

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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