

## **Francoise Hardy**

# **"Never Learn To Cry"**

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You're living in a dream mist made of pink perfume  
You hide behind the mask of Sunday afternoons  
You'll never see the real world, never find out why  
You live a life of feathers flying in a cloud  
Your mind is like a jungle overgrown with flowers  
You'll never see the real life, never learn to cry

You're floating through the lost world of other people's  
dreams  
You see the world through diamonds made from  
plasticine  
You never see the real things, never find out why  
Your thoughts are bubbles bursting out of golden foam  
You're sheltered from the sunlight by making love your  
home  
You never see the real life, never learn to cry

You're living in a dream mist made of pink perfume  
You live a life of feathers flying in a cloud  
You're floating through the lost world of other people's  
dreams  
Your thoughts are bubbles bursting out of golden foam  
You're sheltered from the sunlight.

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