The French Let Her

Fischer-Z

Poor Greta thought she'd do better
On the West of the Berlin Wall
They went crazy down the emissary
When she missed her last curtain call
(The French let her be a domicile)The leading lady of the Bolshy Ballet
She only lived for dancing
But in the face of matrimony
She only lived for dancingShe still heard the warnings of family
And friends, as she sat at Paris cafe
Don't leave till you're sure you'll be happier there
'Cos we'll never see you againShe saw her face on every cover
They said she was the very best
She wasn't breathing when they found her body
She couldn't stand it in the West

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