

# French African Queen

Gregory Porter

I was walking round in Paris  
Near the [?] Zanzibar  
Said the woman at the front door  
"Do you know the place you are?  
This place is from the fancy  
I don't think you fit the scene

You're just an American Black boy  
I'm a French African Queen"

And she was tall and statuesque  
She looked straight over my puzzled head  
She said "Don't make me get real ugly  
You heard just what I said"  
"I've got music for the people  
I must fulfill my precious dream

To bring blues from America  
To the French African queen"  
"Ah, oui oui!"

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"Hear my words were not so different  
Land and language in the way  
We feel the same human feelings  
With different words we say  
We are fruit from the same tree  
I think you know just what I mean"

"I am your American Black boy  
You're my French African queen"