

To France

Leaves' Eyes

Taking on water, sailing a restless sea
From a memory, a fantasy.
The wind carries into white water,
Far from the islands.
Don't you know you're...

Never going to get to France.
Mary, Queen of Chance, will they find you
Never going to get to France.
Could a new romance ever bind you

Walking on foreign ground like a shadow
Roaming in far off territory
Over your shoulder, stories unfold
You're searching for sanctuary.
You know you're...

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I see a picture
By the lamp's flicker.
Isn't it strange how
Dreams fade and shimmer

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