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