

Le Vent



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J'ai bien rigolé !
Comme les cerisiers dans le vent.

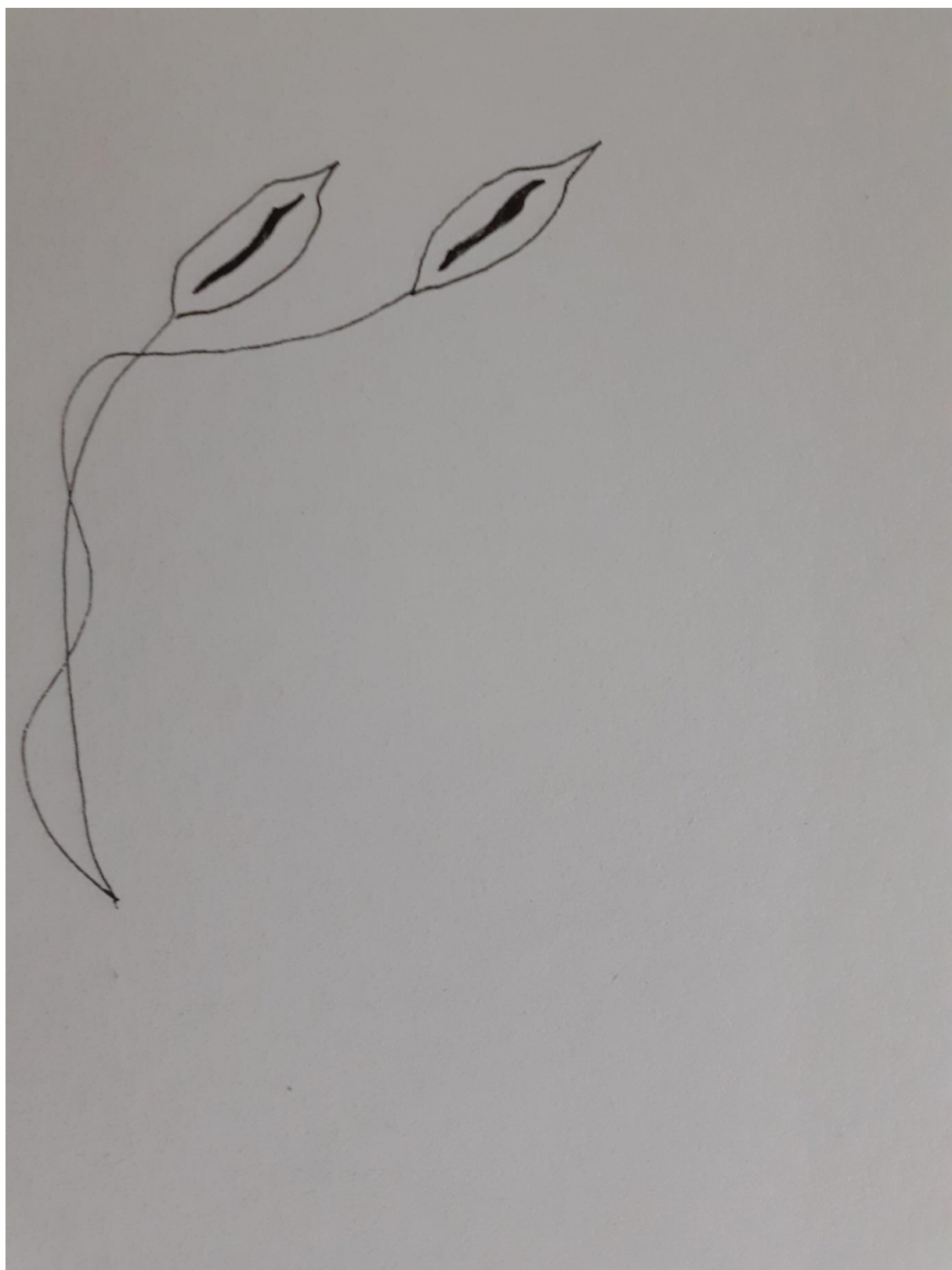
Ah nom de dieu
Qui est dans le sac à main.

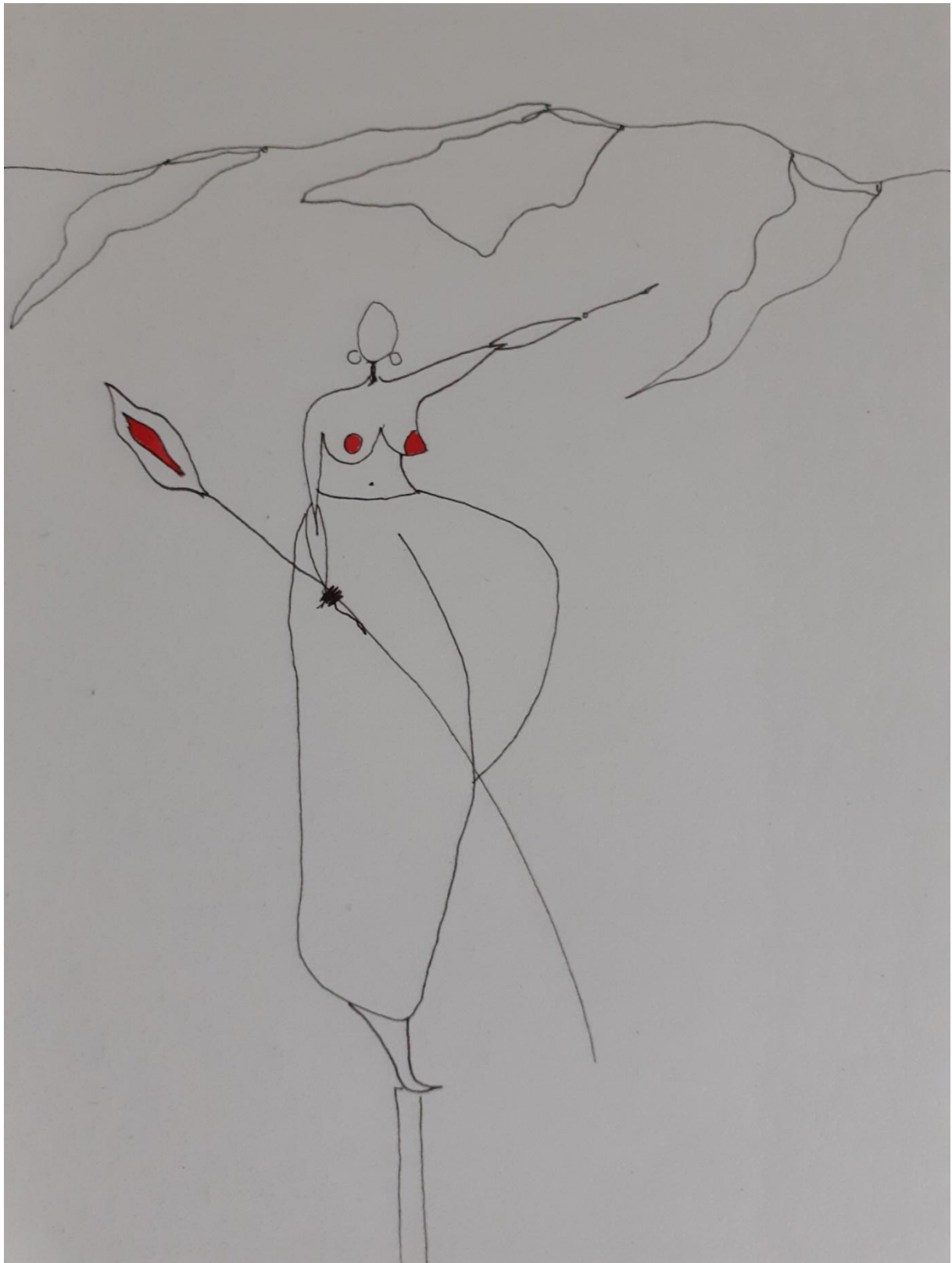
La petite valse indolore
Nous parle de maintenant.

Le vent... c'est
Et moi c'est lui
Un Pont, a ride of Joy
En français
Une bonne question

Vive le vent d'hiver, d'été
La brise légère et son amour sur la peau !

Texte du « VENT » de vladys Miss avec la participation de GILDA C.T









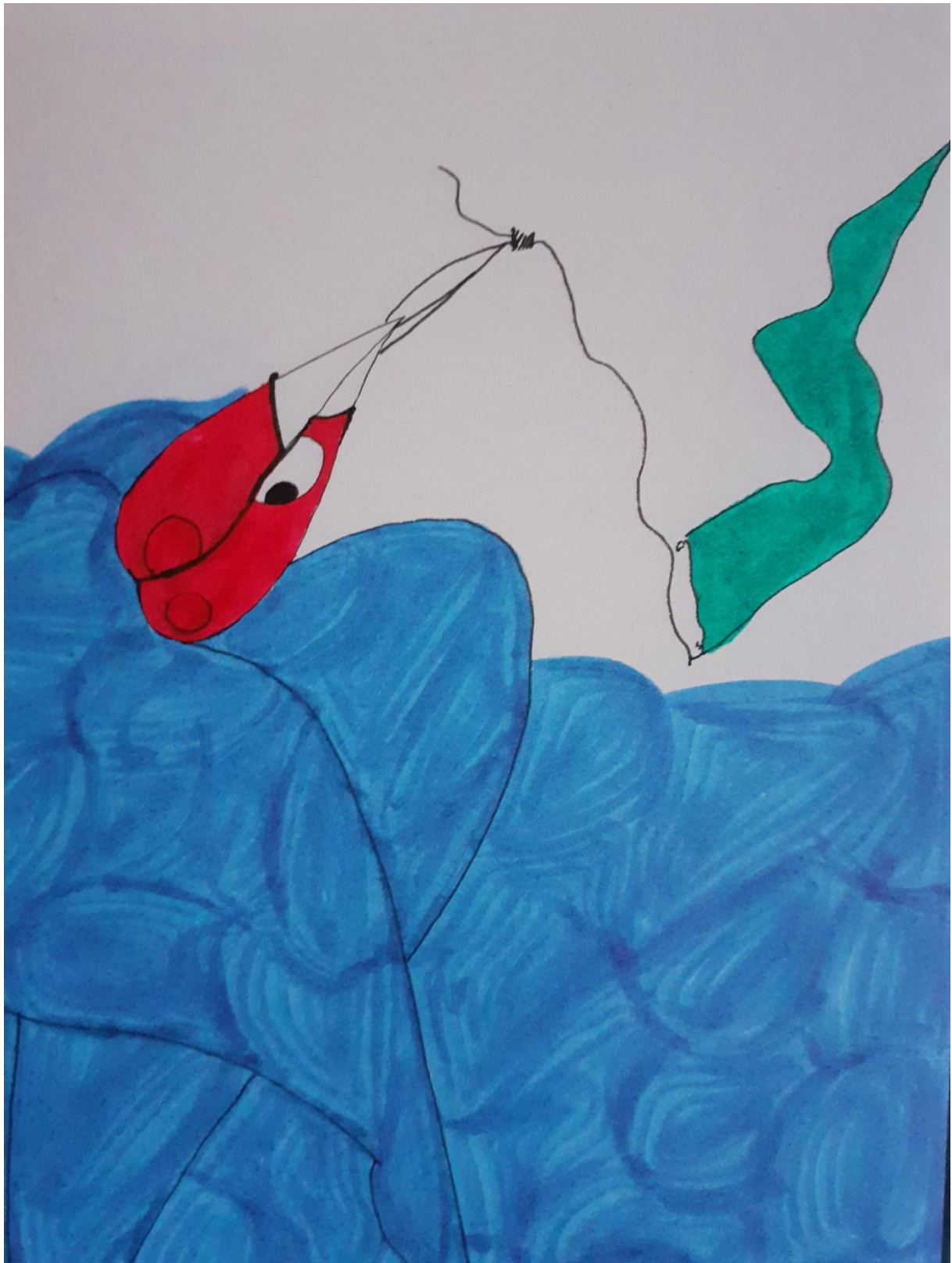




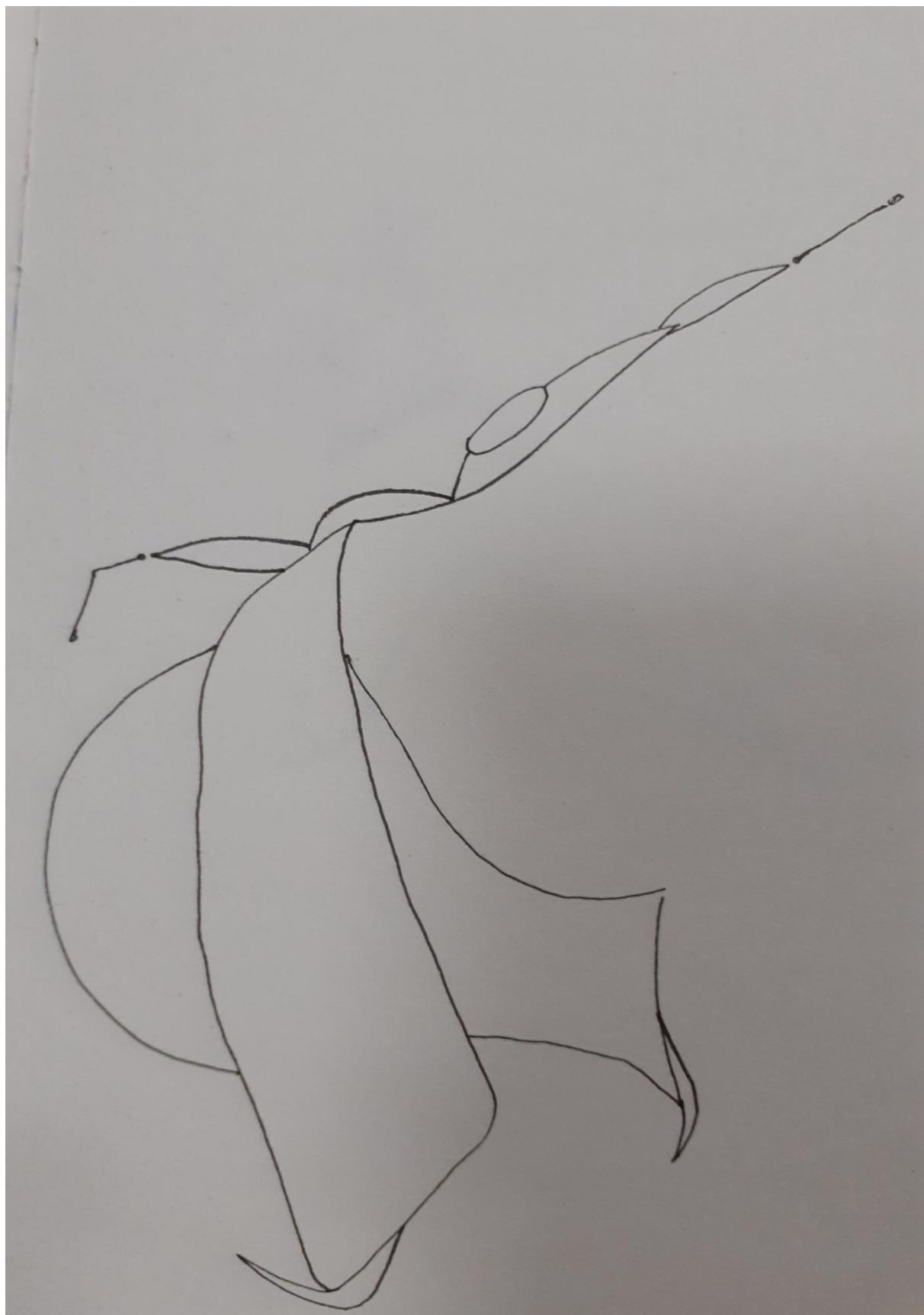




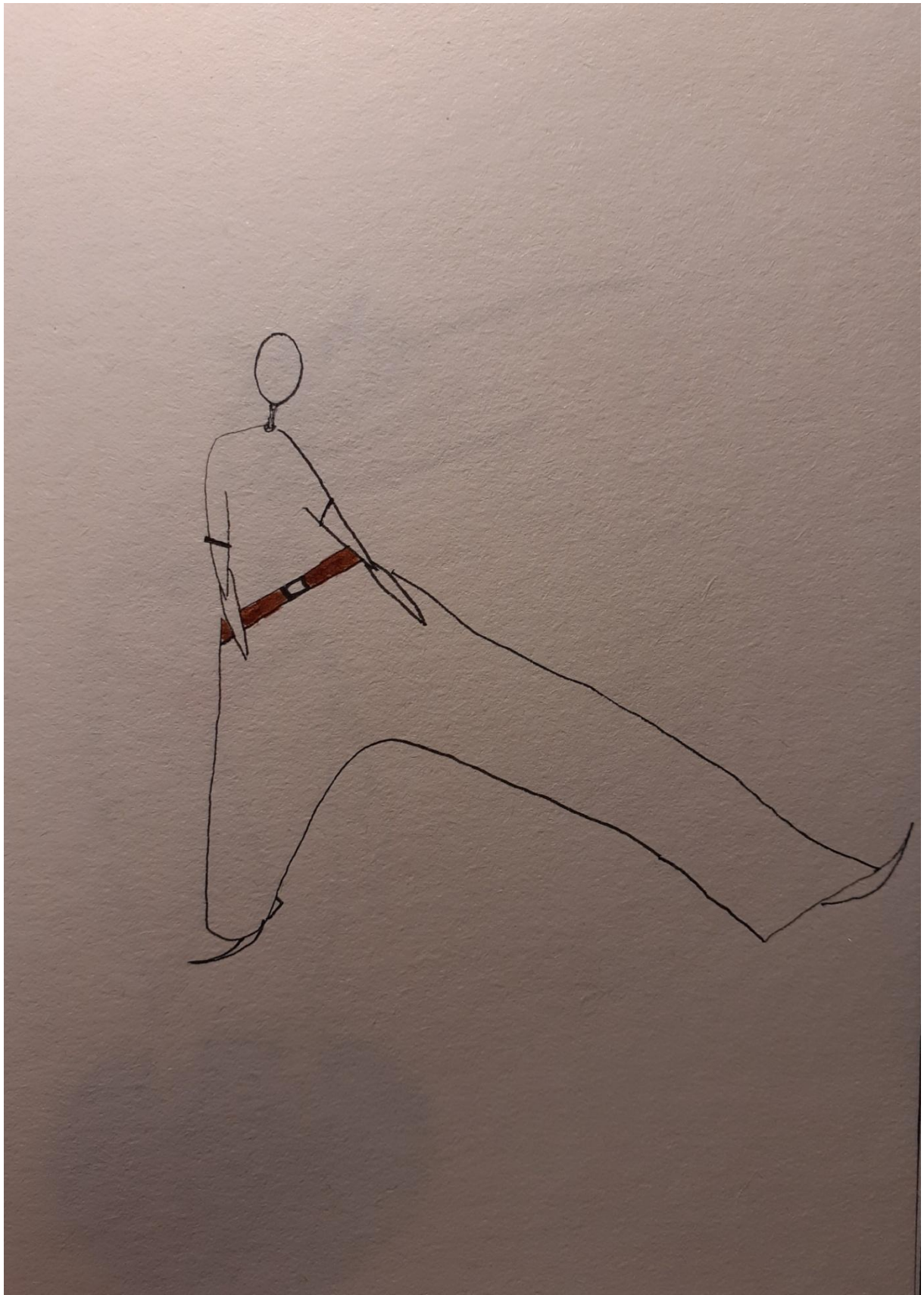








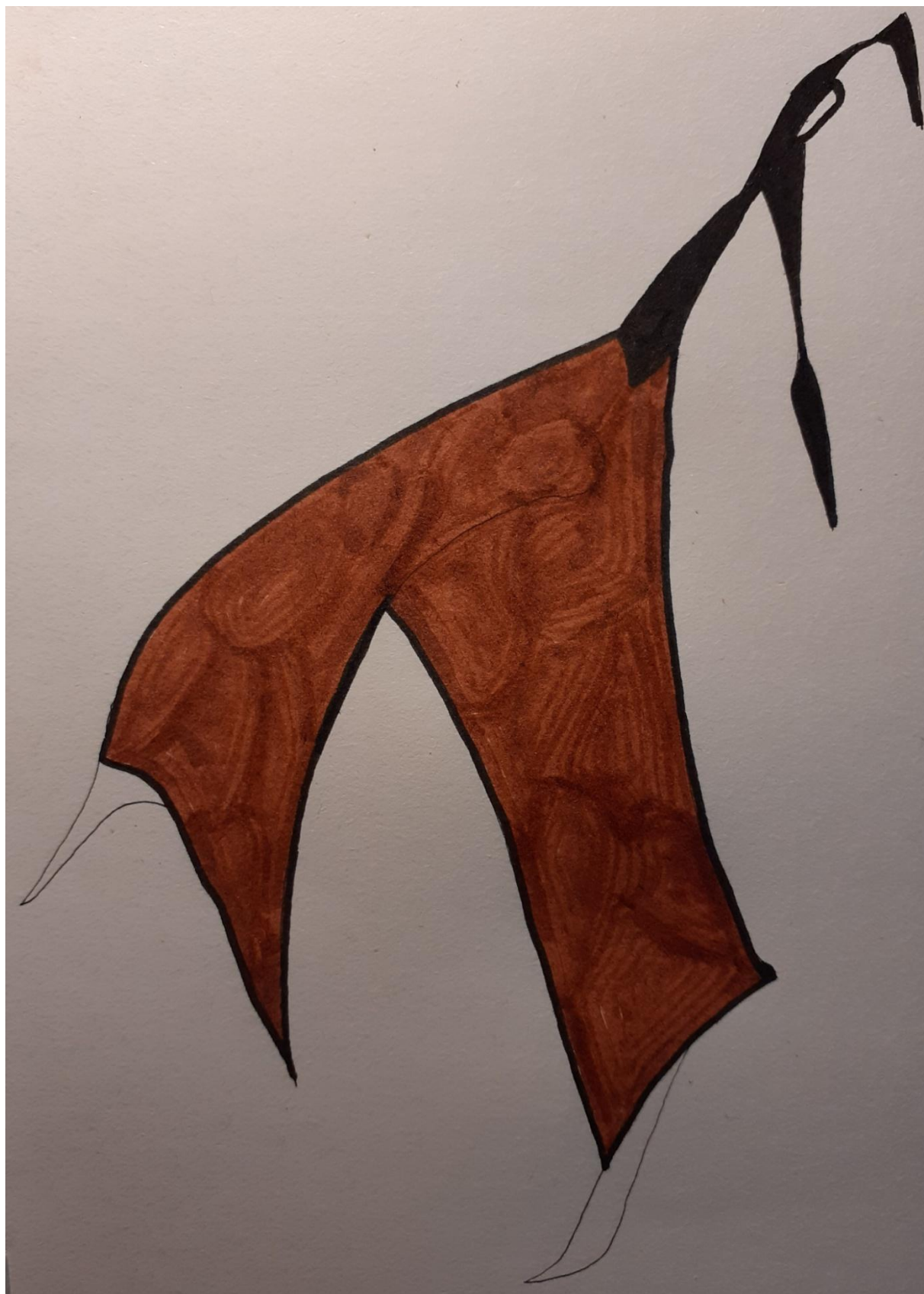


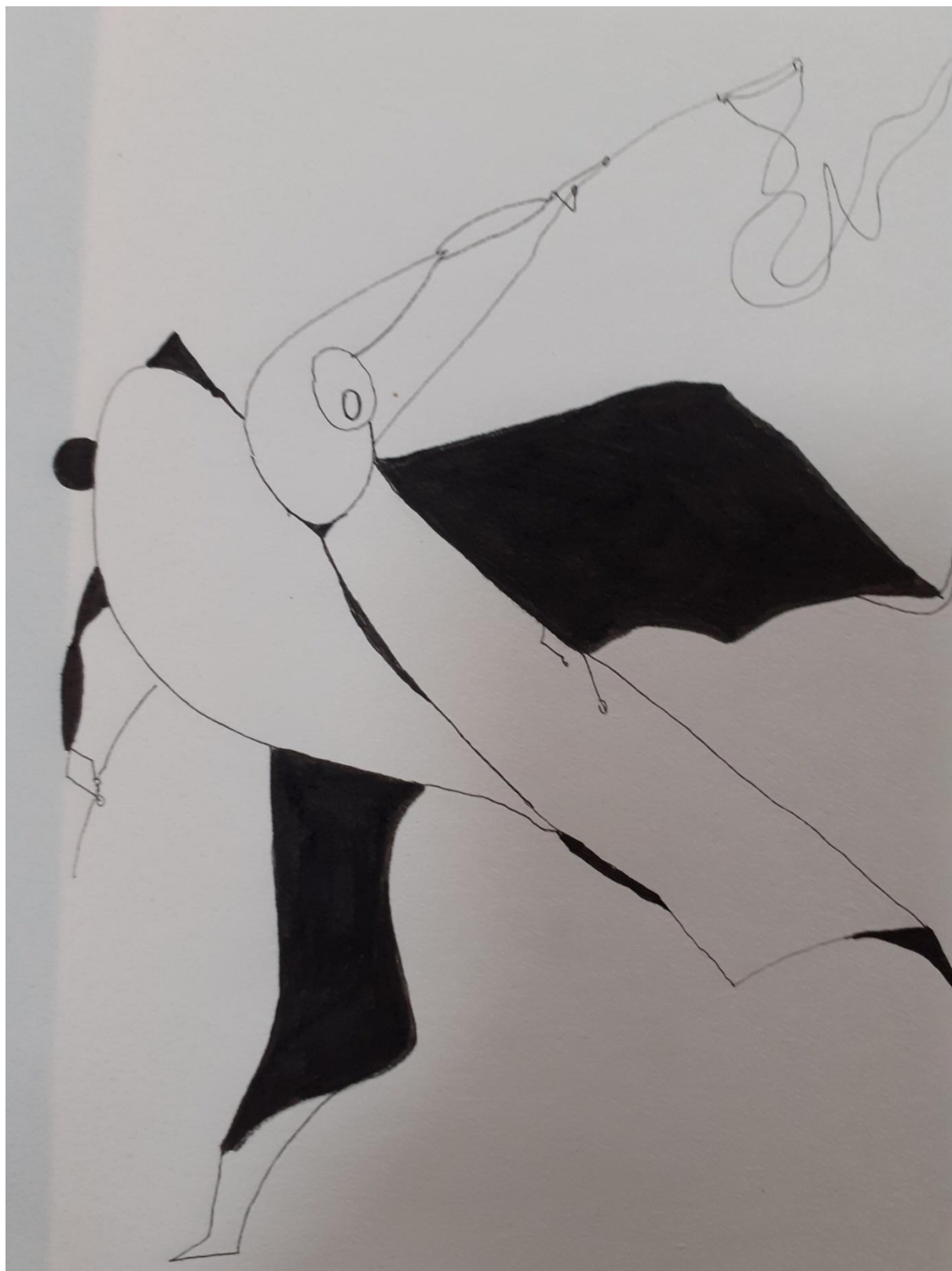








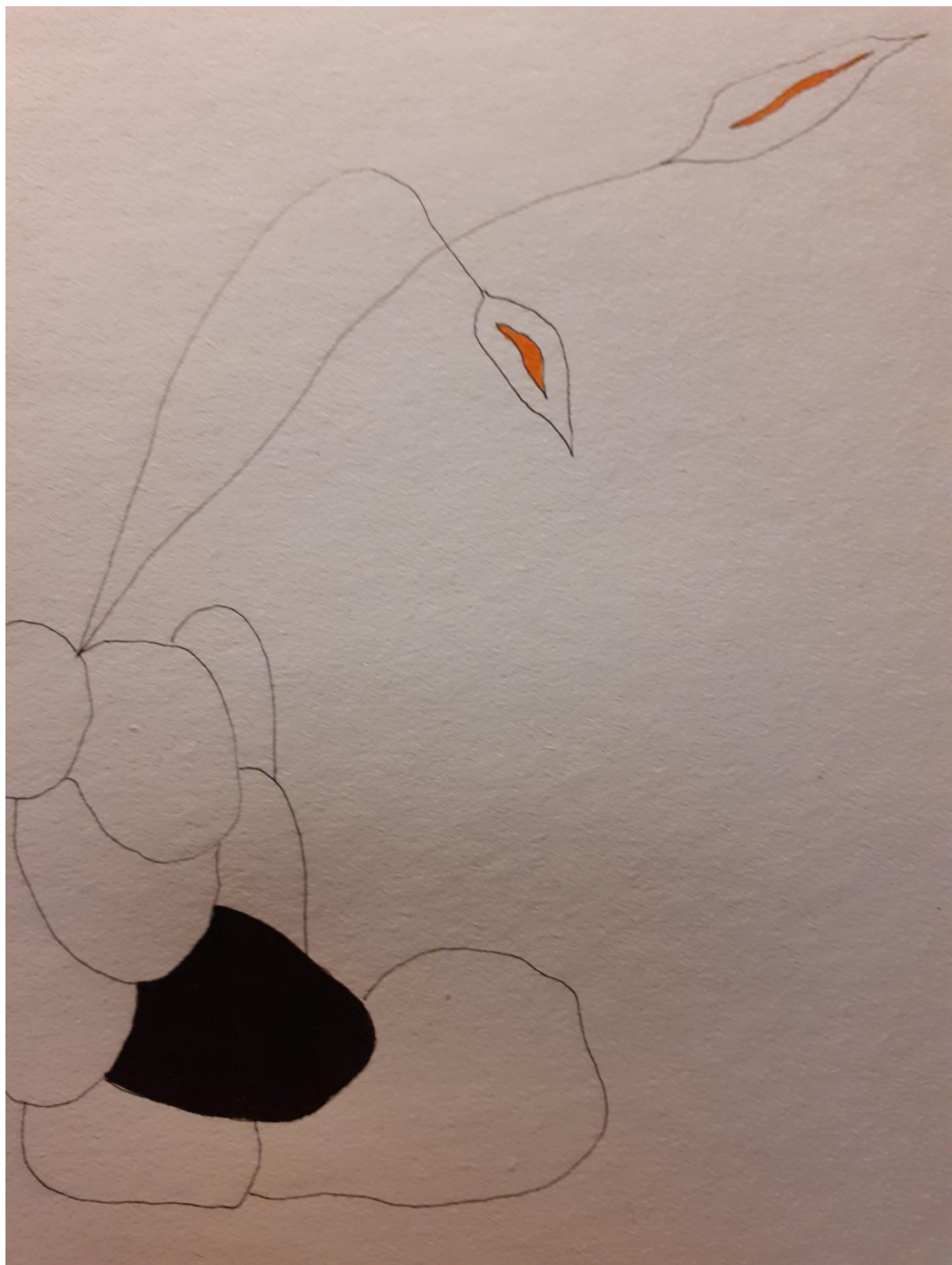








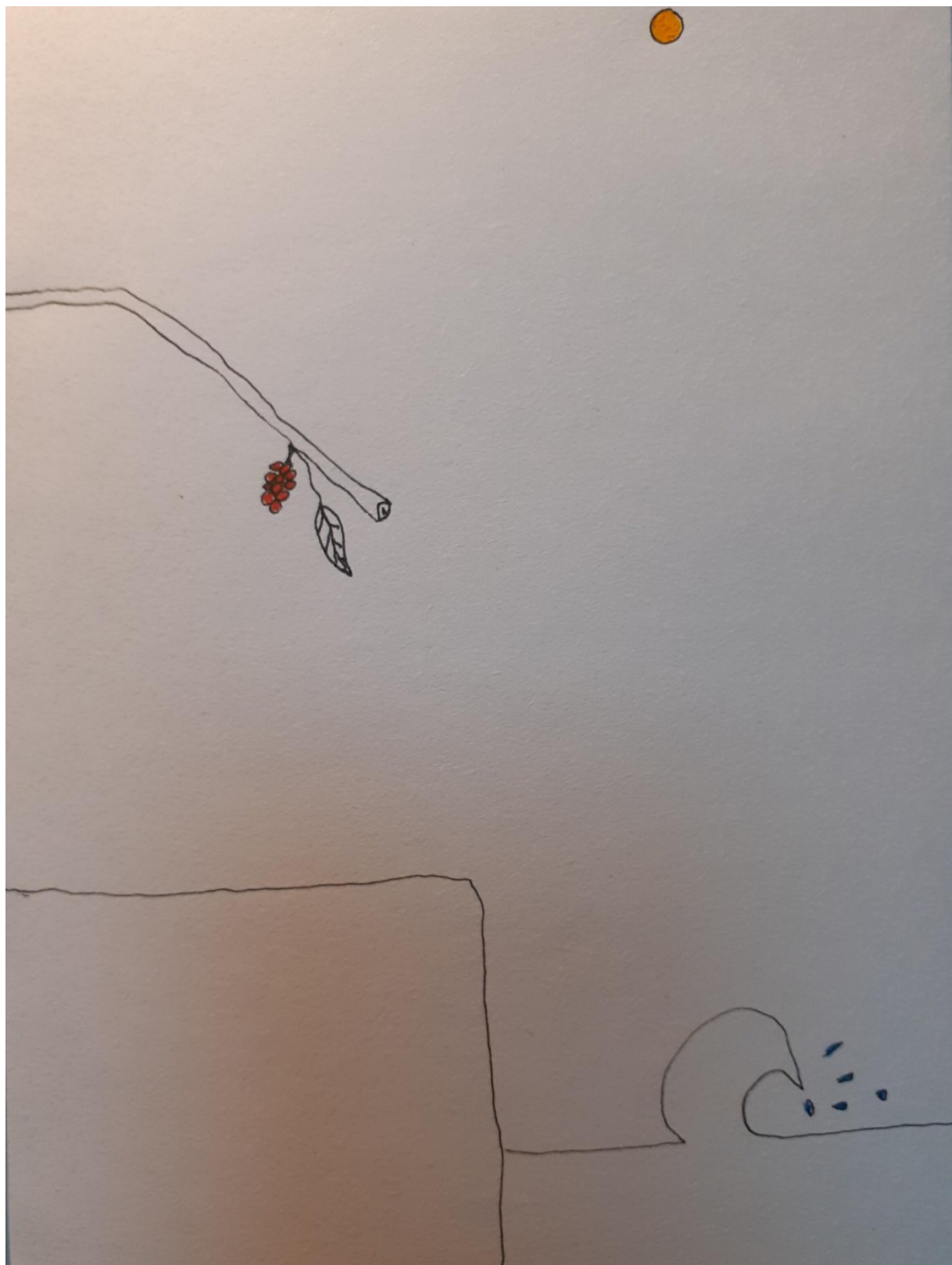


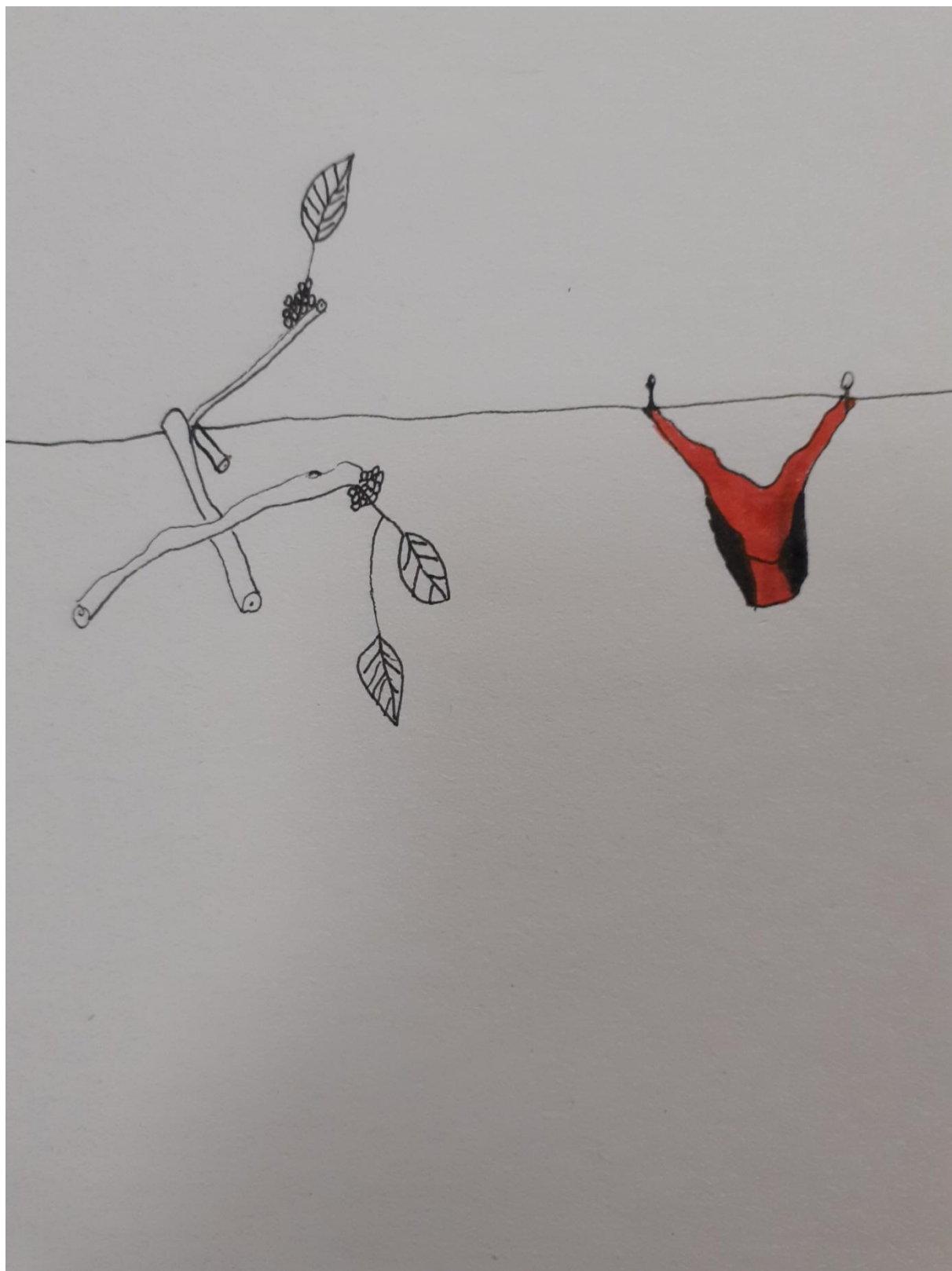


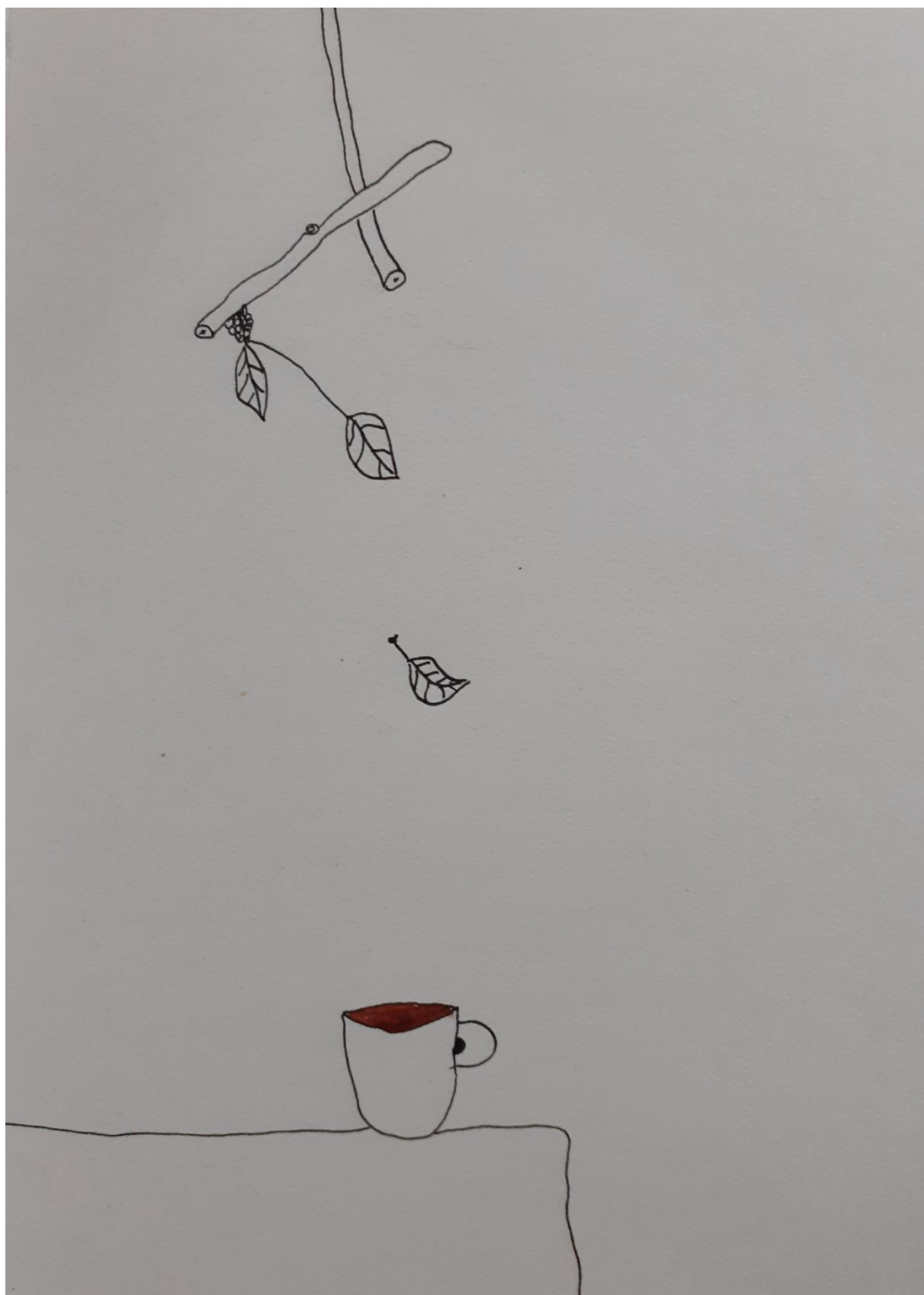


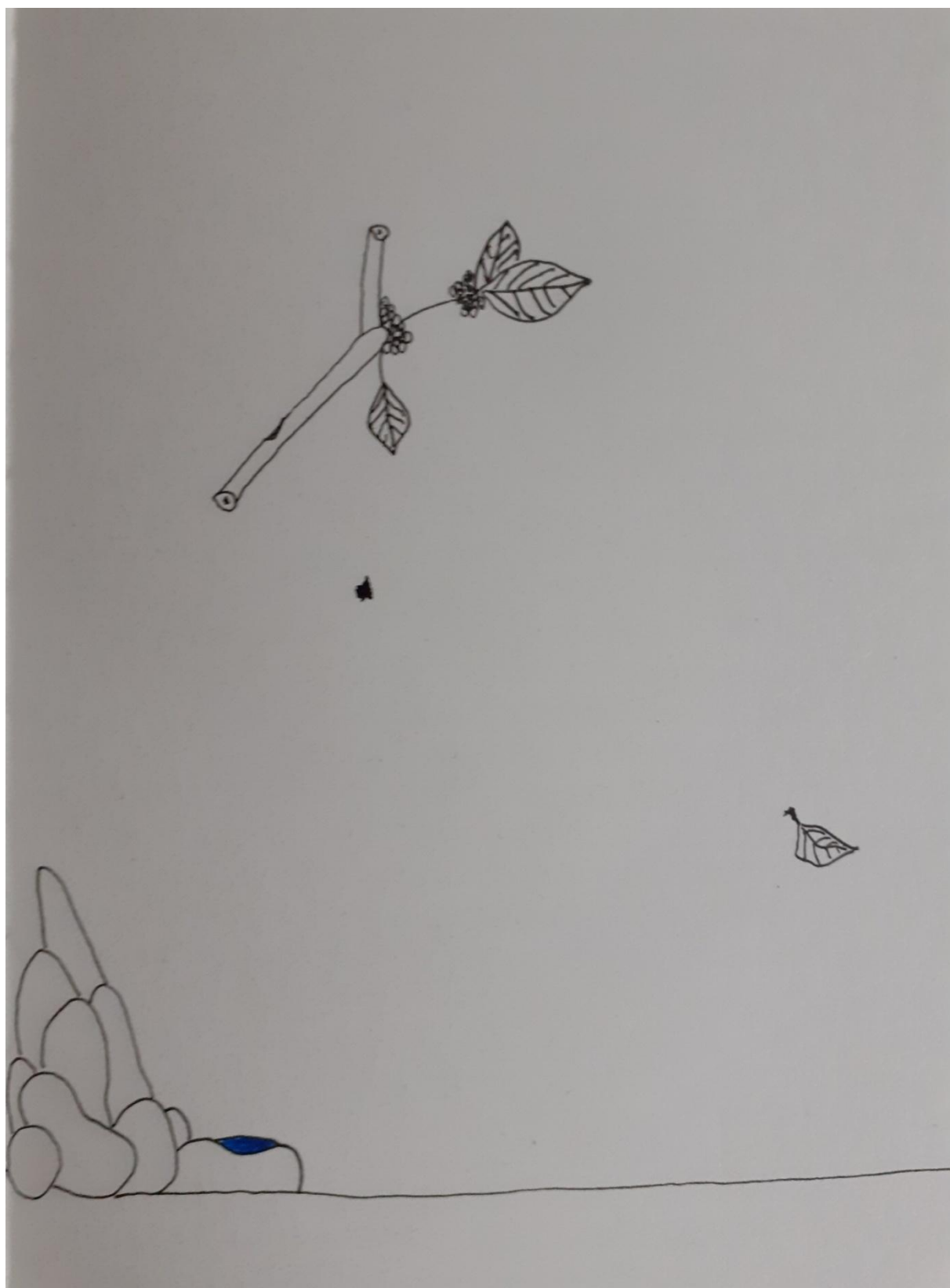


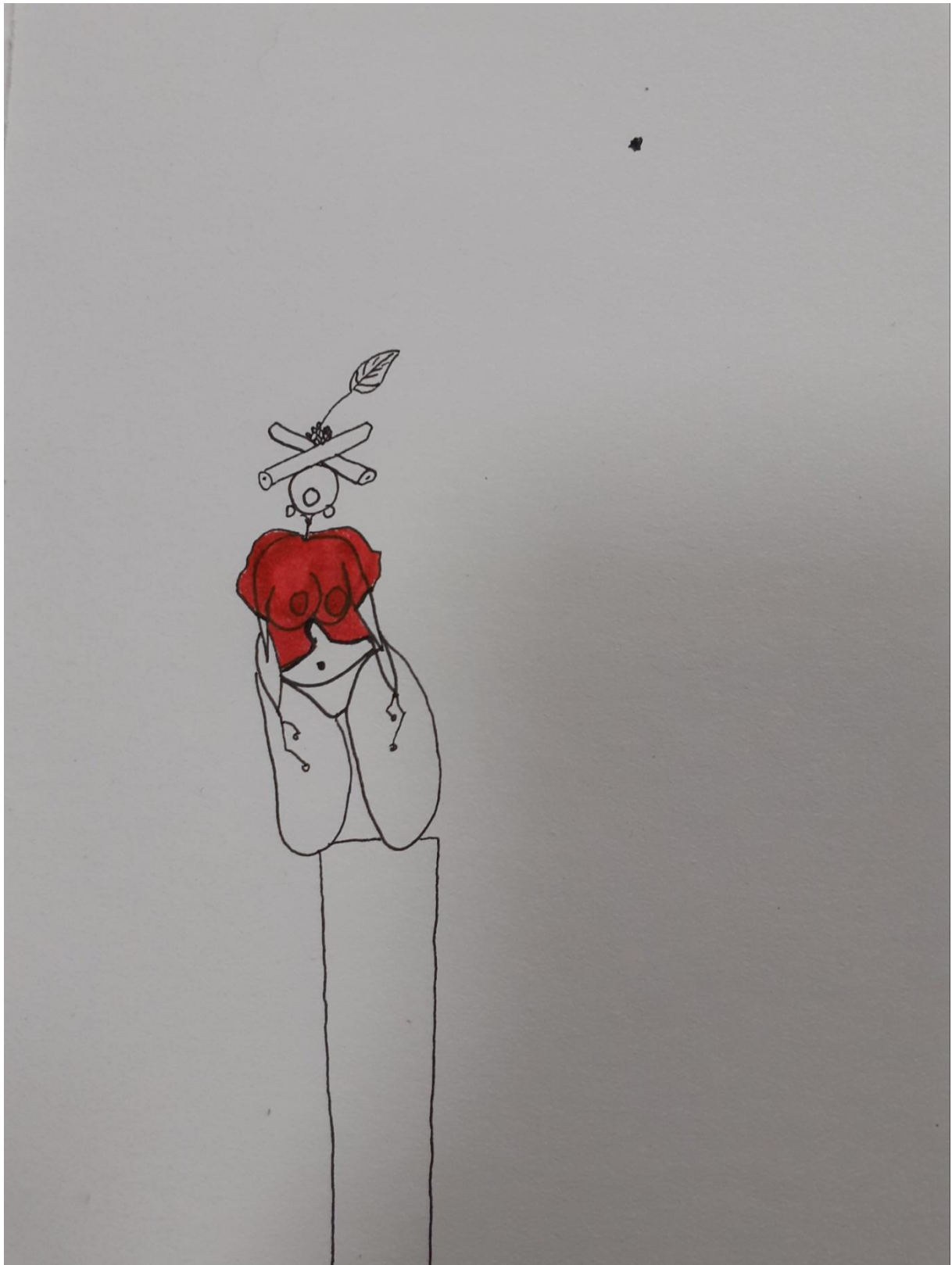


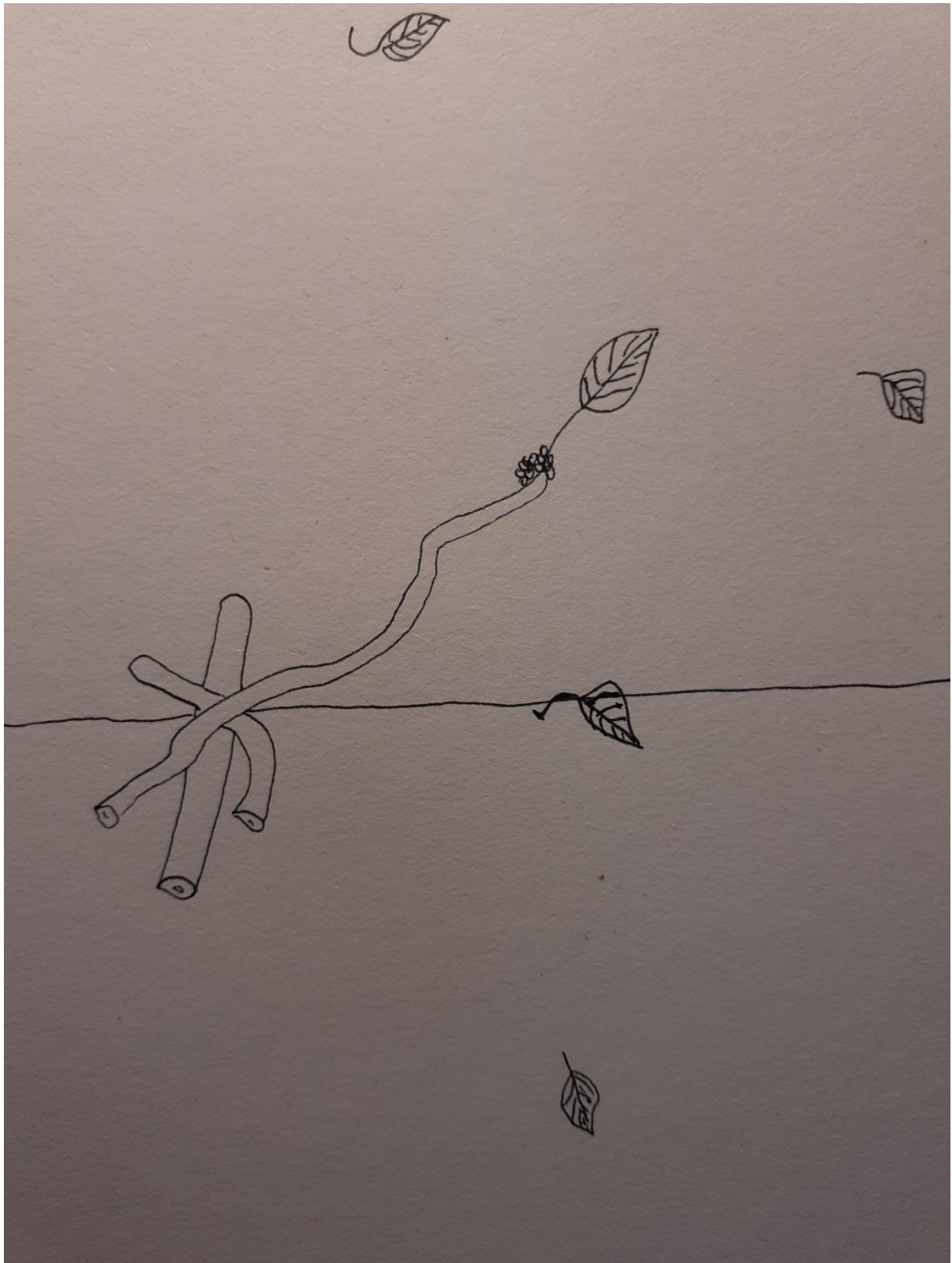


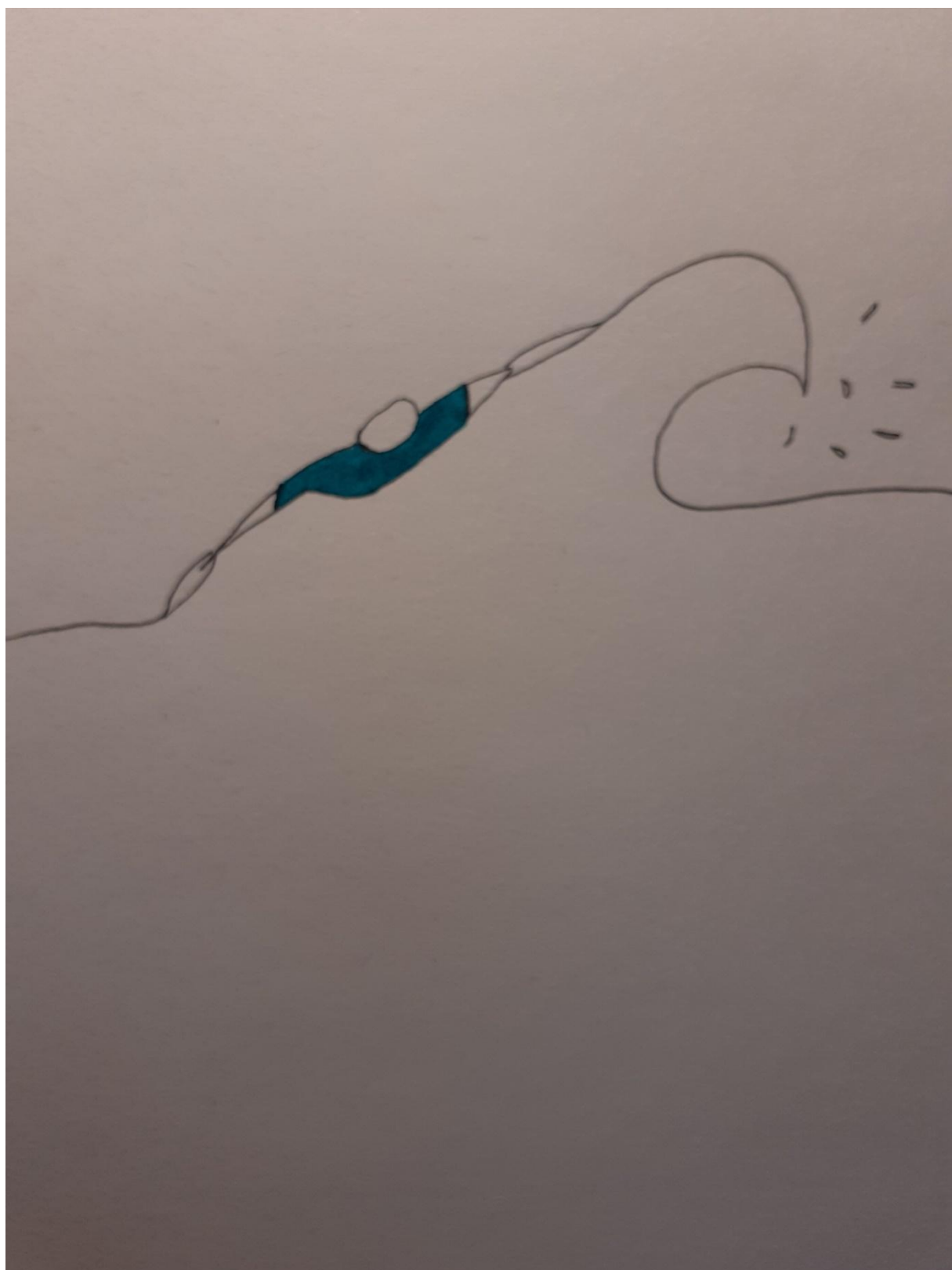


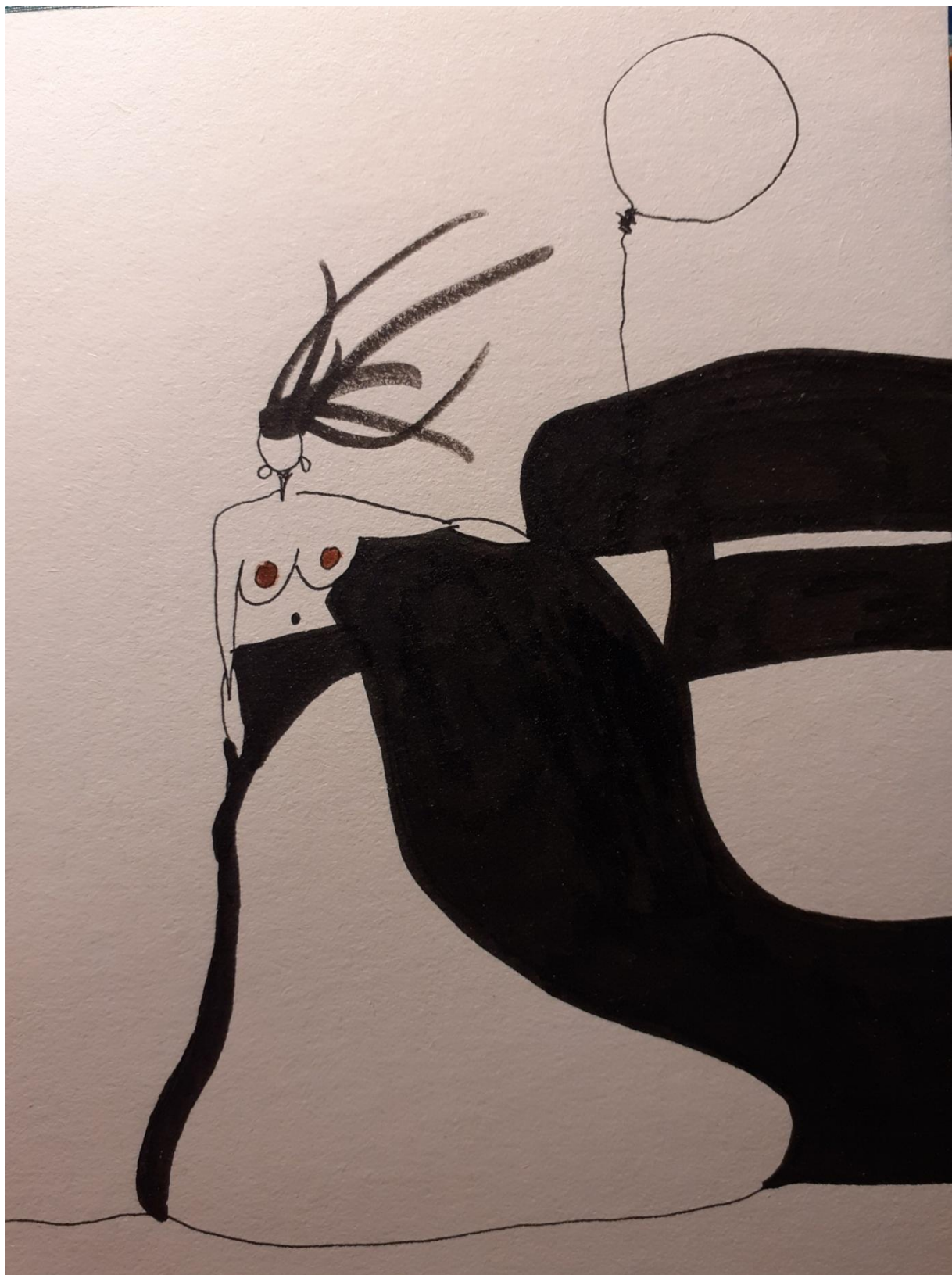


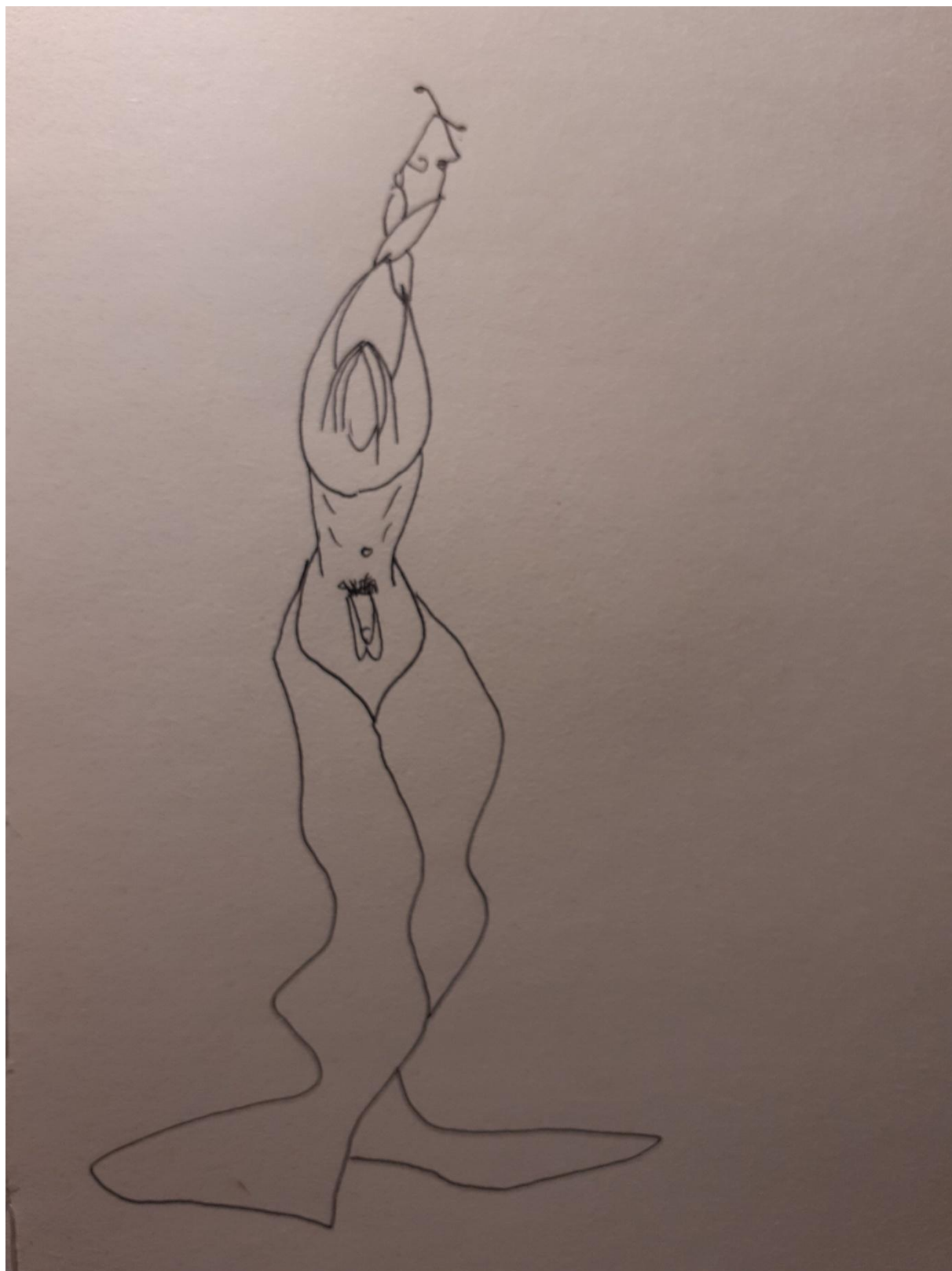


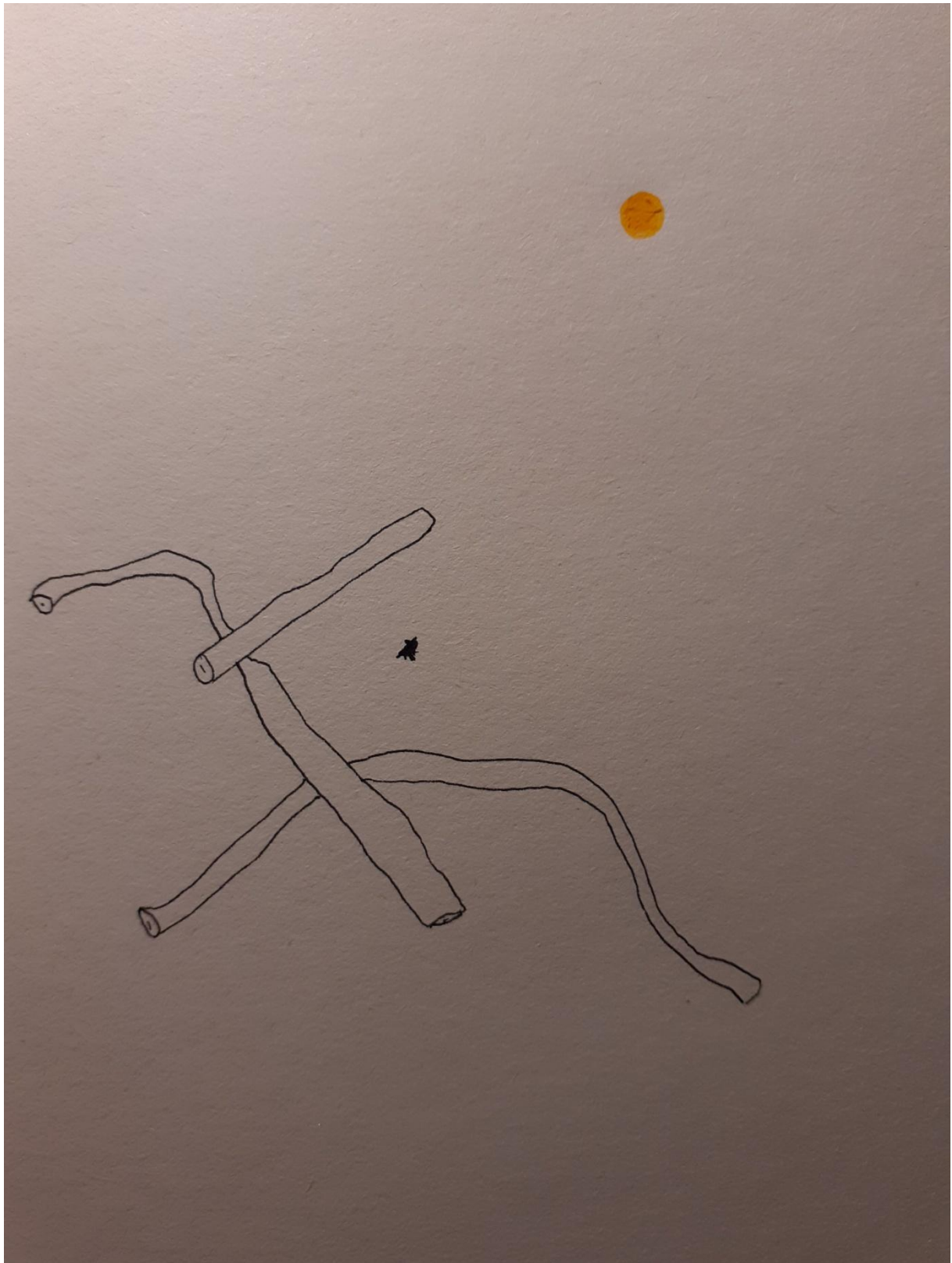


















FIN si je puis dire...