

# Mrs Hemingway

## Mary Chapin Carpenter

We packed up our books and our dishes  
Our dreams and your worsted wool suits  
We sailed on the eighth of December  
Farewell old Hudson River  
Here comes the sea  
And love was as new and as bright and as true  
When I loved you and you loved me  
Two steamer trunks in the carriage  
Safe arrival we cabled back home  
It was just a few days before Christmas  
We filled our stockings with wishes and walked for hours  
Arm and arm through the rain, to the glassed-in cafe  
That held us like hot house flowers  
Living in Paris, in attics and garrets  
Where the coal merchants climb every stair  
The dance hall next door is filled with sailors and whores  
And the music floats up through the air  
There's Sancerre and oysters, cathedrals and cloisters  
And time with its unerring aim  
For now we can say we were lucky most days  
And throw a rose into the Seine  
Love is the greatest deceiver  
It hollows you out like a drum  
And suddenly nothing is certain  
As if all the clouds closed the curtains  
And blocked the sun  
And friends now are strangers in this city of danger  
As cold and as cruel as they come  
Sometimes I look at old pictures  
And smile at how happy we were  
How easy it was to be hungry  
It wasn't for fame or for money  
It was for love  
And now my copper hair's grey  
As the stone on the quay  
In the city where magic was  
Living in Paris, in attics and garrets  
Where the coal merchants climb every stair  
The dance hall next door is filled with sailors and whores  
And the music floats up through the air  
There's Sancerre and oysters, and Notre Dame's cloisters  
And time with its unerring aim  
For now we can say we were lucky most days  
And throw a rose into the Seine

Now I can say I was lucky most days  
And throw a rose into the Seine

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