

La Boheme

Angelina Jordan

Let me tell of a time when the world was in rhyme
With the sound of our laughter
Montmartre hanged with flowers for far-forgotten hours
Of hunger and of love

Unaware in our youth of the sobering truth
Of the years that came after
We laughed at common men for we were heroes then
And heaven smiled above

La boheme, la boheme
Poor hungry you, poor hungry me
La boheme, la boheme
See the old world that could not see

All those innocent hearts who imagined their arts
Could be casually mastered
I miss them every one
For the sands of time have run away for each and all

For it seems that our schemes were impossible dreams
That could never have lasted
For when we woke at last the big parade had passed
And spring had gone its way

La boheme, la boheme
Someone to care, someone to mind
La boheme, la boheme
We were in love and love is blind

Now and then I return and the memories burn
With a bittersweet aching
I climb the same old stairs
But no-one longer cares

And there's no-one to greet in the streets where we walked
And the bars where we talked of a world we were making
I stand upon that hill until I drink my fill
Then leave it all behind

La boheme, la boheme
Moments of joy, moments of pain
La boheme, la boheme
Nothing can bring them back again