

# French Navy

## Cairn String Quartet

Spent a week in a dusty library  
Waiting for some words to jump at me  
We met by a trick of fate  
French navy, my sailor mate  
We met by the moon on a silvery lake  
You came my way, said, "I want you to stay"  
You and your dietary restrictions  
Said you loved me with a lot of convention  
I was waiting to be struck by lightning  
Waiting for somebody exciting like you  
Oh, the thing that you do, you make me go, ooh  
With the things that you do, you do, you do  
I wanted to control it  
But love, I couldn't hold it  
I wanted to control it  
But love, I couldn't hold it  
I'll be criticized for lending out my eye  
I was criticized for letting you break my heart  
Why would a stand disappoint unless  
Fooling all but I'm more than dead love  
Ooh, with the looks, oh tender boy  
Ooh, with the looks, the looks, the looks  
I wanted to control it  
But love, I couldn't hold it  
I wanted to control it  
But love, I couldn't hold it, oh  
Relationships were something I used to do  
Convince me, they are better for me and you  
We met by a trick of fate  
French navy, my sailor  
I wanted to control it  
But love, I couldn't hold it  
I wanted to control it  
But love, I couldn't hold it  
I wanted to control it  
But love, I couldn't hold it  
I wanted to control it  
But love, I couldn't hold it, oh, oh

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