

Sophia

Dean Martin

Listen to me, Sophia,
Have you any idea
How much you mean to me-a?
How much you'll never know! If I'm all agitato,
Every heart string vibrato,
Every look passionato,
Who but you made me so?
It's love, it's love crescendo,
Never ever diminuendo. Say the word, sweet Sophia,
Or from earth I resign.
Oh, Sophia, be mine! Listen to me, Sophia,
Have you any idea
How much you mean to me-a?
Every day more and more! All the others were so-so,
Not a one amoroso,
But with you I'm aglow, so,
Only you I adore. You're sweeter than spumone,
Sweeter even than Zabaglione. Say the word, sweet Sophia,
Or from earth I resign
Oh, Sophia, be mine!
Oh, Sophia, be mine!

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