

Black Orpheus

New York Jazz Lounge

Ma sadness lives down the road in a place they call "The Inside"
A woman's lips told me so between the dawn and midnight
She said every house has a ghost and I will haunt you

With every kiss you were told "this beauty is true"

Because where sadness lives the angels sine
Of all the things a tear
Can bring
Of all your beauty
And your soul

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