

Various, Pity The Child

GEORGE:

Jenny,
You're a miracle!
Is there nothing you conceal?
Jenny,
You astonish me!
Never hiding
What you feel...
Other pleasures...
And I've known many...
Afternoons
In warm Venetian squares,
Brief encounters,
Long siestas...
Pleasures old and new
Can't compare with you.
You amaze me!
Where did you come from?
You do things
Champagne could never do.
Crystal winters,
Crimson summers...
Other pleasures --
I would trade them all
For you.
Pleasures old and new
Can't compare with you...
Wild mimosa,...
The scent of evening...
Shuttered rooms
With sunlight breaking through...
Crazy soirees...
Lazy Sundays...
Other pleasures...
I would trade them all
For you.
Sailing off
In the night
On a silver lake...
Taking more
From this life
Thank I ought to take...
Other pleasures...
I would trade them all
For you.