

Première Lovin'

Emiliana Torrini

You wore a dark, purple suit, with a tissue 'round your neck.
Lonely, eating tomato soup, I knew I had to check.

A broken ball of fruits, was lying by your side,
You offered me a chair, I guess just to be polite.

I guess this is my premiere lovin'.

You asked me with a voice of torn old silk.
"Do you want some berries with sugar, chocolate and milk?"

I'm here, look at me, but you just lit a cigarette;
"You're not quite what I'm looking for my little marionette"

I guess this is my premiere lovin'.
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Now what will I do?
Stand up and leave or just sit still and look at you?

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Gleaming, you stood up obviously had a thrill.
I sat there alone of course I had to pay the bill.

That's just great, how nice, what a surprise!
My luck had run out, on to the beach, to the sun, resting, having fun.

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