

## France

Ghost Mice

Paris isn't that romantic  
If you don't have any money  
Those cafés aren't so cute to walk by  
When you're hungry

Our campground on the outskirts of town  
Was all we could afford to do  
We were so sick of bein' in the big cities  
This one seemed so rude, rude, rude

We mailed home all our huge rolls of film  
And all the change that we couldn't use  
We bumped into some girls that we knew from Texas  
Saw the Mona Lisa, her smile seemed so cruel

And we used our last ticket to take the train  
To a boat on the coast that would take us away  
To a place that we hoped  
Would be the end of our sorrows

When we got there we were way too late  
There was no way we could leave that day  
We'd have to find a place to stay  
And try again tomorrow

We found a secret place to crash  
In a bush by the docks  
That was filled with trash  
We cleared a spot and we called it a day

And I wished that I brought my guitar  
As I looked through the bush  
Up at the stars  
Fell asleep and got woke up by the rain

We waited on the porch for the doors to open  
And we asked the guy if there was any reason hopin'  
He said, "Don't give up,  
Cross your fingers, wish for luck"

So I cast my spells and I made my curses  
Wishin' that a truck would get stuck  
And then we could take their place,  
Leave France that day