

## 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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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."

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down by the Seine

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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