

# Washes Over Me

No Angels

I heard you went to France  
Did you walk along the seine  
Watched lovers hand in hand  
Did you softly call my name

When you sat on a bench  
After tuilerie  
And remembered I spoke French  
Did you have an ache for me

N' when the river of regret  
Rushes passed your door  
Will you give me just a thought  
And wish you loved me more

Well, forgive me if I dream  
Or hold on to memories  
But sometimes what might have been  
Washes over me

Then in some dark café  
Did you drink a glass of wine  
The colour of my lips  
After kissing you all night

And my hair was such a mess  
By the time the mornin' came  
You held it off my neck  
Said you liked it best that way

N' when the river of lost years  
Freezes at your door  
Will you skate across your tears  
Just to touch my face once more

Well, forgive me if I dream  
Or hold on to memories  
But sometimes what might have been  
Washes over me

What might have been  
If she hadn't caught your eye  
Would I be the one you'd never leave  
Who would grow old by your side

Well, forgive me if I dream  
Or hold on to memories  
But sometimes what might have been  
Washes over me  
Washes over me  
I heard you went to france