

## Irish Waltz

You dance in the streets of Monza  
Turning and turning in front of le Bistrot

I'm not able to match your pace  
You laugh and make me feel like a fool  
It is written on your face

You dance like a butterfly through your life  
Dance with my butterfly friend, my wife

Sweet, sweet memories of a warm summer night  
You, you'll never know if your flying away was right

From Han and Marie Jose for Melanie, August 30 2004.

