

Souvenir D'Italie

[Simone Langlois](#)

The moonlight reflected the mediterranean splendour,
The silvery sand was a magical carpet of white,
We shared with each other our kisses and willing surrender,
And promised each other that we would remember that night. Then we had to part broken hearted,
You gave me a shell as we parted . . .
You told me to listen,
For it had a message for me. Pretty shell that we found by the sea,
Souvenir d'italie! Pretty shell that I took home with me,
Souvenir d'italie! Even though we are so far apart,
Still the shell speaks to me,
And a voice that is yours,
Calls me back to your shores,
Voice of love . . .
Souvenir d'italie! Ma perch non mi fai pi dormire
Solo tu, me lo puoi dire.
Te ne sei andata cos
E mi lasci partire,
Souvenir, souvenir d'italie!

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