

## Ian & Sylvia "French Girl"

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Three silver rings  
On slim hands waving  
Flash bright in candle light  
Till Sunday's early morn

We found her room  
That rainy morning  
She took my hand through winding roads  
And led me home

Some red French wine  
When later waking  
In her warm hideaway  
She smiled and combed her hair

We talked of all  
We talked of nothing  
I left with promises to meet  
She told me where

But she laughed each time I asked her name  
Vague promises to meet again  
But her friends down at the French cafe  
Had no English words for me

So you may find  
Above the border  
A girl with silver rings  
I never knew her name

You're bound to lose  
She's too much for you  
She'll leave you lost some rainy morning  
You won't be the same  
You won't be the same

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