

Hawksley Workman

"Claire Fontaine"

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claire fontaine
who are you
i like the paper you make
we were introduced by a lover of mine
and now she's gone and i still have you claire fontaine

claire fontaine
you seem to bring
the best out of me and the things that i write to sing
claire fontaine

claire fontaine
are you a lumberjack or something
does your father own a forest of the nicest trees for
chopping
claire fontaine

claire fontaine
your sheets are very smooth
i like to rub my pen across them do you feel the way i
do
claire fontaine

claire fontaine
you seem to bring
the best out of me and the things that i write to sing
claire fontaine

if the newspapers used your paper for the news
things may seem less terrifying just because of you
claire fontaine

and were you in the garden
when they said the war had started
did you think you'd write a letter that would start
my dear departed
claire fontaine

claire fontaine
you seem to bring
the best out of me and the things that i write to sing
claire fontaine...

claire fontaine
i'm going home for christmas
they may refuse me entry 'cause your native to this
country
claire fontaine

but as a foreigner
relinquish a pad of paper so distinguished
i say never never never i'll take this pad of mine to
heaven
claire fontaine

but maybe i will choose to write a fan letter or two
i might write one to andy warhol and the other one for
you
and you can rest assured in knowing
they'd be on your paper too
claire fontaine
who are you

claire fontaine
you seem to bring
the best out of me and the things that i write to sing
claire fontaine

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