
And I'm with you in your bed

Dear Michaelangelo
Save me from death's invitation
I'll make love to no one unless he's of your persuasion
Dear Michaelangelo
Color the dreams in my head
I look at your paintings
And I'm with you in your bed
Dear Michaelangelo
Save me from death's invitation
I'll make love to no one unless he's of your