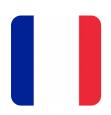
To France – Maggie Reilly

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