## **Fields Of France**

His flying jacket still has her perfume Memories of the night Play across his mind High above the fields of France

A single biplane in a clear blue sky 1917, no enemy was seen High above the fields of France

Oh she looks But there's nothing to see Still she looks Saying come back to me

He tells her just remember me this way

Fore here am I more true Than anything I do High above the fields of France

Oh she looks Though he'll never come back And the letter that came Was bordered in black

She'll find somebody else But not forget Leaving her regrets Like vapour trails of jets High above the fields of France

## **Al Stewart**