

# The Foggy Fields of France

[Paul Kelly](#)

Green the foggy fields of France today I journey through  
Green the singer, Al, who sings the way I feel for you  
Green our love so tender yet, a gift each day made new  
Green would be the whole wide world if they our secret knew  
Blue the little patch of sky peeping through the  
gray  
Blue the color of your dress the day I went away  
Blue the mighty ocean deep keeping us apart  
Blue the melody I strum on this old guitar I carry you with me wrapped up in my heart  
We are the wonder that keeps the stars apart  
The root of the root and the bud of the bud  
The deepest of the deepest, the singing in the blood, oh Gold the feeling that I get as the plane comes in to land  
Gold the sinking western sun making its fiery bands  
Gold the color of your curls as at the gate you stand  
Gold the ring I bring for you to slip on your left hand I carry you with me wrapped up in my heart  
We are the wonder that keeps the stars apart  
The root of the root and the bud of the bud  
The deepest of the deepest, the singing in the blood  
The root of the root and the bud of the bud  
We are the wonder that keeps the stars apart

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