

# Art Lund, Mam'selle

It was Montmartre  
It was midnight Come to think of it  
It was spring  
There was music I was listening  
Then in the room somewhere someone began to sing  
This serenade made for remembering

A small cafe, Mam'selle  
Our rendezvous, Mam'selle  
The violins were warm and sweet  
And so were you, Mam'selle  
And as the night danced by  
A kiss became a sigh  
Your lovely eyes seemed to sparkle  
Just like wine does  
No heart ever yearned the way mine does for you  
And yet I know too well  
Some day you'll say goodbye  
Then violins will cry  
And so will I, Mam'selle

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