

# Tangerine

Tony Bennett

South American stories tell of a girl who is quite a  
dream  
The beauty of her race.  
Though you'll doubt all the stories and think the tales  
are just a bit extreme  
Wait till you see her face  
Ooh, Tangerine, she is all they claim  
With her eyes of night, and lips as bright as flame  
Tangerine, when she dances by,  
Senoritas stare and caballeros sigh  
And I've seen toasts to Tangerine  
Raised in every bar, across the Argentine  
Yes, she's got them all on the run  
But her heart belongs to just one  
Her heart belongs to Tangerine