

# Cinerama, Lollobrigida

You shake, I sweat, it stings  
I ache, you're wet, I cling  
Your thighs, your breasts, my cheek  
Your eyes, undress, don't speak

Since when, on time, you smiled  
Since then, oh I'm, beguiled  
So pure, your skin, tiptoe  
I'm sure, you win, don't go

Like Gina Lollobrigida in "Belles de Nuit"  
Like Gina Lollobrigida in "Belles de Nuit";

I stare, for too long, and you woke

Your hair, a song, I stroke  
I'm glad, this breeze, so still

You're sad, but please, I will

Like Gina Lollobrigida in "Belles de Nuit"  
Like Gina Lollobrigida in "Belles de Nuit";