I was born in '49, In a family of four. Father had his own band Just after the war.

My brother and I had a radio And every night we'd share, Waves from Luxembourg That came though the air.

Days were full of music And nights were the same. And though the songs are different now Some things never change...

I can't explain the way I feel.
Why, event to this day,
I steel love the sound of that red guitar.
It takes my breath away
And goes straight...
To my heart.
Straight to my heart.
Straight to my heart.