

By the Seine

The Crookes

Oh poor Frankie's sleeping by the Seine
He's lost his way and the wayward artist's name is
washed with the rain

Now he cries out
"We are here, this is the dogs. Our stars are lost."
But the pavement bares your name
down by the Seine

La de da

I wouldn't have it any other way

Oh Frankie you'll never know
how you set young lovers on their toes
You've filled your cap with pennies from the proletariat
Sleeping by the Seine

The crowds are loud; the streets are black
But still your painting stares from the tarmac
For now the moon shines bright
upon these dark waters tonight
Sleeping by the Seine

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Now he cries out "We are here, this is the dogs. Our stars are lost."

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They chased you down the Rue de Mon
You were cursing like a scullion
You found your head stuck in a cloud
And you cried
"If it was a sunny day, all the cobbles would gleam down Back-
hand Way"

We shout
"Tonight, the Seine is ours."

I wouldn't have it any other way.

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