

Liona
(Clark Robinson)

You thank your lucky Canadian stars
You get way down in Soretto
Your marble features are out of place
If the Lord had said got'cha

You had a way with the memory
Black satin and buttons
You follow Casanova
When he calls out watching

Ooo-oo Liona, Liona
Ooo-ooo-oo

Got an education
A hard working mother
Stepping high in fashion
Like you don't need no other

You read the rhymes in the funny papers
When you follow him
He even led you into the ghetto
In a smoke city dim

Ooo-oo Liona, Liona
Ooo-ooo-oo

You're specially fine in fashion
You learned that from your mother
'til daddy died with passion
He became a welcome harbor

Your eyes reflect that you really want to
Live all your nineteen years
You want someone to take good care
And take away your fears

Ooo-oo Liona, Liona
Ooo-ooo-oo

In the lonely dawn
You never really see yourself
You know that you can't live forever
Do you really want to be a witch

Ooo-oo Liona, Liona
Ooo-ooo-oo

Sometimes you're hot
Sometimes you're cold
Sometimes you're there
Sometimes you look for your own
I don't question the truth, Liona

Ooo-oo Liona
Ooo-ooo-oo Liona

Oh, oh Liona
Oh, oh Liona

You want to talk to me Liona
Where you gonna be Liona
Ooo-oo Liona