

## That's Amore'

By Dean Martin

(In Napoli where love is King, when boy meets girl, here's what they say)

When the moon hits your eye like a big-a pizza pie  
That's amore  
When the world seems to shine like you've had too much wine  
That's amore

Bells'll ring ting-a-ling-a-ling, ting-a-ling-a-ling  
And you'll sing "Vita bella"  
Hearts'll play tippi-tippi-tay, tippi-tippi-tay  
Like a gay tarantella

When the stars make you drool just-a like pasta fazool  
That's amore  
When you dance down the street with a cloud at your feet, you're in love  
When you walk in a dream but you know you're not dreamin', signore  
'scusa me, but you see, back in old Napoli, that's amore

(When the moon hits your eye like a big-a pizza pie, that's amore)  
That's amore  
(When the world seems to shine like you've had too much wine, that's amore)  
That's amore

Bells will ring  
ting-a-ling-a-ling  
ting-a-ling-a-ling  
And you'll sing "Vita bella"  
Vita bell-vita bella  
Hearts will play  
tippi-tippi-tay, tippi-tippi-tay  
Like a gay tarantella  
Lucky fella

When the stars make you drool just like pasta fazool  
That's amore (that's amore)  
When you dance down the street with a cloud at your feet, you're in love  
When you walk in a dream but you know you're not dreaming, signore  
'scusa me, but you see, back in old Napoli, that's amore

## *Song Parody by Sing Along With HalMitch No More-a To The EU*

(In DC where cash is King, when Bailouts scream for our Ka-Ching, here's what we say)

When the Euro news hit your eye like a big pizza pie  
Say "no more-a"  
When the EU takes a shine to our gold, nine tenths fine,  
Say "no more-a"

Cash is king, ching chinga ching, ching chinga ching  
And it's such a sweet smell-a  
Hearts'll pay, tippi-tippi-tay, tippi-tippi-tay  
Like a darned old gay fella.

When the Euro Kings drool for your pasta fazool  
Say "no more-a"  
When they're foot soldiers march down Wall Street to an old hippy beat they're in lust  
When they talk in their dreams you can hear them schemin', signore  
'Scusa me, but you see, back in old DC,  
It's time to say "No More-a"

When the Euro news hit your eye like a big pizza pie  
Say "no more-a"  
When the EU takes a shine to our gold, nine tenths fine,  
It's time to say "no more-a"  
Say "no more-a".

Cash is king  
Ching chinga ching, ching chinga ching  
And it's such a sweet smell-a  
Hearts'll pay, tippi-tippi-tay, tippi-tippi-tay  
Like a darned old gay fella.  
Hearts'll pay, tippi-tippi-tay, tippi-tippi-tay  
Like a darned old gay fella.  
Unlucky fella.

When the Euro Kings drool for your pasta fazool  
Say "no more-a" (Say no more-a)  
When these Marxists sleep in the park and play after dark they're in lust  
When they talk in their dreams you can hear them schemin', signore  
'Scusa me, but you see, back in old DC,  
It's time to say "no more-a".

Say "No more-a"!