

The Bohemienne Song

Tina Arena

Bohemienne

No one knows where my story begins
Bohemienne I was born on a road that bends

Bohemienne, bohémienne

Come tomorrow, I'll wander again

Bohemienne, bohémienne

Here's my fate in the lines of my hands

My mother told me tales of Spain

I think that's where she longed to be

Of mountain bandits she once sang

Andalusia memory

There in the mountains she was free

My mother, father all are gone

And I've made Paris be my home

I dream of oceans rolling on

They take my heart where I must come

Andalusia mountain home

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When I was a child in Provence

Barefoot in the hills I dance once

But the gypsy road is long

The road's so long

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Every day I see a new chance

Maybe some road will lead from France

I will follow till I come home

Till I come home

Andalusia's streams

Run through my blood

Run through my day dreams

Andalusia's sky

When it calls me

I feel my heart fly
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