

## Clopin Clopant

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In France when one is walking sadly  
They say he walks Clopin Clopant  
His step is slow, his fault is badly  
Perhaps the one he loves is gone  
Clopin Clopant I hear his footsteps  
As in the night he passes by  
And as I hear his endless footsteps  
I get to thinking they'll go out  
I'll go along Clopin Clopant  
Whispering he's gone, he is gone, he is gone  
My childish heart cries like a baby  
Without my love what will each day be?  
So I go on Clopin Clopant  
Trudging alone Clopin Clopant  
Love is a dance and one must learn it  
I had my chance, why did I spurn it?  
What can I do? Why carry on?  
Going alone Clopin Clopant, Clopin Clopant, Clopin Clopant...