

Strange Shadows

Françoise Hardy

From the page in the book that I found
From the sound of a word written down
Telling me, telling all, strange shadows call
Fingers trembling, I read to the end
Then the light seemed to wither and bend
And the words seemed to call, strange shadows fall

Who to run to or who to tell? Who would listen to me?
Just the sound of a ringing bell and the night running free

Then the wind took the page from my sight
I was left all alone in the night
Where the dew gently falls, strange shadows call
Time will pass but the words they remain
And I dream of them ever again
Telling me, telling all, strange shadows call

Strange shadows, they're calling, strange shadows calling me to
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Strange shadows, they're calling, strange shadows calling me to
...
Strange shadows, they're calling, strange shadows calling me to
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