

## French Cafe

Marc Broussard

Friendly people  
But I can't make out all the words  
Melodies so sweet through all the trees  
From different birds  
All around me  
Sights and sounds and songs I've never heard  
Swearing I'll be back again  
One more week might do me in

And I stop to catch my breath  
On the slippery steps of Angouleme  
And with my little finger  
Across the town I write your name

I can't stop drinking the wine  
Can't stop counting the days  
A world apart, an ocean away  
Just loving you baby  
Sittin' here, loving you  
From this little French cafe

Oh, yeah  
Turn the bed down, baby  
Pray that jumbo plane's gonna bring me back  
Got roses and bazaracs  
Six Bordeauxs all in a sack  
We may know some scrapes  
But some things we won't ever lack  
All the fields of Beaujolais  
Couldn't buy you anyway  
Couldn't buy you babe

Oh  
And I stop to catch my breath  
On the mighty steps of Angouleme  
And with my little finger  
Across the town I write your name

I can't stop drinking the wine  
I can't stop counting the days  
A world apart, an ocean away  
Just loving you baby  
Sittin' here, loving you  
From this little French

All the oysters in Marennes  
Whole French army and Charles de Gaulle  
A million Francs wouldn't phase me at all  
From loving you baby  
Sittin' here loving you  
From this little French cafe  
Sittin' here loving you  
From this little French cafe