

The Belle of St. Mark

Sheila E.

The Belle of St. Mark was a frail but a passionate creature
Ebony hair and eyes a deep blue-green
The Belle of St Mark wore clothes that belonged 2 his father
Even though he was only 17 I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love with the Belle of St. Mark
It tears me apart whenever I hear him cry
I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love with the Belle of St. Mark
And if he doesn't love me I think I'll probably die U can tell from expressions that he makes
public
That he suffers from a badly broken heart
He smiles as he feeds the afternoon pigeons
But he cries as he walks the night streets of St. Mark
The Belle of St. Mark, he don't talk 2 strangers, he's so mysterious
His erotic persuasion provokes me like no other man
The fire I have 4 him is undoubtedly serious
I need 2 make him see that he needs love 2 forget
And if anyone can help him, I can
I can help, I can help U His Paris hair, it blows in the warm Parisian air
That blows whenever his Paris hair is there
The woman that hurt him surely must have trouble sleeping
Cuz the Belle of St. Mark is a beauty extraordinaire Oh, I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love with
the Belle of St. Mark
It tears me apart whenever I hear him cry
I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love with the Belle of St. Mark
And if he doesn't love me I think I'll probably die
Ooh, I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love with the Belle of St. Mark
It tears me apart whenever I hear him cry
Ooh, I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love with the Belle of St. Mark
And if he doesn't love me I think I'll probably die
And if he doesn't love me I think I'll probably die
And if he don't... I'll die

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>