

Big Romantic Stuff

Bob Geldof

Did they never tell you 'bout it baby
Did they never say it's tough
Are you never going to give up on that
Big romantic stuff

That French song playing on the radio at noon
The singer's name was Jean Michel and he's singing 'bout la lune
And she shivers as she comes awake
And remembers how to think
And she shakes the hair out of her eyes
But the daylight makes her blink
And the song it whispers in her mind like a half forgotten sigh
Of times of love the longest days and youth and endless skies
And ooh la la la
Ooh la la la

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To ease the pain of it, to fill the empty void
She stores up ancient souvenirs like ravens with their hoards
It's not the getting old she minds, it's the meaningless of being
She thinks about all this while Jean sings about la vie
And accordions and violins take her back in time
When the only explanation was a kiss and love and life...

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