

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...