

FIOR'D'AMOR' (FLOWER OF LOVE)

MUSIC AND LYRICS BY JOHNNY ROTELLA © 1971 JAY MUSIC (ASCAP)

EV'RY NIGHT WHILE ALONE IN MY ROOM
I KEEP COUNTING THE DAYS SHE'S AWAY
HOW I LONG TO BE BACK IN HER ARMS
LONELINESS IS A TOUGH PRICE TO PAY

FIOR'D'AMOR'
TALK TO ME
WHERE'S MY LOVE
WHERE IS SHE
BRING HER BACK
MAKE HER STAY
FLOWER OF LOVE
LEAD THE WAY

I REMEMBER THE ROSE IN HER HAIR
AND THE LOVE THAT I FELT DEEP INSIDE
ALL I HAVE NOW ARE FOND MEMORIES
AND AN EMPTINESS I CANNOT HIDE

FIOR'D'AMOR'
TALK TO ME
WHERE'S MY LOVE
WHERE IS SHE
BRING HER BACK
MAKE HER STAY
FLOWER OF LOVE
LEAD THE WAY

STAY ALIVE MY RED ROSE STAY ALIVE
FLOWER OF LOVE IT'S FOR HER THAT I YEARN
THERE'S A FULL YELLOW MOON OUT TONIGHT
MAYBE THIS IS THE NIGHT SHE'LL RETURN

FIOR'D'AMOR'
TALK TO ME
WHERE'S MY LOVE
WHERE IS SHE
BRING HER BACK
MAKE HER STAY
FLOWER OF LOVE
LEAD THE WAY

GINA

WORDS AND MUSIC BY JOHNNY ROTELLA

(top pencil line version)

I MET MY GINA
ONE NIGHT IN NAPOLI
MY LOVELY GINA
PLEGGED HER TO ME
GUITARS WERE PLAYING
THE MOON WAS BRIGHT ABOVE
AND WITH THEIR PLAYING
WE BOTH FELL IN LOVE
WHEN I KISSED HER LIPS
OH WHAT A THRILL
AND THAT VERY KISS
WELL TIME STOOD STILL
HOW I REMEMBER
THAT NIGHT IN NAPOLI
BECAUSE MY GINA
FELL IN LOVE WITH ME

(middle ink line version)

I MET MY GINA
ONE NIGHT IN NAPOLI
MY LOVELY GINA
SO HEAVENLY
GUITARS WERE PLAYING
THE MOON WAS BRIGHT ABOVE
AND WITH THEIR PLAYING
WE FELL IN LOVE
EV'RY TIME WE KISSED
I TRIED TO SAY
THAT I LONG TO KISS
HER LIPS EACH DAY
I'LL ALWAYS TREASURE
THAT NIGHT IN NAPOLI
BECAUSE MY GINA
FELL IN LOVE WITH ME

(bottom pencil line version)

I MET MY GINA
ONE NIGHT IN NAPOLI
FROM OUT OF HEAVEN
SHE CAME TO ME

GUITARS WERE PLAYING
THE MOON WAS BRIGHT ABOVE
AND WITH THEIR PLAYING
WE BOTH FELL IN LOVE
EV'RY TIME WE KISSED
I FELT A THRILL
AND WITH E'VRY KISS
THE WORLD STOOD STILL
I'LL ALWAYS TREASURE
THAT NIGHT IN NAPOLI
BECAUSE MY GINA
FELL IN LOVE WITH ME

PAPA LOVES TO SING

WORDS AND MUSIC BY JOHNNY ROTELLA © 1962 BARTON MUSIC CORP

PAPA LOVES TO SING
WITH THE RADIO
AND HE TURNS IT LOUD VERY LOUD
SO THAT HE WON'T MISS A WORD

HOW HE LOVES TO PLAY
WITH HIS MANDOLIN
WHILE HE PLAYS A SONG
MAMA SINGS RIGHT ALONG
JUST LIKE A BIRD

HE'S FROM A TOWN IN ITALY
NOT TOO FAR FROM ROME
CAME TO VISIT ME
NOW HE WON'T GO HOME

WHAT A HAPPY GUY
HAS A HEART OF GOLD
PAPA LOVES TO SING
AND I SAY LET HIM SING
TILL HE GROWS OLD

PAPA LOVES TO SING
WITH THE RADIO
AND HE TURNS IT LOUD VERY LOUD
SO THAT HE WON'T MISS A WORD

HOW HE LOVES TO PLAY

WITH HIS MANDOLIN
WHILE HE PLAYS A SONG
MAMA SINGS RIGHT ALONG
JUST LIKE A BIRD

HE LOVES TO SING ALONG WITH 'MITCH'
ANY SONG AT ALL
MAMA JOINS RIGHT IN
AND THEY HAVE A BALL

WHAT A HAPPY GUY
HAS A HEART OF GOLD
PAPA LOVES TO SING
AND I SAY LET HIM SING
TILL HE GROWS OLD

PAPA LOVES TO SING
LIKE HE'S 'PERRY' OR 'BING'
AND A GLASS OF WINE
MAKES HIM FEEL LIKE HE'S KING
PAPA LOVES TO SING
AND I SAY LET HIM SING
TILL HE GROWS OLD