

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 will 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.