

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 ou!i"

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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"