

Harry Connick Jr., Tangerine

South American stories tell of a girl who's quite a dream
The beauty of her race
Though you'll doubt all the stories and think the tales are just a bit extreme
Wait till you see her face

Ooh, Tangerine, she is all they claim
With her eyes of night and lips as bright as flame
Tangerine, when she dances by
Senoritas stare and caballeros sigh

And I've seen toasts to Tangerine
Raised in every bar across the Argentine
Yes, she's got them all on the run
But her heart belongs to just one
Her heart belongs to Tangerine