

Milanese Waltz/Marie Flore

Joan Baez

Marie, Marie Flore was a small girl of ten whom I met in the south end of France
Stepping out of a crowd was the daughter of someone with flowers for me, we were friends at a glance
She spoke no English but sat by my side in the car
And pointed out places en route to the village of Arles

Marie, Marie Flore came to table that night as I dined in an ancient hotel
The room was all fitted with things from the seventeenth century and they suited her well
She would eat nothing but sat in her chair like a queen
And laughed at my French but seemed always to know what I mean

Marie, Marie Flore came to hear me that night when I sang for the people of Arles
She stood back in the shadows of a ruined arena, her frame in my mind was never too far
In the rush that did follow, I found she was holding my hand
And ushering me through an evening the elders had planned
Marie, Marie Flore, I will always remember your eyes, your smile, and your grace
The gold that flowed with your laughter remain to enlighten the image I have of your face
For I have seen children whose faces are wiser than time
And you, my Marie, are most certainly one of that kind

Marie, Marie Flore, all the odds say I'll see you again, by plan or by chance
But if not, you'll be there when I'm dreaming of rain over Paris, or sun in the south end of France
Marie, Marie, Marie Flore...