

Tina Arena, Italian Love Song

Fire in your eyes, the promise of true love and protection
But in your mind, necessity of getting your way
Tradition disguised, suspicion and lies
Selfish desire, you're looking for maternal perfection
Oh what a shame, its something you can't get on your own
And you need my absolution for the sins you can't confess

Sing low so no one hears you and sing high making me cry
I hear something when wrapped in your arms
An Italian song of love

Who can resist a show of such apparent devotion
Could there exist a love of such unfaltering strength?
Convinced of a dream, denying a scheme
And you need my absolution for the sins you won't confess

Sing low so no one hears you and sing high making me cry
I hear something when wrapped in your arms
An Italian song of love

Sing low help me remember how you loved making me cry
Now I hear only echoes and whispers
These echoes and whispers
An Italian song of love

Sing low so no one hears you and sing high (let me sing it high)
making me cry (making me cry)
I hear something when wrapped in your arms (I feel it in your arms)
An Italian love song

Sing low (sing low) help me remember how you loved making me cry
Now I hear only echoes and whispers (echoes and whispers)
These echoes and whispers
An Italian song of love