

One Day in St. Tropez

Michael Franks

The year was 1963
We toured through France
My thumb and me
We yankees then
Were seen as friends
And so I bummed my way
One summer day in St. Tropez

Outside Toulon an XKE
On some blue highway
Stopped for me
The driver's seat
Held blonde Brigitte
With whom I parled Français
One summer day in St. Tropez

And at her villa
I met Marcello
And other distingués
Of cinéma français
That poolside star
Noticed my guitar
And my shyness flew away
When she asked me to play

Could it have been
My naive face?
My Martin in
Its cardboard case?
I tuned the strings
Played some Jobim
My hostess to repay
That summer day in St. Tropez