

La Vie C'est La Vie

The Roches

(Words by Jesse Fauset)

On summer afternoons I sit
Quiescent by you in the park,
And idly watch the sunbeams gild
And tint the ash tree's bark.

Or else I watch the squirrles frisk
And chaffer in the grassy lane;
And all the while I mark your voice
Break with love and pain.

I know a woman who would give
Her chance of heaven to take my place;
To see the love-light in your eyes,
The love-glow on your face!

And there's a man whose lightest word
Can set my chilly blood afire;
Fulfillment of his least behest
Defines my life's desire.

But he will none of me. Nor I
Of you. Nor you of her. 'Tis said
the world is full of justs like these.
I wish that I were dead.