

# L'orientale

## Gee Beaumont

We've just came in the depts of sarowa (???)  
But something there remind me of Himalaya  
While this little far on duty " who's for holidays?  
Her skin was pale in the eastern music  
It smelled like ginger and the flower for a kiss  
Obviously the tango of poison that's for holydays and sand

The toll she want this Creative feeling  
Other on you, other under Creative feeling  
I am looking for a silent graveyard  
I did it for my child  
My lolee, lolee-da  
The toll she want this Creative feeling  
Other on you, other under Creative feeling  
Now I look for somewhere she can lay  
My lolee-lola

We've just slept in depts of san juan (???)  
But something there remind me of Himalaya  
While this little far of beauty moves from holydays  
Perfume was peering on eastern music  
It smelled like crivenge, the flower for a kiss  
Obviously the tango of poison that's for holydays and sand

The toll she want this Create feeling  
Other on you, other under Create feeling  
Now looking for a silent graveyard  
I did it for my child  
My lolee, lolee-da  
The toll she want this Creative feeling  
Other on you, other under Creative feeling  
Now look for somewhere she can lay  
My lolee-lola

Although she want this Create feeling  
Other on you, other under Create feeling  
Now looking for a silent graveyard  
I think for my child  
My lolee-lolee da  
Although she want this Creative feeling

Other on you, other under great feeling  
Now looking for somewhere she can lay  
My lolee-lola, My lolee-lola, My lolee-lola

Lyrics Submitted by Joachim

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