

The Bohemienne Song (Notre Dame de Paris)

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 Bohémienne
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 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
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 Bohémienne
No one knows where my story begins
Bohemienne I was born on a road that bends
Bohemienne, bohémienne
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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