

# Premiere Lovin'

**Emiliana Torrini**

You wore a dark, purple suit, with a tissue 'round your neck.  
Lonely, eating tomato soup, I knew I had to check. A broken ball of fruits, was lying by your side,  
You offered me a chair, I guess just to be polite. I guess this is my premiere lovin'. You asked me with a voice of  
torn old silk.  
"Do you want some berries with sugar, chocolate and milk?" I'm here, look at me, but you just lit a cigarette;  
"You're not quite what I'm looking for my little marionette" I guess this is my premiere lovin'.  
I guess this is my premiere lovin'. Well, that's sweet, how nice.  
Now what will I do?  
Stand up and leave or just sit still and look at you? Well, that's sweet, how nice.  
Now what will I do?  
Stand up and leave or just sit still and look at you? Gleaming, you stood up obviously had a thrill.  
I sat there alone of course I had to pay the bill. That's just great, how nice, what a surprise!  
My luck had run out, on to the beach, to the sun, resting, having fun. I guess this is my premiere lovin'.  
I guess this is my premiere lovin'.  
I guess this is my premiere lovin'.

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