

# Connie Francis, Tango Delle Rose (Tango Of Roses)

There, apart from roses and flowers  
the idyll began  
furon and kisses,  
caresses bold  
then the madness of passion.  
"T'amo," she whispers  
and a kiss ardent makes tremar.  
And his sweet love  
ognor whispers thus:

"Amami! Baciami with passion!  
Prendimi! Stringimi with ardor!  
Coglimi! My life is like a flower:  
soon blooms and dies soon.  
E'sol for you my heart! "

But it was a sad day  
and their love ended  
as a rose  
killed by frost  
its beauty sfior soon.  
Crowds in the garden of roses  
strugge is vain in his dolor.  
Piange and how allor  
sings to lost love.

"Amami! Baciami with passion!  
Prendimi! Stringimi with ardor!  
Coglimi! My life is like a flower:  
soon blooms and dies soon.  
E'sol for you my heart! "