

# Savoy, Velvet

Her skin is like velvet  
Her face out from stone  
Her eyes when she&#039;s smiling  
Will never reach home  
But hear how she sings

Her touch would be tender  
Her lips would be warm  
But when we&#039;re together  
I&#039;m always alone  
But hear how she sings

Her skin is like velvet...  
So I went to her home  
Her place, like a palace  
With things you can&#039;t own  
Her skin is like velvet  
And hear how she sings