

Frank Sinatra, Isle Of Capri

'twas on the Isle of Capri that I found her
Beneath the shade of an old walnut tree
Oh, I can still see the flow'rs bloomin' round her
Where we met on the Isle of Capri
She was as sweet as a rose at the dawning
But somehow fate hadn't meant her for me
And though I sailed with the tide in the morning
Still my heart's on the Isle of Capri
 Summertime was nearly over
 Blue Italian sky above
 I said "Lady, I'm a rover,
 Can you spare a sweet word o'love?"
She whispered softly "It's best not to linger"
And then as I kissed her hand I could see
She wore a lovely meatball on her finger
'twas goodbye at the Villa Capri

 Summertime was nearly over
 Blue Italian sky above
 I said "Lady, I'm a rover,
 Can you spare a fine word o'love?"
She whispered softly "It's best not to linger"
And then as I kissed her hand I could see
She wore a plain golden ring on her finger
'twas goodbye on the Isle of Capri
'twas goodbye on the Isle of Capri
'twas goodbye on the Isle of Capri