

French Cafe

Marc Broussard

Friendly people
But I can't make out all the words
Melodies so sweet through all the trees
From different birds
All around me
Sights and sounds and songs I've never heard
Swearing I'll be back again
One more week might do me in

And I stop to catch my breath
On the slippery steps of Angouleme
And with my little finger
Across the town I write your name

I can't stop drinking the wine
Can't stop counting the days
A world apart, an ocean away
Just loving you baby
Sittin' here, loving you
From this little French cafe

Oh, yeah
Turn the bed down, baby
Pray that jumbo plane's gonna bring me back
Got roses and bazaracs
Six Bordeauxs all in a sack
We may know some scrapes
But some things we won't ever lack
All the fields of Beaujolais
Couldn't buy you anyway
Couldn't buy you babe

Oh
And I stop to catch my breath
On the mighty steps of Angouleme
And with my little finger
Across the town I write your name

I can't stop drinking the wine
I can't stop counting the days
A world apart, an ocean away
Just loving you baby
Sittin' here, loving you
From this little French

All the oysters in Marennes
Whole French army and Charles de Gaulle
A million Francs wouldn't phase me at all
From loving you baby
Sittin' here loving you
From this little French cafe
Sittin' here loving you
From this little French cafe