

Eugenio Finardi, Spoonful

It could be a Spoonful of diamonds
Could be a Spoonful of gold
Just a little spoon of my precious love
To satisfy you soul

Men lie about that Spoonful
Some men crie about a Spoonful
Some die about that Spoonful
Everybody fighting bout the Spoonful
That Spoon, that Spoon, that Spoonful

Could be a Spoonful of coffee
It could be a Spoonful of tea
Just a little spoon
Of your precious love
Shures good enough for me

Men lie about that Spoonful
That Spoon, that Spoon, that Spoonful

Could be a Spoonful of water
To save me from that desert sand
But one spoon of luck
From my little Forty Five
Save me from another man

Men lie about that Spoonful
That Spoon, that Spoon, that Spoonful