

To France – Maggie Reilly

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?
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?

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?

Never going to

Get to France

Never going to

Never going to

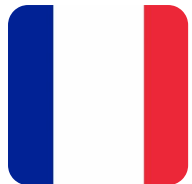
Get to France

Never going to

Never going to

Get to France

Never going to



Słowa: brak danych

Muzyka: brak danych