

Washes Over Me

No Angels

I heard you went to France
Did you walk along the seine
Watched lovers hand in hand
Did you softly call my name
When you sat on a bench
After tuilerie
And remembered I spoke French
Did you have an ache for me
N' when the river of regret
Rushes passed your door
Will you give me just a thought
And wish you loved me more
Well, forgive me if I dream
Or hold on to memories
But sometimes what might have been
Washes over me
Then in some dark caf

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