

To France

Mike Oldfield

Takin' on water, sailin' a restless sea
From a memory, a fantasy
The wind carries into white water

Far from the Islands
Don't you know you're

Nev-er going to get to France
Mary Queen of Chance will they find you
Nev-er going to get to France
Could a new romance ever bind you

Walkin' in foreign grounds 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...

I see a picture by the lamp's flicker
Isn't it strange how dreams fade and shimmer?

Never going to get to France...