

The New Sound of the Venezuelan Gozadera

Los Amigos Invisibles

You know I'm dying to know what your skin smells like
Come on tell me soon, petal of my flower, if that kiss of yours makes a fool of me, it's for mama.
If you love like I do, I love you too. Give me the secret... what does your skin smell like.
Damsel of mine, sun of my hope, take away this agony 'cause my haste can't take no more.
Come on tell me soon, petal of my flower, if that kiss of yours makes a fool of me, it's for mama.

Songwriters

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