Arrivederci

Moreno Veloso

Arrivederci I'm cutting my hair
Tell fish and Tracy the weather's fair
Been eleven hours we're on a dare
Arrivederci to my old chair
I've been told that the old who bargain and save
They get sold for the gold on the little king's grave
So goodbye to screamers and goodnight Irene
A salty whisker won't hurt anything

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