

Black Hills Country Band, Red Moon Over Lugano

I got a postcard from someone I met in Salvatore
He said the weather was great he'd been out on the lake
And sunning beside it quaint shore
When are you coming back, you need to come and relax
Share some stories at our sidewalk cafe
Shaved chocolate steamed-creamo on your cappuccino
Please write me back right away
Oh the red moon over lugano
Is in my memory, I can't seem to let it go
On the cobblestone streets
Where lovers would meet
I fell in love heart and soul
'Neath the red moon over lugano
If I had any sense 'd pack up my bags and just leave
Fly over the ocean right into the arms of a romance
That was waiting for me
Ride the funicular to the top of the stars
Gaze at Milano as it winked back our way
Try to have conversation in English Italiano
Or just kiss when we've nothing to say
So I picked up my pen and started writing these words back to him
'Bon journo mi amore' you're so far away
And the chance of a visit is slim
That moonlit evening had us both believin'
Nothing could keep us apart
Some day we'll start over 'neath the red moon in Lugano
'Till then keep me there in your arms