

Dean Martin, La Paloma

When I left Havana nobody saw me go
But my little gaucho maid who loves me so
She came down the pathway following after me
That same little gaucho maid that I longed to see
If at your window you see a gentle dove
Treat it with care and welcome it there with love
It may be so I do not deny its glee
Crown it with flowers grant love its hours for me

Oh my darling be mine
Won't you say that you love me
All my passions so tender oh please surrender your love divine
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