

Francoise Hardy

"Tiny Goddess"

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Tiny goddess wrapped in lace, that certain smile upon
your face

Is telling me what's to be when he leaves
In a room just five foot eight, I sit alone and I will wait
To hear from him, to wait for him to call me

Don't let him humour me with letters I won't read
Please sympathise with me, if only you could speak

Photograph that's in my case will travel with me every
place
Reminding me what to be for his love
Orchards smell of sweet perfume, the mountain side is
now in bloom
And I am here, waiting for his company

Don't let him humour me with letters I won't read
The clock's at half past three, it's stopped awake like
me

Tiny goddess wrapped in lace, that certain smile upon
your face
Is telling me what's to be when he leaves
In a room just five foot eight, I sit alone and I will wait
To hear from him, to wait for him to call me.

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