The French Girl

Gene Clark

Three silver rings on slim hands waiting
Flash bright in candlelight through Sunday's early morn
We found a room that rainy morning

She took my hand through winding roads and led me home
Some red French wine when later waking
In her warm hideaway, she smiled and combed her hair

She laughed each time I asked her name
Made promises to meet again
But her friends down at the French café
Had no English words for me

So you may find above the border
A girl with silver rings, I never knew her name
You're bound to lose, she's too much for you
She'll leave you lost one rainy morn, you won't be the same

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