

The Belle of St. Mark

Sheila E.

The belle of St. Mark was a frail but a passionate creature
Ebony hair and eyes a deep blue-green
The belle of St. Mark wore clothes that belonged to his father
Even though he was only 17 I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love with the belle of St. Mark
It tears me apart whenever I hear him cry
I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love with the belle of St. Mark
And if he doesn't love me I think I'll probably die You can tell from expressions that he makes public
That he suffers from a badly broken heart
He smiles as he feeds the afternoon pigeons
But he cries as he walks the night streets of St. Mark I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love with the belle of St.
Mark
It tears me apart whenever I hear him cry
I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love with the belle of St. Mark
And if he doesn't love me I think I'll probably die The belle of St. Mark, he don't talk to strangers, he's so
mysterious
His erotic persuasion provokes me like no other man
The fire I have for him is undoubtedly serious
I need to make him see that he needs love to forget
And if anyone can help him, I can
I can help, I can help you His Paris hair, it blows in the warm Parisian air
That blows whenever his Paris hair is there
The woman that hurt him surely must have trouble sleeping
'Cause the belle of St. Mark is a beauty extraordinaire Oh, I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love with the belle of
St. Mark
It tears me apart whenever I hear him cry
I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love with the belle of St. Mark
And if he doesn't love me I think I'll probably die Ooh, I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love with the belle of St.
Mark
It tears me apart whenever I hear him cry
Ooh, I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love with the belle of St. Mark
And if he doesn't love me I think I'll probably die
And if he doesn't love me I think I'll probably die
And if he don't, I'll die

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