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 knewBlue 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 guitarI 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, ohGold 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 handI carry you with me wrapped up in my heart
This is 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 bloodThe root of the root and the bud of the bud
We are the wonder that keeps the stars apart

Songwriters
KELLY, PAUL MAURICEPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/