

# Charms

Piero Piccioni

Pretty charms, pretty little charms  
See how they sparkle in the sun  
Ding dong ding listen to them ring  
They seem to be telling everyone  
That you're my-why baby  
With a twist of your wrist it can be told  
You're my-why baby  
There it is, in fourteen ca-a-a-ra-a-at golden

Pretty charms, pretty little charms  
Starting from the day we met  
The Sweet Sixteen, the moments in between  
That New Year's Eve we won't forget  
So if some guy should ask you  
If some night you're free  
Wave him away with a wave of your arms  
Do as I say, just blind 'em with your charms  
And show him you belong to me

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