

# Milanese Waltz / Marie Flore

Joan Baez

Marie, Marie Flore was a small girl of ten whom I met in the south end of France  
Stepping out of a crowd was the daughter of someone with flowers for me, we were friends at a glance  
She spoke no English but sat by my side in the car  
And pointed out places en route to the village of Arles Marie, Marie Flore came to table that night as I dined in  
an ancient hotel  
The room was all fitted with things from the seventeenth century and they suited her well  
She would eat nothing but sat in her chair like a queen  
And laughed at my French but seemed always to know what I mean Marie, Marie Flore came to hear me that  
night when I sang for the people of Arles  
She stood back in the shadows of a ruined arena, her frame in my mind was never too far  
In the rush that did follow, I found she was holding my hand  
And ushering me through an evening the elders had planned  
Marie, Marie Flore, I will always remember your eyes, your smile, and your grace  
The gold that flowed with your laughter remain to enlighten the image I have of your face  
For I have seen children whose faces are wiser than time  
And you, my Marie, are most certainly one of that kind Marie, Marie Flore, all the odds say I'll see you again,  
by plan or by chance  
But if not, you'll be there when I'm dreaming of rain over Paris, or sun in the south end of France  
Marie, Marie, Marie Flore...

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