

# French Perfume

## Great Big Sea

**Dm**

1. It's of a bold young smuggler

**C**

From Fortune he did sail

**C**

He rode the waves from St. Pierre

**Dm**

And never saw the jail

He filled her up with contraband

Perfume, smokes and rum

He hoped the fog was thick enough

To make another run

**F**

- R: You can still see the sight

**C**

**F**

On a winter's night

**C**

**Dm**

Of his wake in the light of the moon

**C**

If the wind turns right

**Dm**

If you don't take fright

**F**

**C**

**Dm**

You can smell that French perfume

2. But the Mountie boat was waiting  
As he crawled near Mortier Bay  
And when they hit the spotlight  
It was like the light of day

He didn't bring her head round

When they told him to heave to

He opened up the engines

And he ran for Spanish Room

- R: You can still see the sight...

3. They said they heard him laughing  
With the Mounties closing in  
His engines screaming murder  
And his face set in a grin

The seagulls started lifting

Like an angry banshee choir

He hit the rocks at 50 clicks

And the sky lit up with fire

4. It's of of a bold young smuggler  
From Fortune he did sail  
He rode the waves from St. Pierre  
And he never saw the jail

And when it's cold and foggy

On the rocks near Spanish Room

They say you hear him laughing

And you smell that French perfume

R: You can still see the sight... (2x)