

Mam'selle

Dean Martin

A small cafe, Mam'selle
A rendezvous, Mam'selle
The violins were warm and sweet
And so were you, Mam'selle And as the night danced by, a kiss became a sigh
Your lovely eyes seemed to sparkle just like wine does
No heart ever yearned as much as mine does for you And yet I know too well
Some day you'll say goodbye
Then violins will cry
And so will I, Mam'selle And as the night danced by, a kiss became a sigh
Your lovely eyes seemed to sparkle just like wine does
No heart ever yearned away that mine does for you

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