

# Cyndi Lauper, Valentino

When I was young,  
Way back in Sicily  
You should have seen me  
My hair then was long  
There was this one young man  
Who always came around  
And gave me this ribbon of velvet brown

Waiting for Valentino  
His dark eyes lock on mine  
Waiting for Valentino

Then, you did what you were told  
Married a cousin I didn't know  
He'd fallen in love with my photograph  
Oh why, worked harder than I could bare  
And he never seemed to care  
I bore his only son at the end of that year

There is a place I can slip away to  
Out in the desert of sand and dune  
My she's tan; she looks like a mirage  
Someday I'll escape there like Scherazade

Waiting for Valentino  
His dark eyes lock on mine  
Waiting for Valentino  
To carry me off through time

I had lived long as I can  
Made three generations American  
Now my daughter takes my hand  
And whispers to me

There is a place I can slip away to  
Out in the desert of sand and dune  
My she's tan; she looks like a mirage  
Someday I'll escape there like Scherazade

Waiting for Valentino  
His dark eyes lock on mine  
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To carry me off through time  
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