L'orientale

Gee Beaumont

WeÂ´ve just came in the depts of sarowa (???)
But something there remind me of Himalaya
While this little far on duty â€“ whoâ€™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 thatÂ´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

WeÂ´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 thatÂ´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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