

## 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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