

# French Perfume

## New Creases

It's of a bold young smuggler  
From Fortune he did sail  
He rode the waves from St. Pierre  
And never saw the jail  
He filled her up with contraband  
Perfume, smokes and rum  
He hoped the fog was thick enough  
To make another run  
[Chorus:] You can still see the sight  
On a winter's night  
Of his wake in the light of the moon  
If the wind turns right  
If you don't take fright  
You can smell that French perfume  
But the Mountie boat was waiting  
As he crawled near Mortier Bay  
And when they hit the spotlight  
It was like the light of day  
He didn't bring her head round  
When they told him to heave to  
He opened up the engines

And he ran for Spanish Room  
[Chorus] They said they heard him laughing  
With the Mounties closing in  
His engines screaming murder  
And his face set in a grin  
The seagulls started lifting  
Like an angry banshee choir  
He hit the rocks at 50 clicks  
And the sky lit up with fire  
It's of a bold young smuggler  
From Fortune he did sail  
He rode the waves from St. Pierre  
And he never saw the jail  
And when it's cold and foggy  
On the rocks near Spanish Room  
They say you hear him laughing  
And you smell that French perfume

[Chorus (2x)]

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