

Like the Swallow

Saint Etienne

She's like the swallow
that flies so high.
She's like the river
that never runs dry.
She's like the sunshine on the lea-shore,
I love my love, and love is no more.

It's out of roses
she made her bed.
A stolen pillow
for her head.
She's like the sunshine on the lea-shore,
I love my love, and love is no more.