

Emmilou

Edyta Bartosiewicz

Emmilou is pretty
Emmilou's fine
And I wonder I wonder
What's on her mind
I saw her twice in the "Royal Blue" café
Emmilou she's pretty
And I'm a little bit scared

I go there every Sunday
I come alone hoping to find her
A woman at the door
She smiles and then.. she's gone
And I am still waiting
Emmilou - she hasn't come

Oh, it frightens me
Should I go back to my town?

Call me now and I will be coming
Call me - do - and I won't be going
Oh shall we meet some day
In a "Royal Blue" café
Emmilou is pretty
And I'm a little bit scared

Emmilou is fine
Emmilou