

Tiny Goddess

Françoise Hardy

Tiny goddess wrapped in lace
That certain smile upon your face
Is telling me
What's to be when he leaves

In a room just five foot eight
I sit alone and I will wait
To hear from him
To wait for him to call me

Don't let him humour me
With letters I won't read
Please sympathise with me
If only you could speak

Photograph that's in my case
Will travel with me, every place
Reminding me
What to be for his love

Orchards smell of sweet perfume
The mountainside is now in bloom
And I am here
Waiting for his company

Don't let him humour me
With letters I won't read
The clock's at half-past three
It's stopped to wake like me

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