

Claire Fontaine

Hawksley Workman

claire fontaine
who are you
i like the paper you make
we were introduced by a lover of mine
and now she's gone and i still have you claire fontaine
you seem to bring
the best out of me and the things that i write to sing
claire fontaine
are you a lumberjack or something
does your father own a forest of the nicest trees for chopping
claire fontaine
your sheets are very smooth
i like to rub my pen across them do you feel the way i do
claire fontaine
you seem to bring
the best out of me and the things that i write to sing
claire fontaine if the newspapers used your paper for the news
things may seem less terrifying just because of you
claire fontaine and were you in the garden
when they said the war had started
did you think you'd write a letter that would start
my dear departed
claire fontaine
you seem to bring
the best out of me and the things that i write to sing
claire fontaine... claire fontaine
i'm going home for christmas
they may refuse me entry 'cause your native to this country
claire fontaine but as a foreigner
relinquish a pad of paper so distinguished
i say never never never i'll take this pad of mine to heaven
claire fontaine but maybe i will choose to write a fan letter or two
i might write one to andy warhol and the other one for you
and you can rest assured in knowing
they'd be on your paper too
claire fontaine
who are you claire fontaine
you seem to bring
the best out of me and the things that i write to sing

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