

# to france

Liz Kay

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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