

Memories Of France

Tiny Tim

Like a tiny little bubble
I can blow away my troubles
Dreaming of my romance
With a pretty little daughter
And a shadow by the water
I dream that I'm back in France

Someone whispers to me: "I love you ma cherie"
In my memories of France
And we stroll once again by the old river Seine
In my memories of France
And I see her still placing roses
Where many a young pal reposes
She would laugh she would cry
Then a kiss then goodbye
In my memories of France

On the road to Chateau Thierry
Once again so tired and weary
I wander on my way
Then I reach a Latin Quarter
And a shadow by the water
It seems just like yesterday

Someone whispers to me: "I love you ma cherie"
In my memories of France
And we stroll once again by the old river Seine
In my memories of France
I see her still placing roses
Where many a young pal reposes
She would laugh she would cry
Then a kiss then goodbye
In my memories of France

The war has long been forgotten
And its best that we should forget
It's an old story now
But still somehow there are dreams that linger yet
It's not a dream of a battle and it's not the shot in the shell
It's the memory of a doughboy in love and a sweet little mademoiselle
You can blot out the memory of bullets when the years go by like this
But you can't erase a beautiful face and the memory of a kiss
You can even forgive the enemy, forgive them as time goes by
But as long as you live you'll never forgive yourself
For saying goodbye
Maybe she wasn't your sweetheart, you considered her only a toy
But when God made her kind, he had in mind a homesick soldier boy

She would laugh she would cry
Then a kiss then goodbye
In my memories of France