To France

brisby und jingles

Taking on water, sailing a restless sea
From a memory, a fantasy
The wind carries into white water
Far from the islands don't you know you're
Never going to get to France
Mary Queen of chance, will they find you?
Never going to get to France
Could a new romance ever bind you?
Walking on foreign ground, like a shadow
Roaming in far off territory
Over your shoulder stories unfold
You're searching for sanctuary, you know you're
Never going to get to France
Mary Queen of chance, will they find you?
Never going to get to France
Could a new romance ever bind you?
I see a picture
By the lamp's flicker
Isn't it strange how
Dreams fade and shimmer?

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