

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

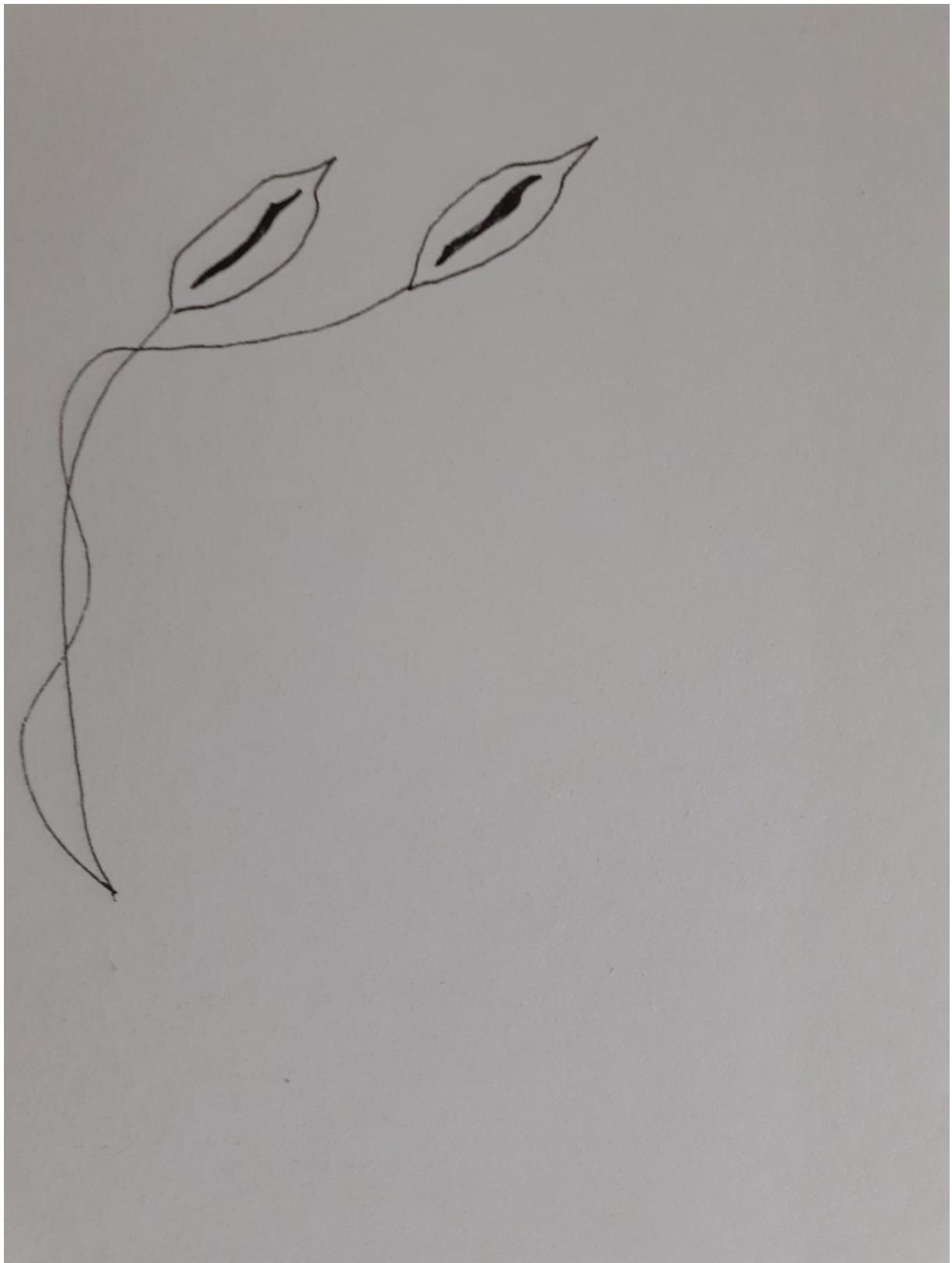
En français

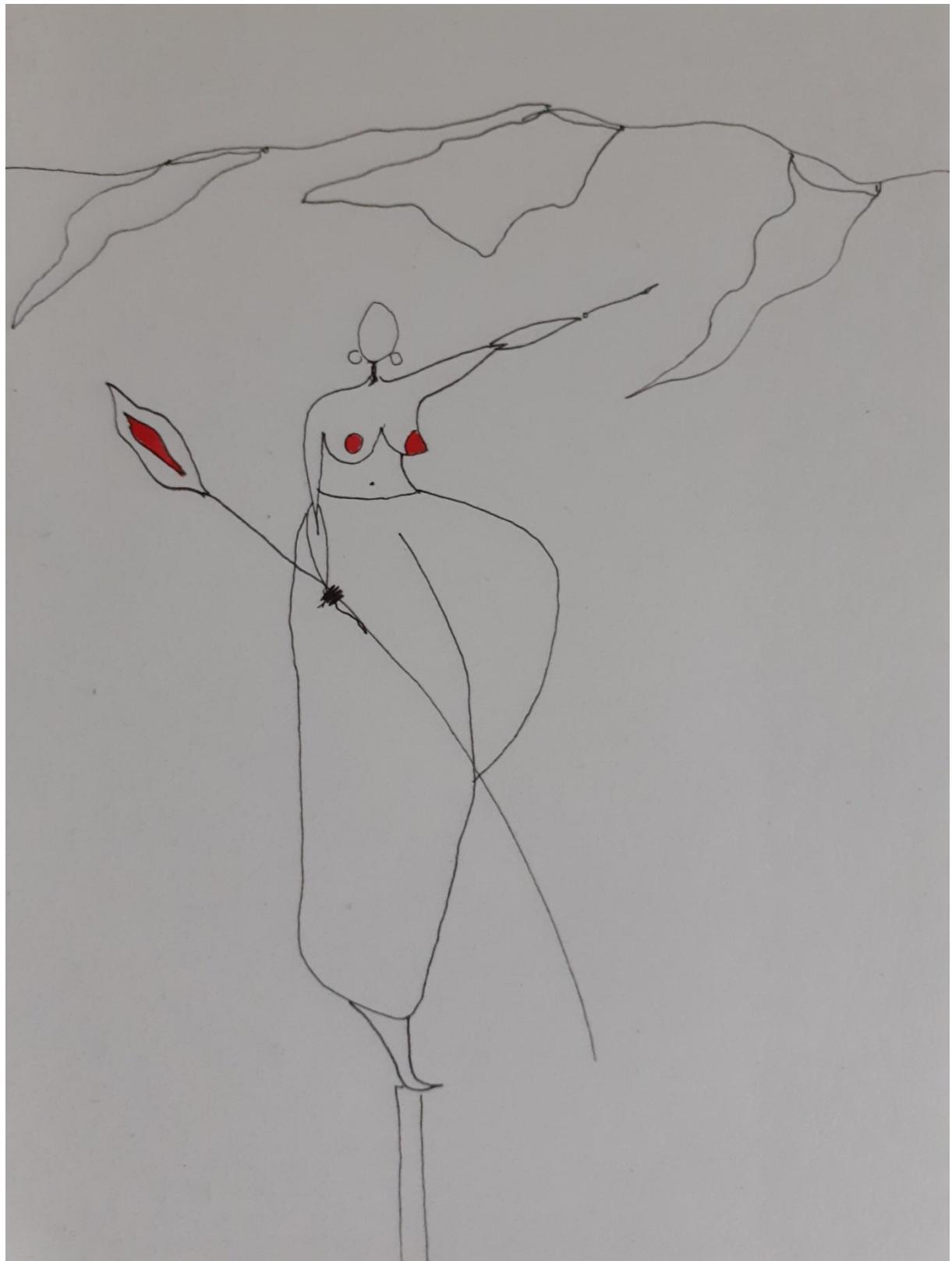
Une bonne question

Vive le vent d'hiver, d'été

La brise légère et son amour sur la peau !

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



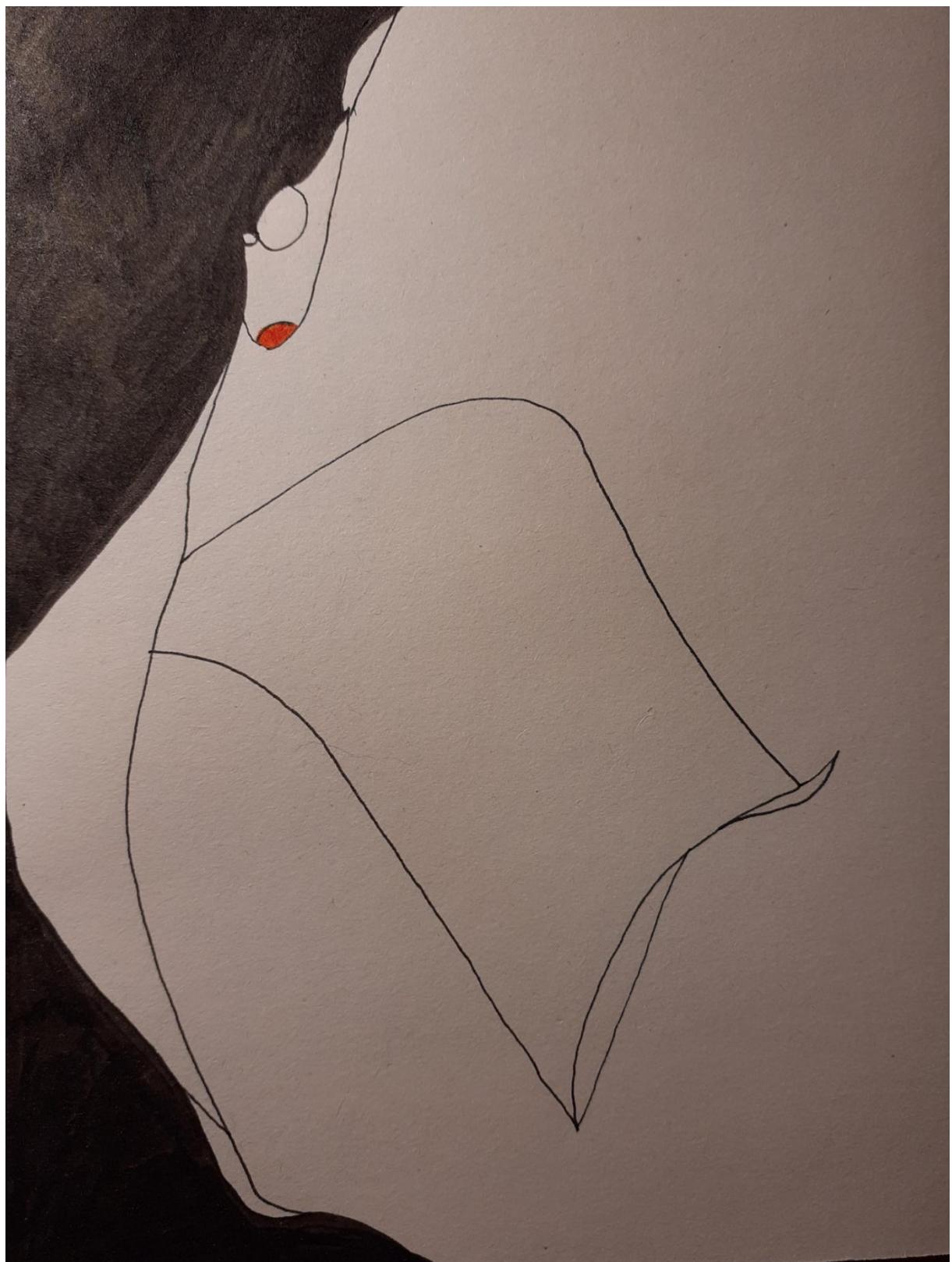






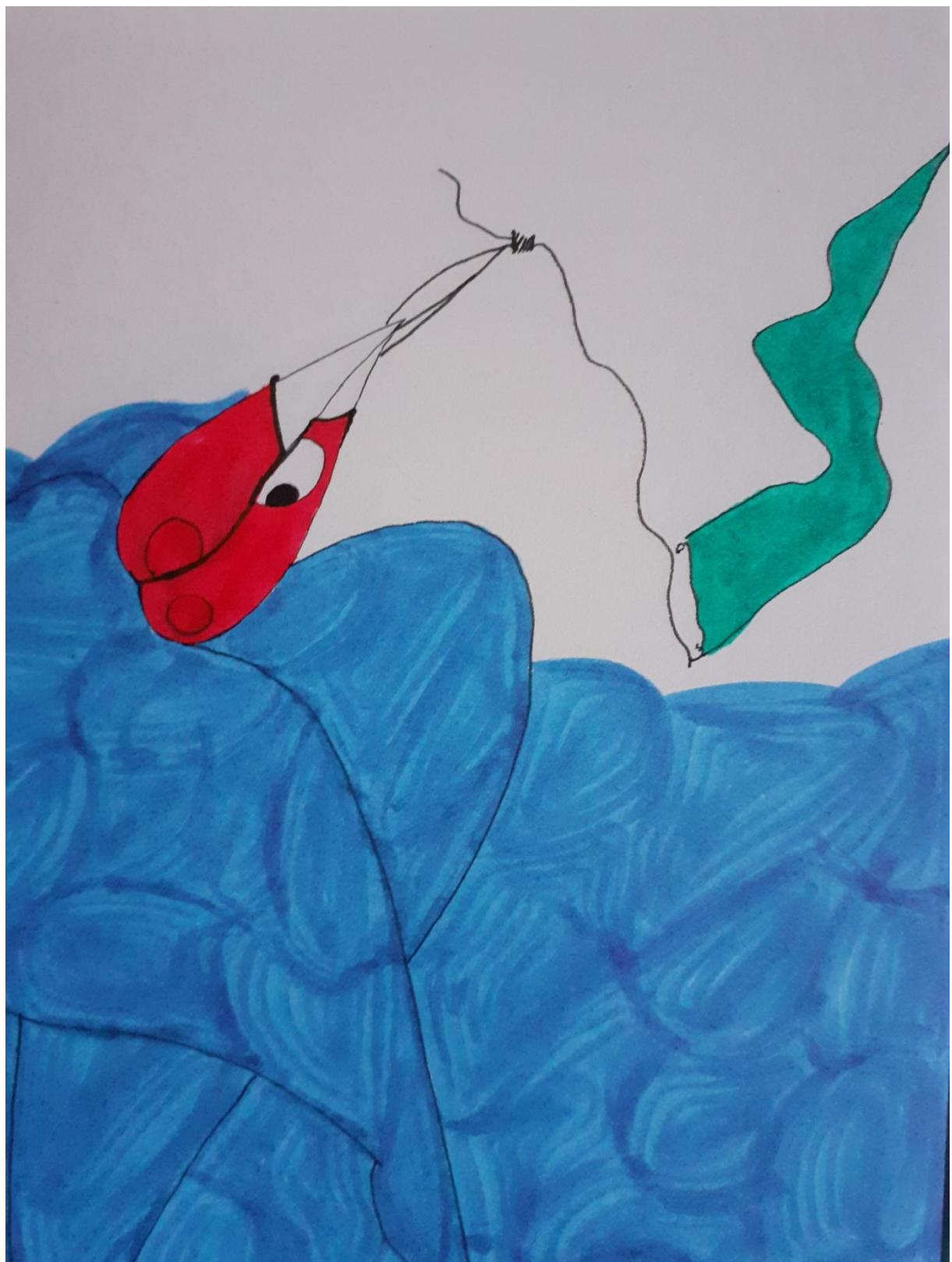




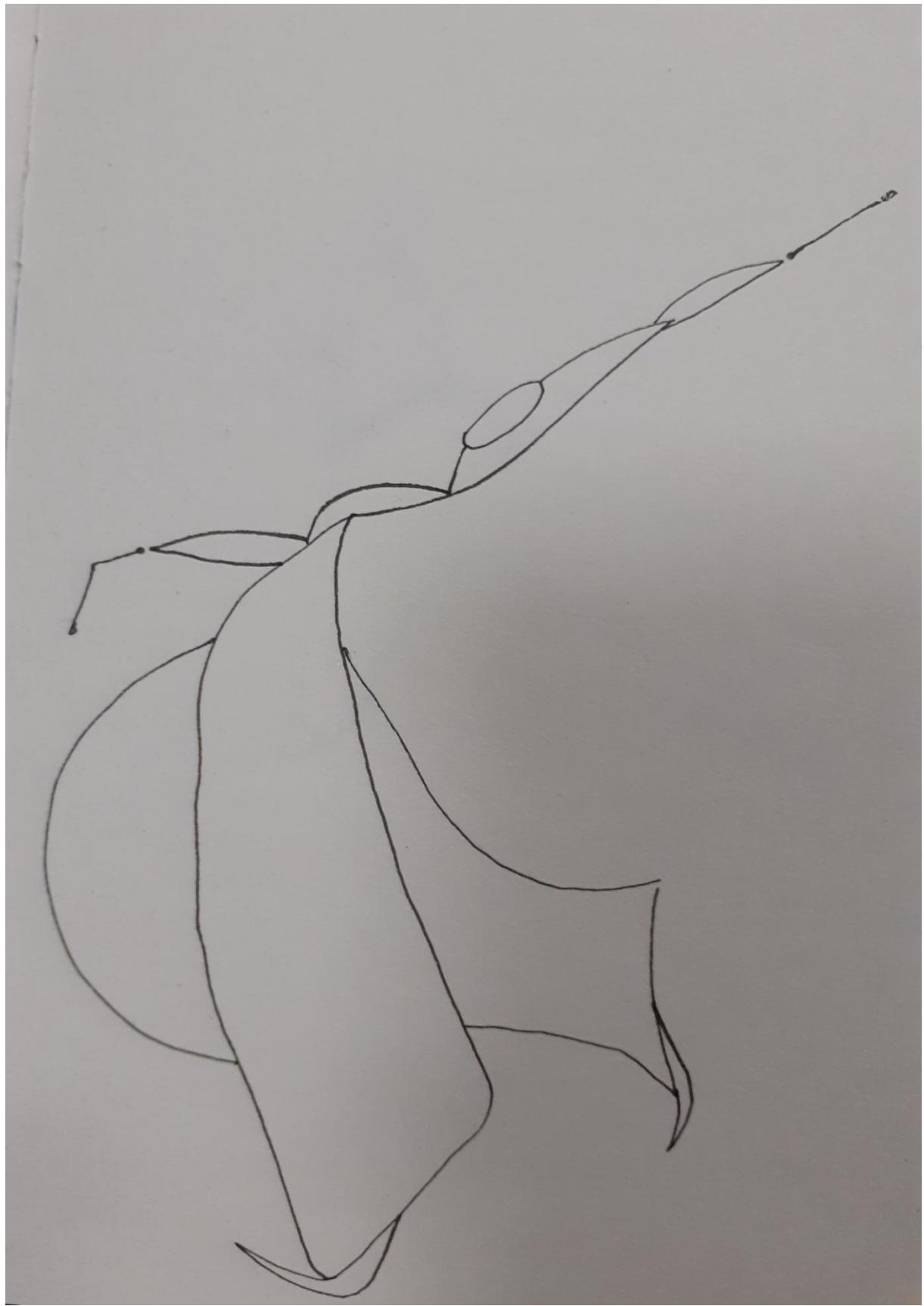




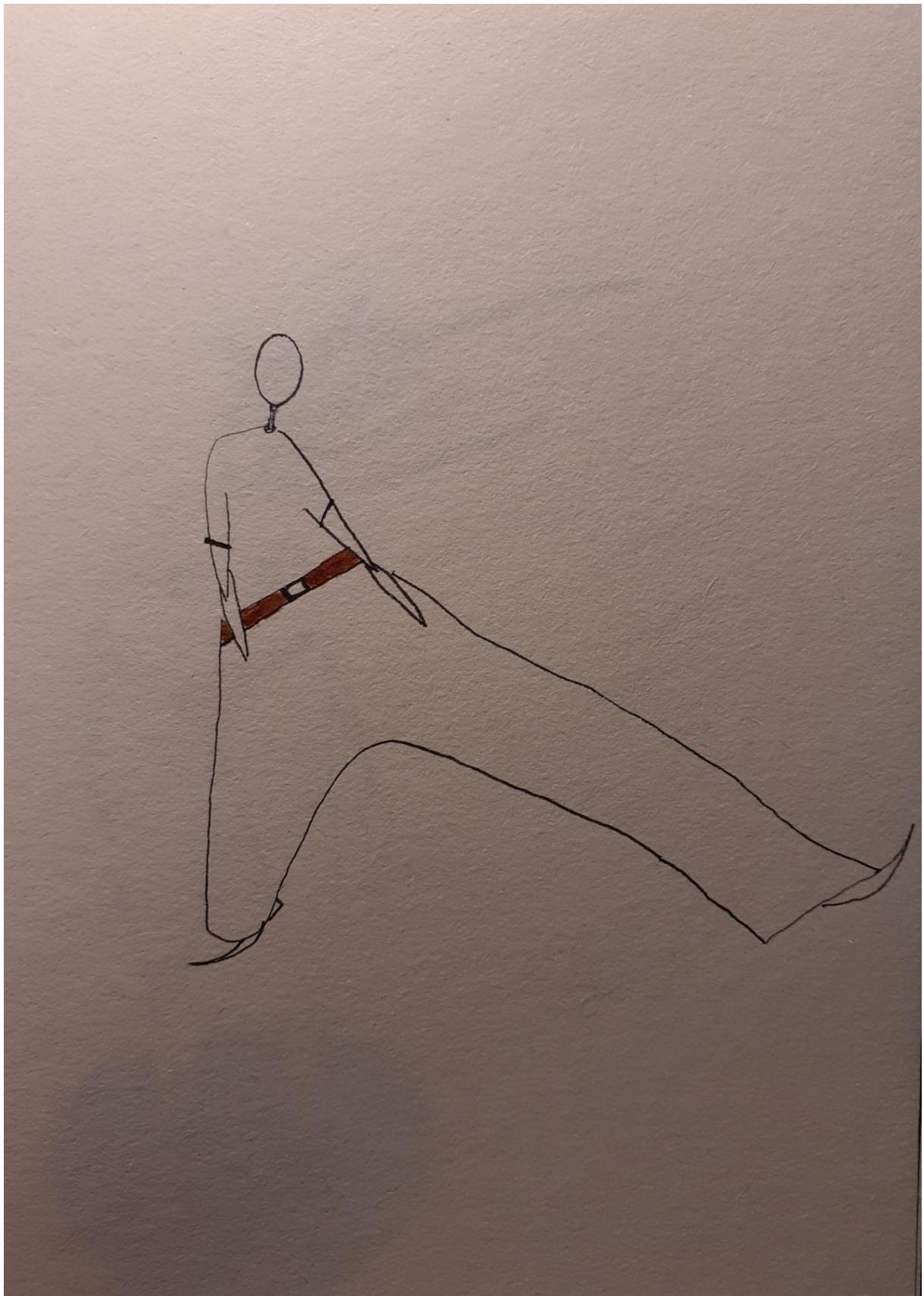




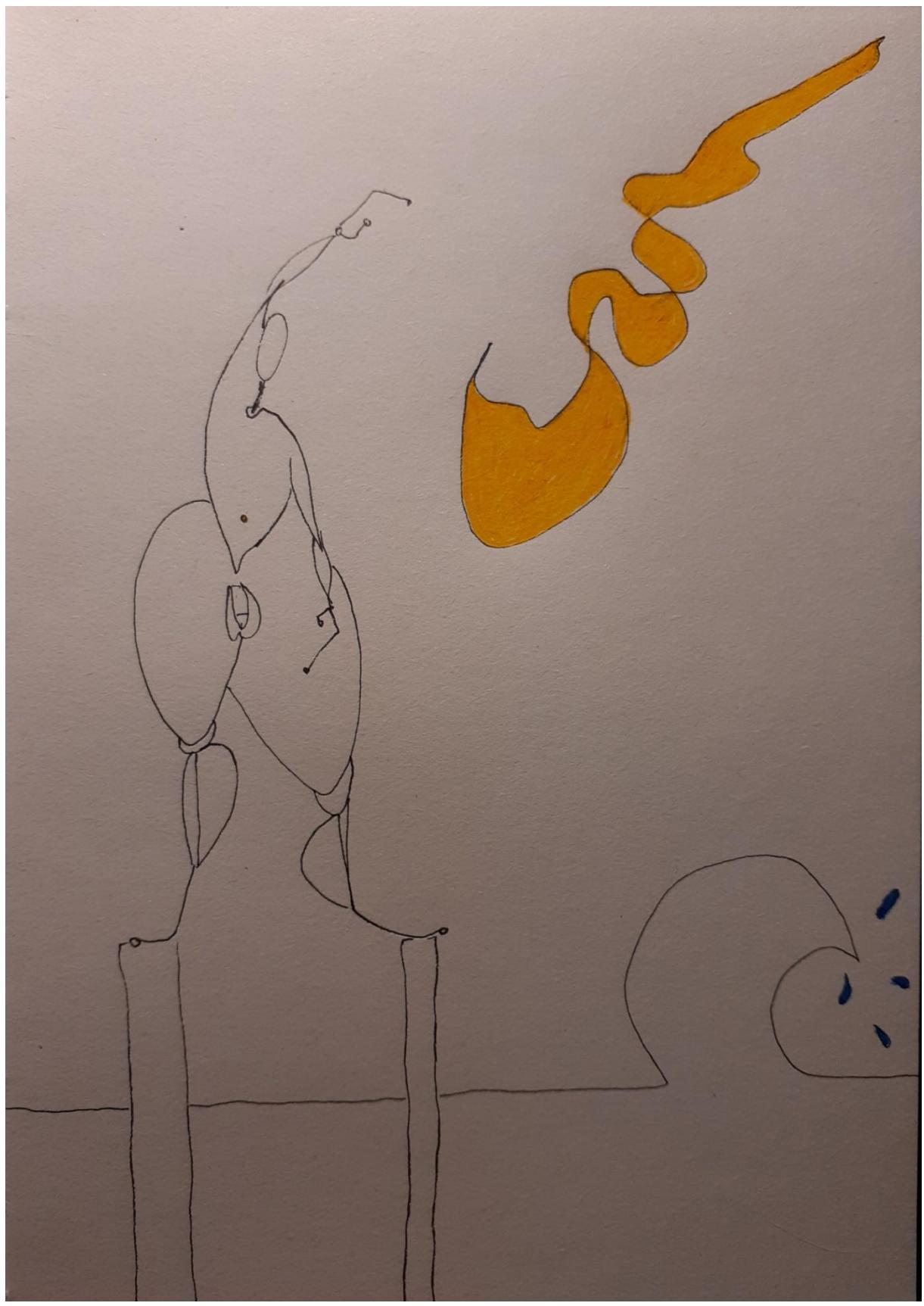






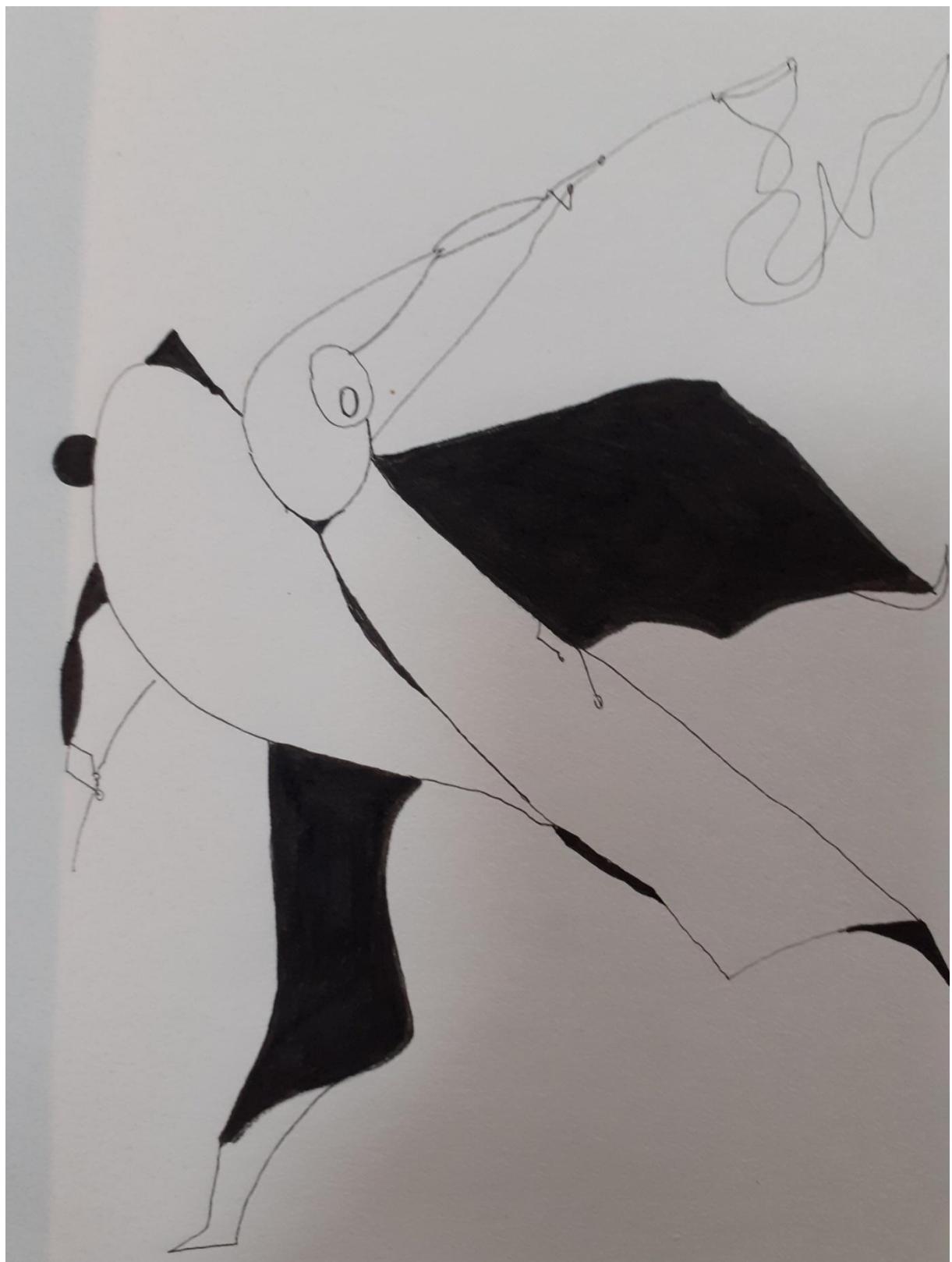








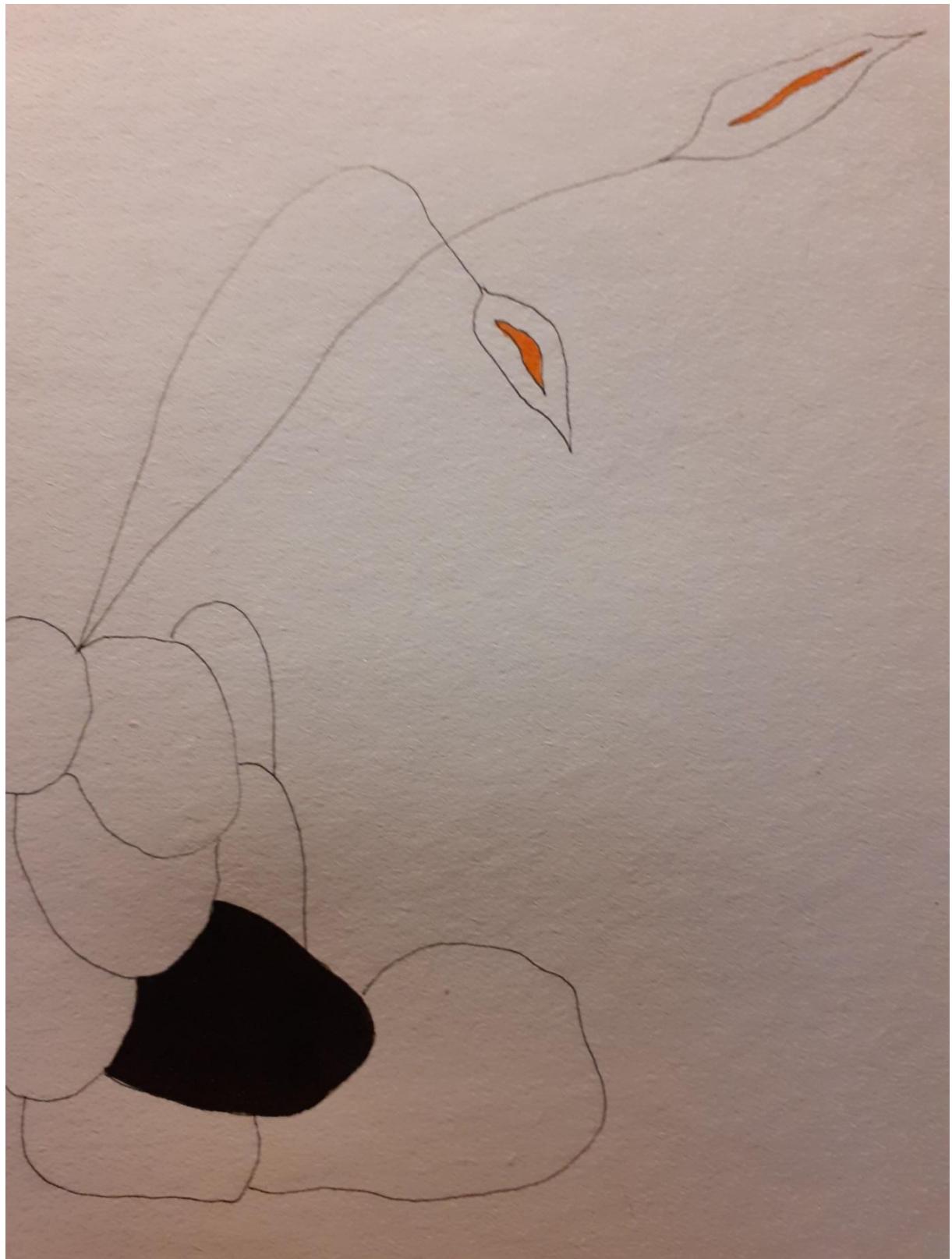








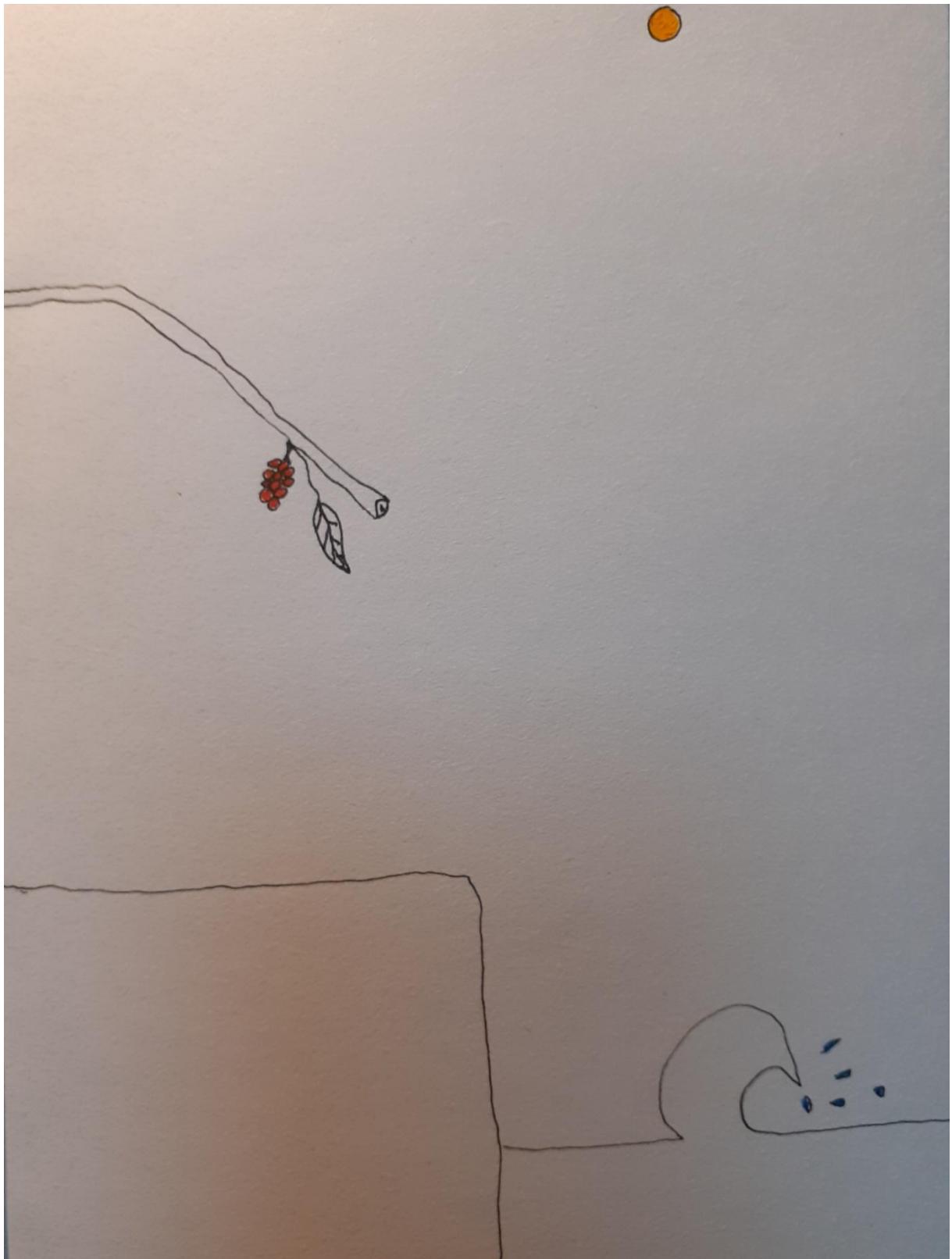


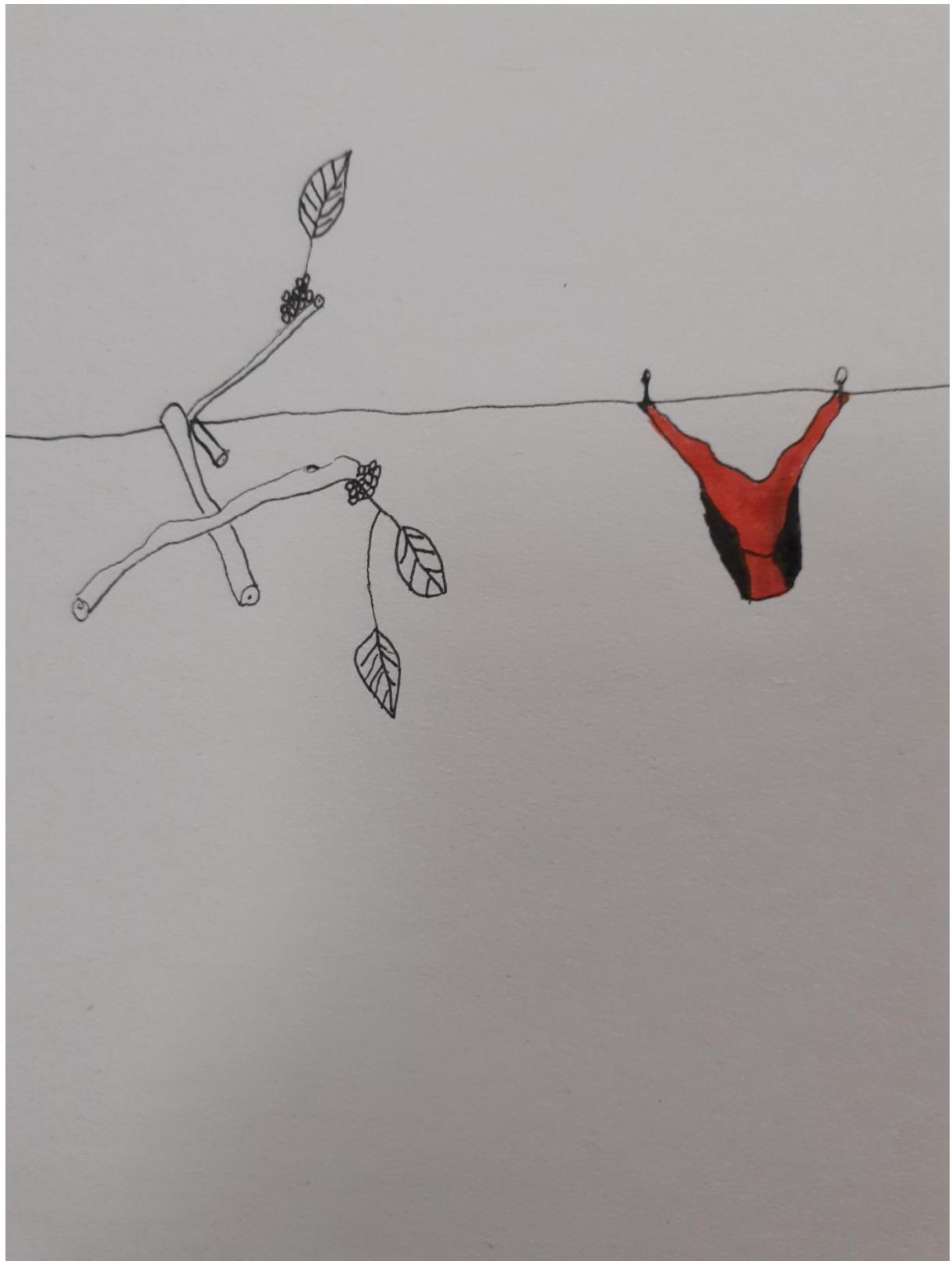


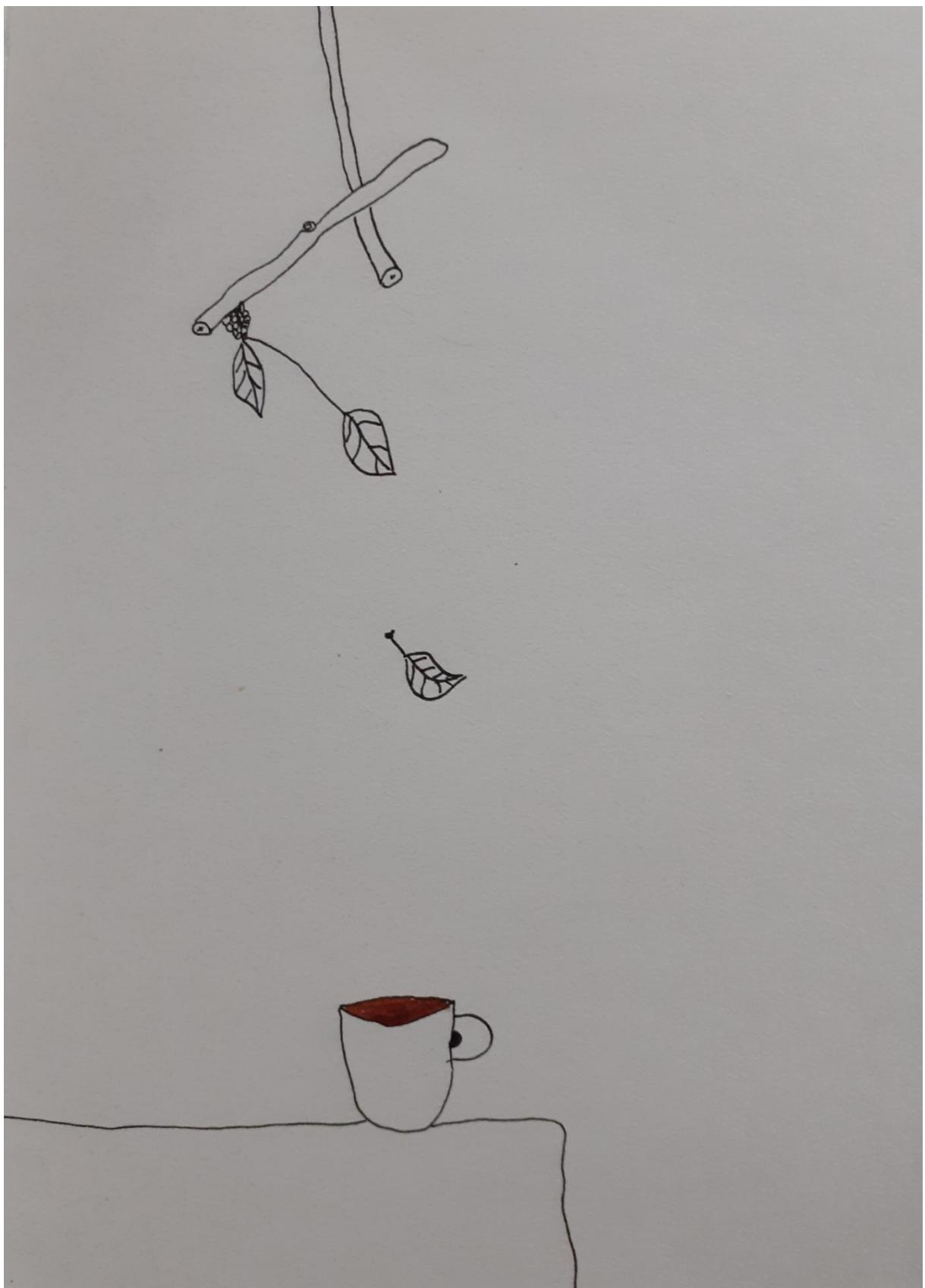


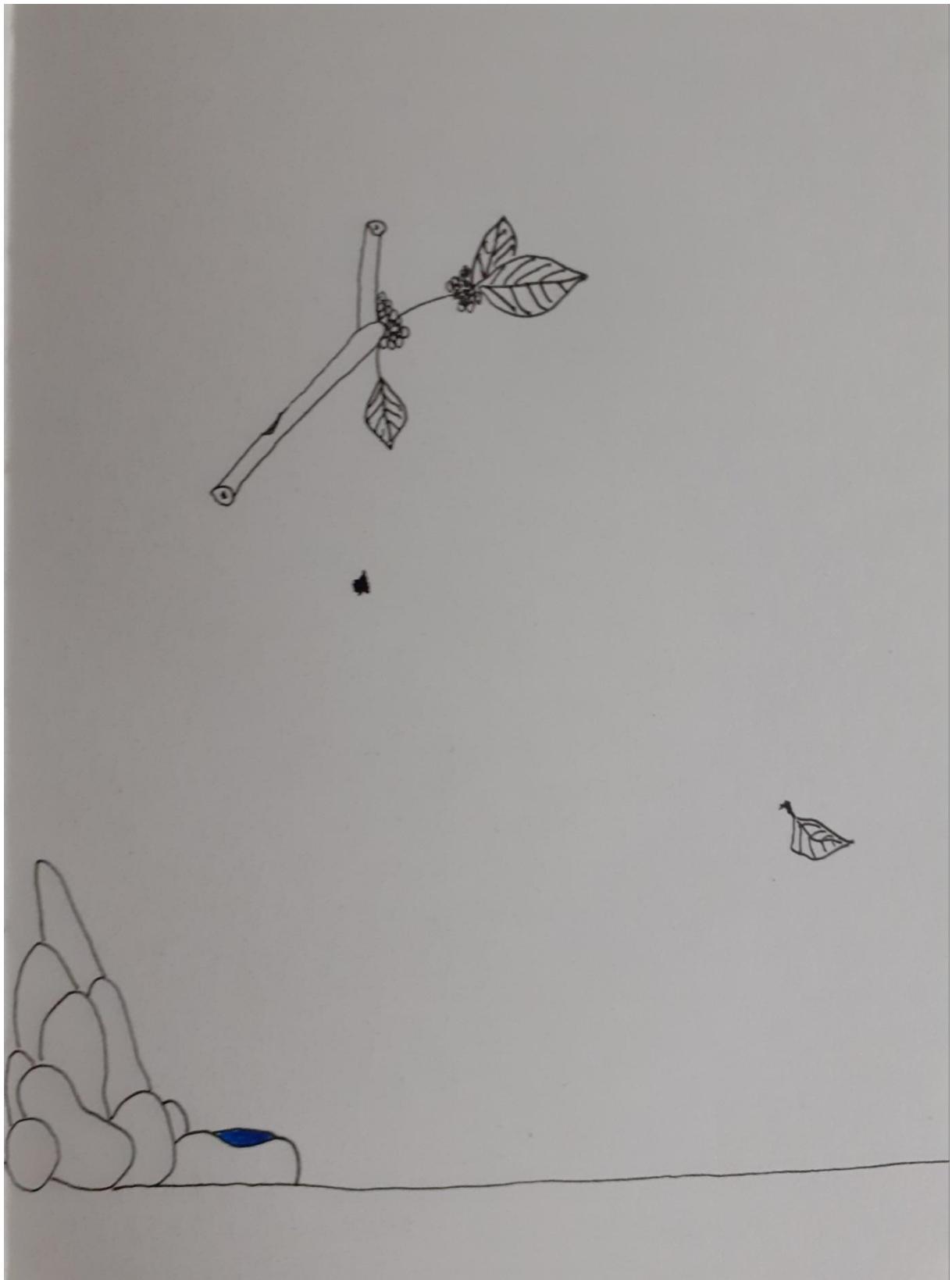


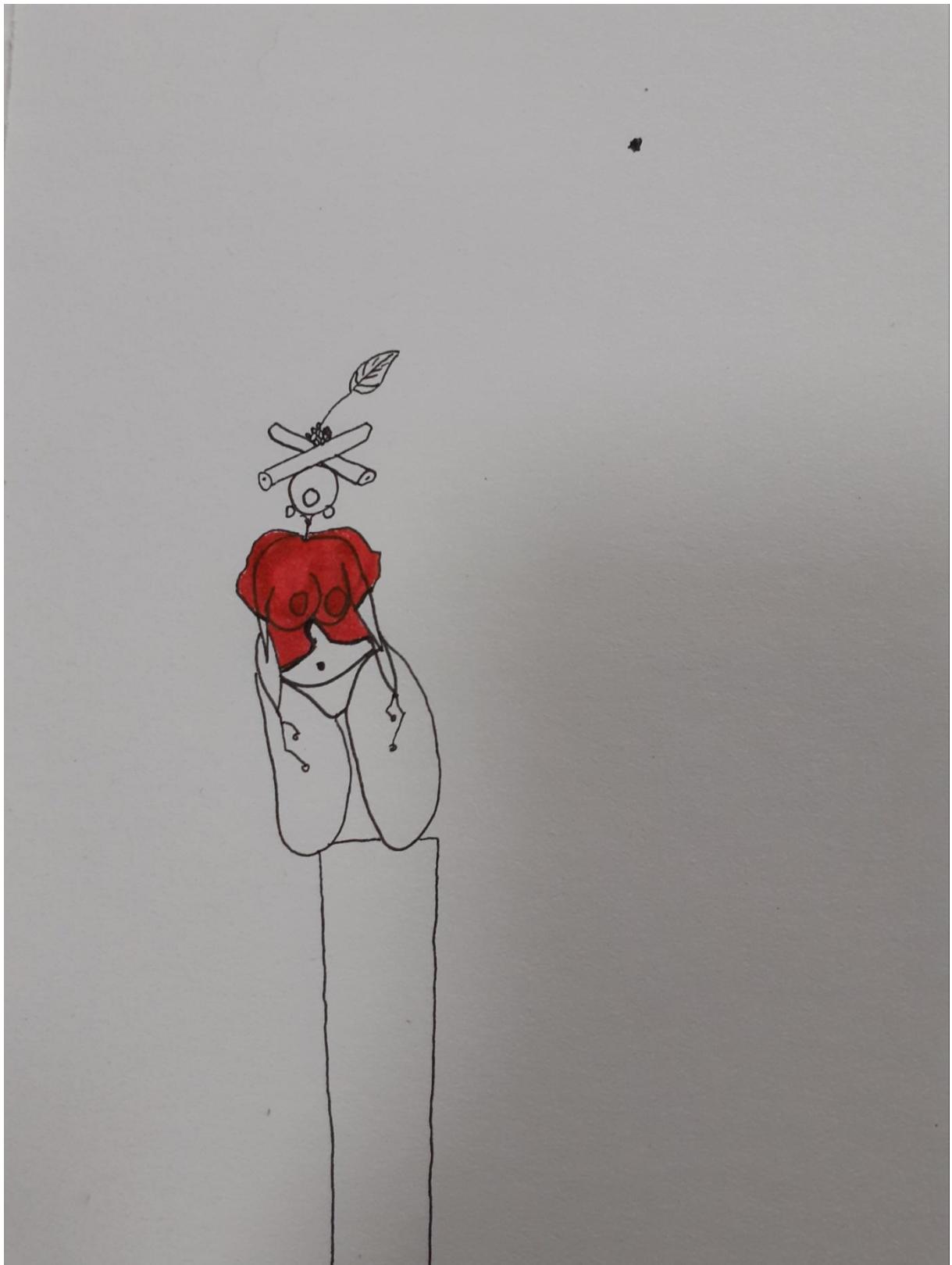


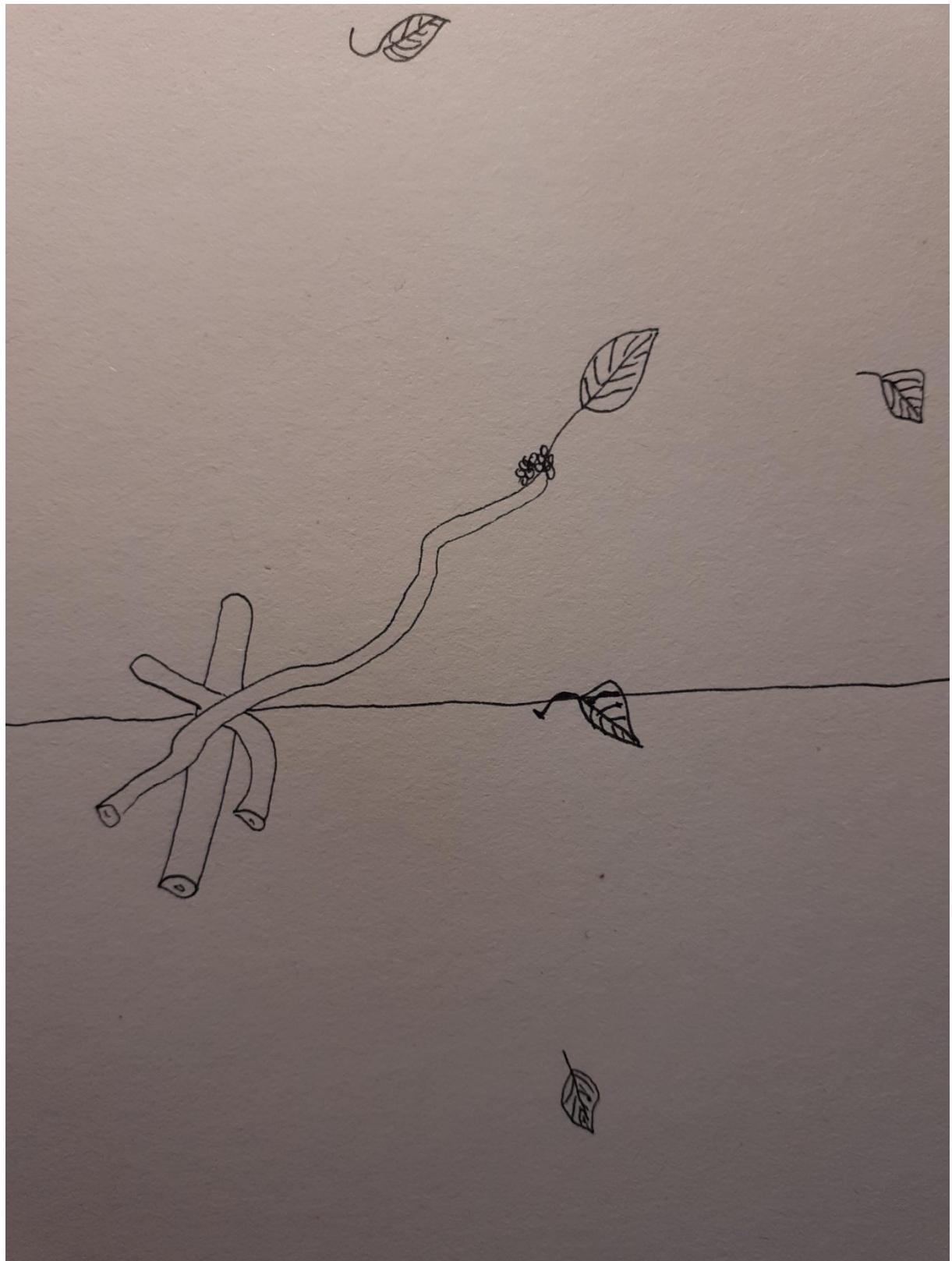


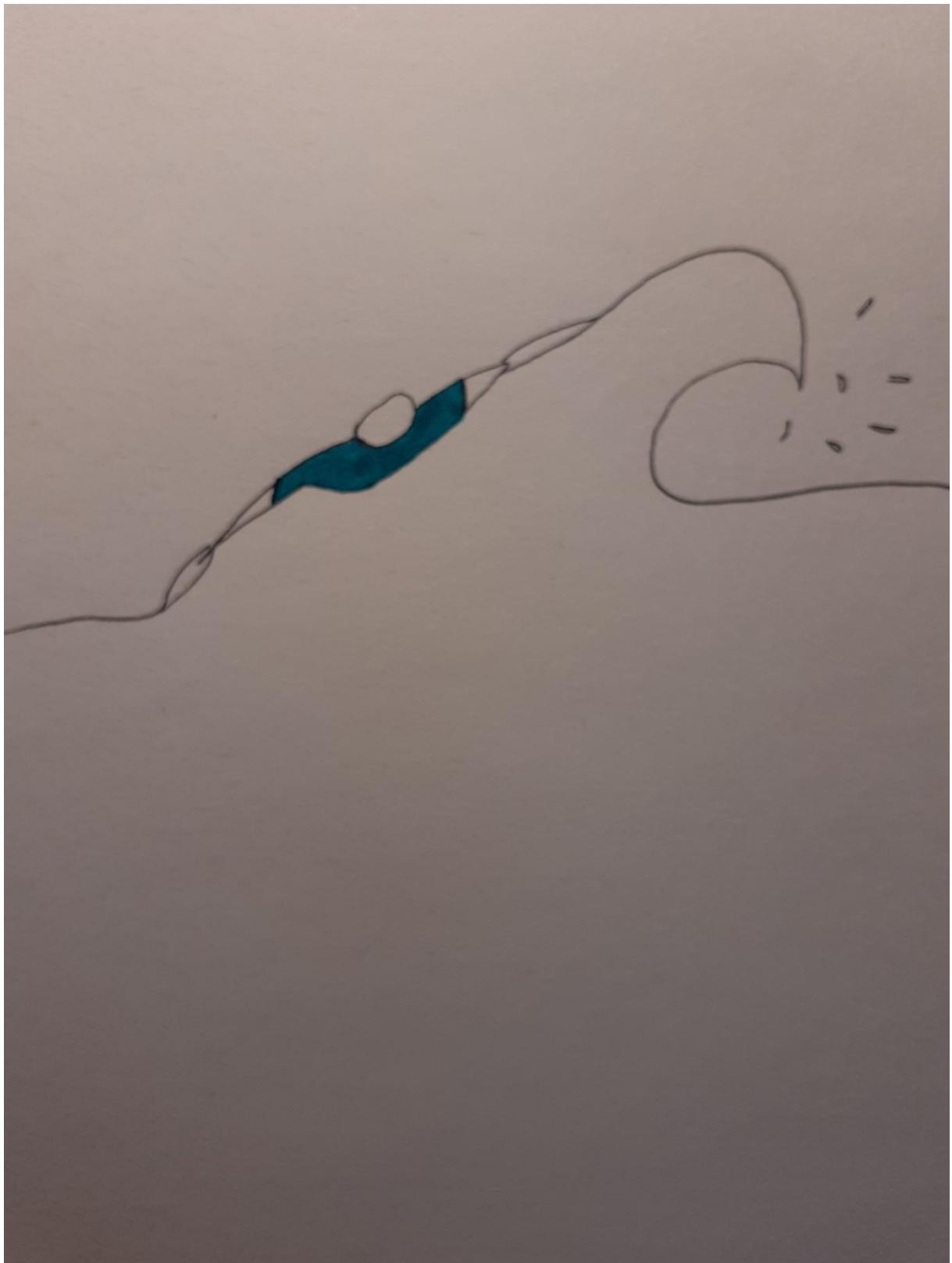


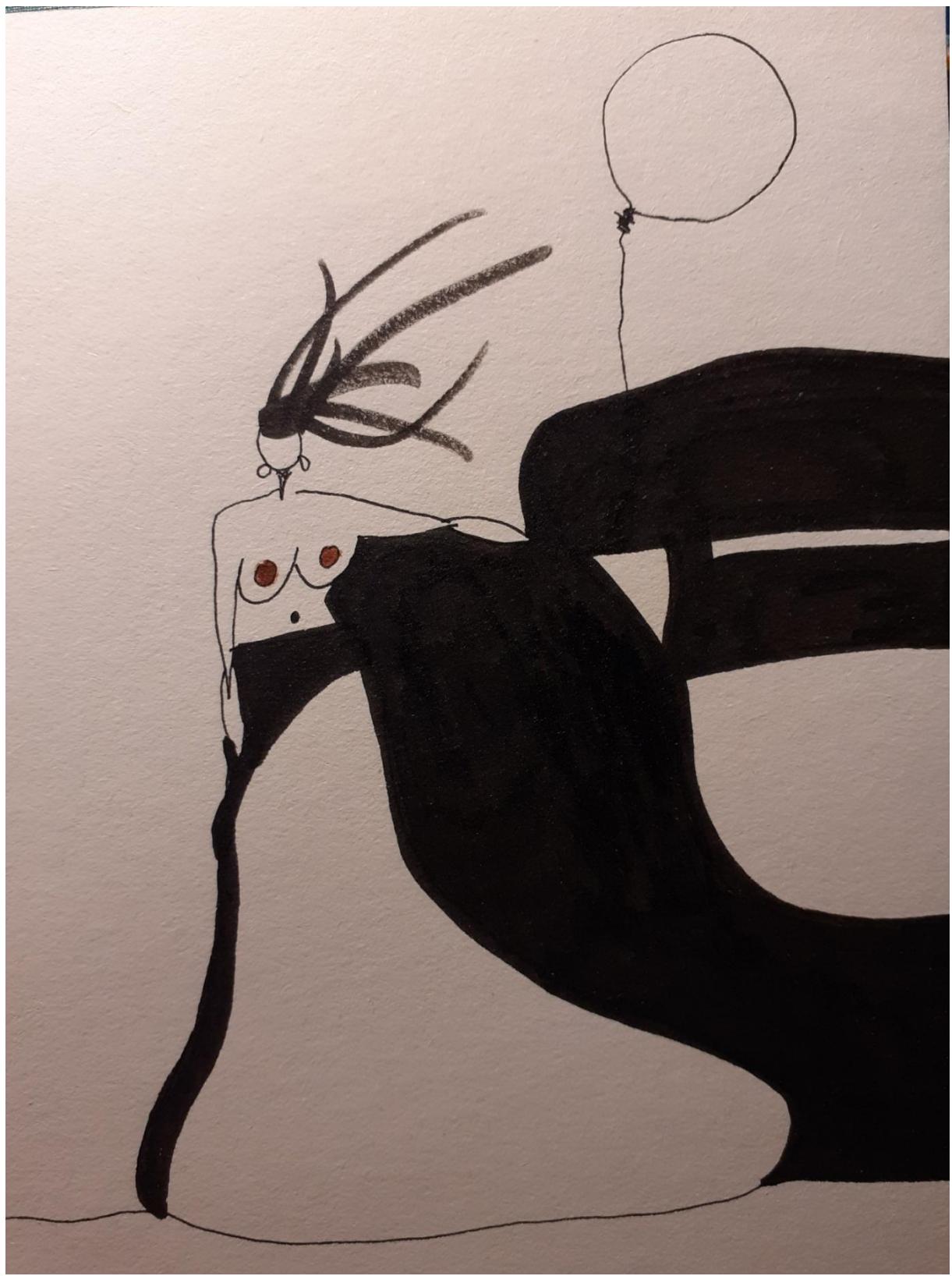


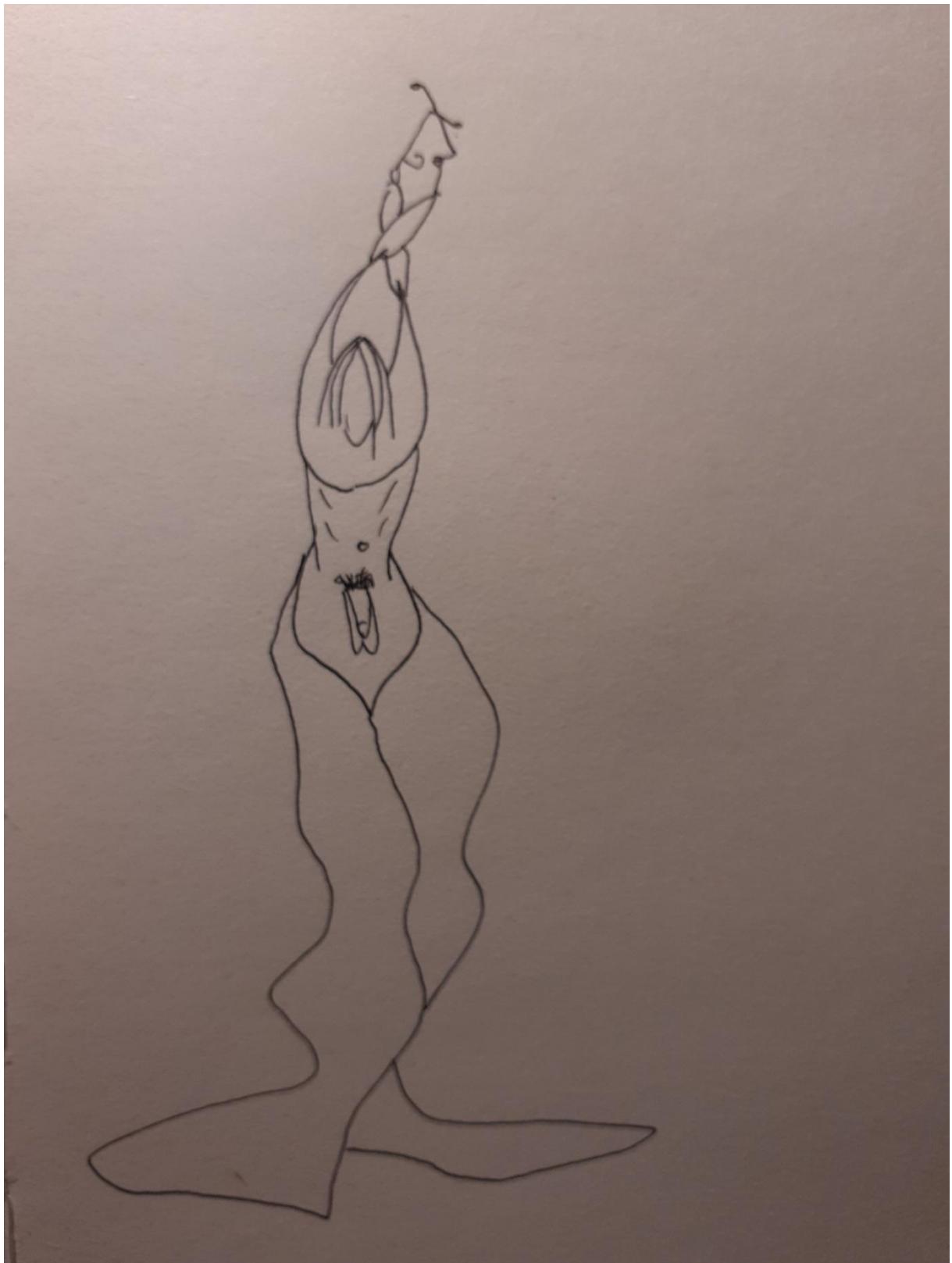


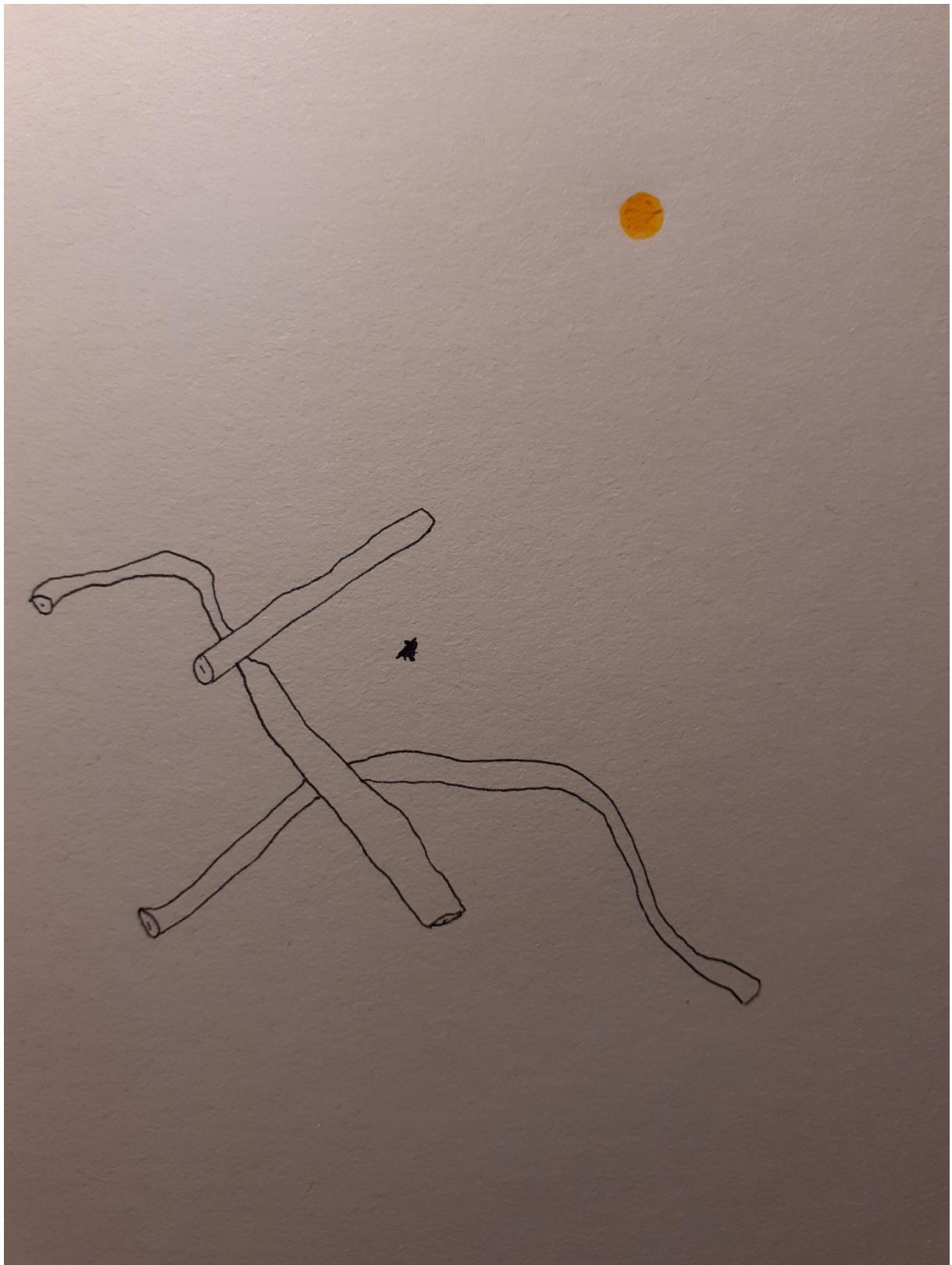




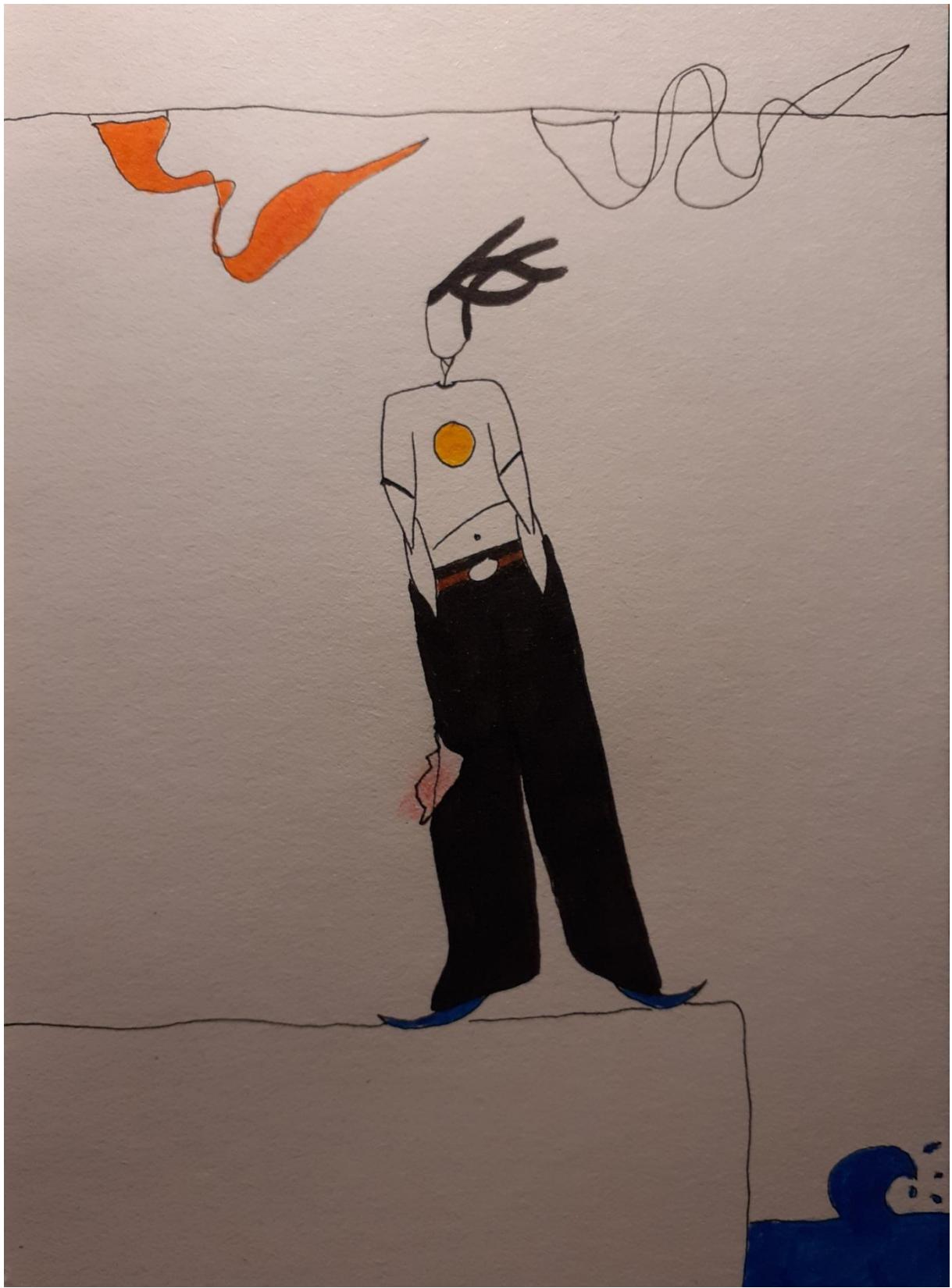


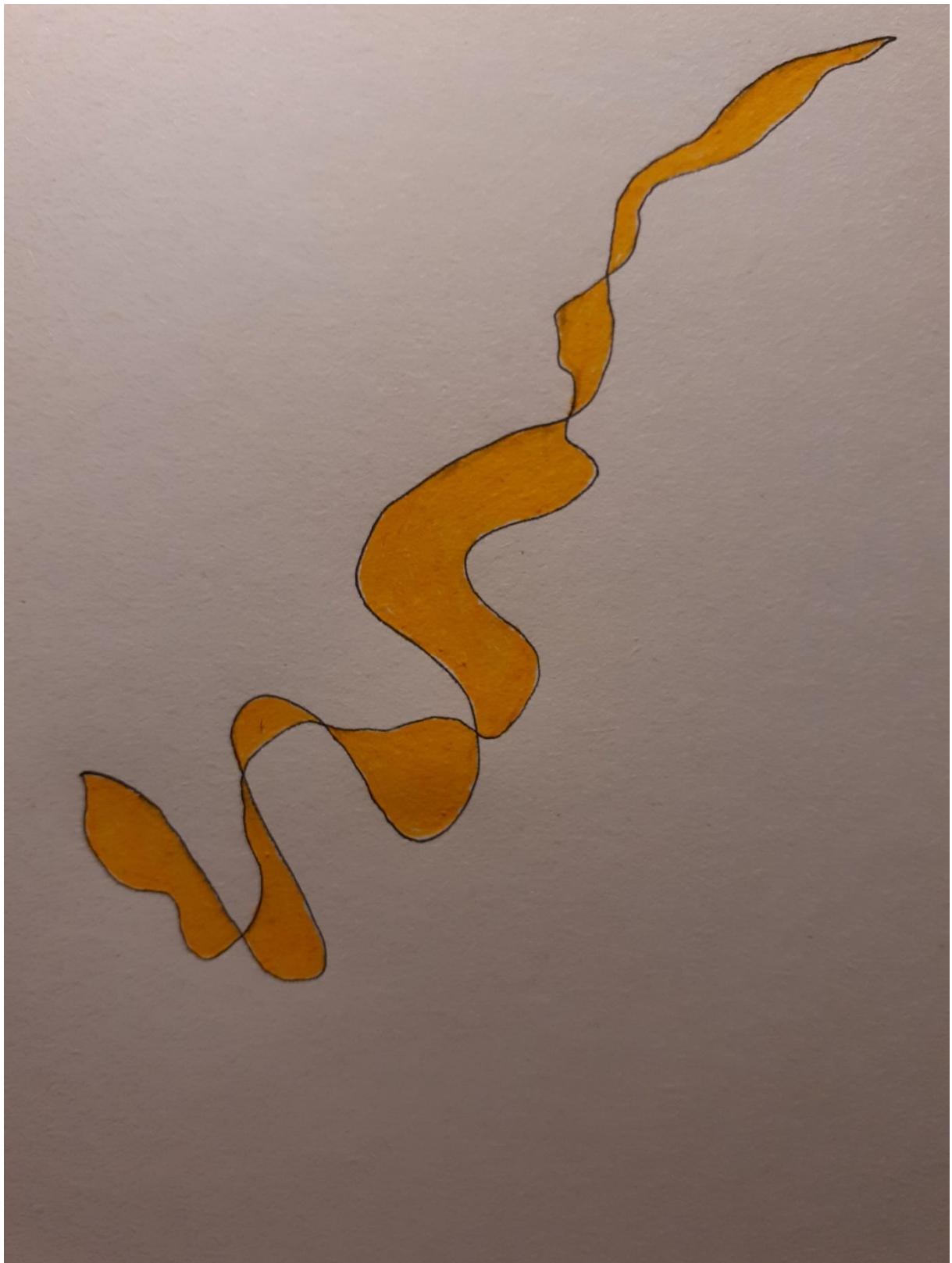












FIN si je puis dire...