

Anabel

Brazzaville

I met a girl last summer
Washed up on some foreign shore
She was young and delightful
Like others that I've known before
But the hair on my head's a little whiter now
And when it rains my knees get sore

We went for walks on the seaside
Drank tea in a little café
She laughed the first time that I kissed her
And said that she thought I was gay
Then she moved into my little bungalow
And played my guitar everyday

Anabel
I miss you more than words could ever tell
Anabel
Your smile was like the springtime
The London skies
Are cold and gray and hide the stars at night
And when it rains
I can't get you out of my mind

I like writing postcards
She likes to SMS
She never goes to record stores
She finds her music on the internet
But those days that we spent down by the seaside
They're ones I'll never forget

Anabel.....