

Barbra Streisand

"Clopin Clopant"

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In France when one is walking sadly
They say he walks clopin clopant
His step is slow, his fault is badly
Perhaps the one he loves is gone

Clopin clopant, I hear his footsteps
As in the night he passes by
And as I hear his endless footsteps
I get to thinking there go I

I'll go along, clopin clopant
Whispering he's gone, he is gone, he is gone
My childish heart cries like a baby
Without my love what will each day be?

So I go on, clopin clopant
Trudging alone, clopin clopant
Love is a dance and one must learn it
I had my chance, why did I spurn it?

What can I do? Why carry on?
Going alone, clopin clopant
Clopin clopant, clopin clopant

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