

## **Marty Willson-Piper** **"St. Germain"**

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In 1945 my dear  
The Paris summer rain  
Camus' thoughts were shining jewels  
Floating down the Seine  
St. Germain, St. Germain  
The sun left diamonds in red wine  
The beams sneaked through the trees  
Life sometimes can be so kind  
And then it's just disease  
St. Germain, St. Germain  
Like them I just can't believe  
All the answers have gone  
Try more decipher until  
The cafe lights no longer on  
No longer on  
Argue out and find a clue  
That throws out new light  
Figure out what you must do  
Then go home and write  
C'est la meme chose pour moi cherie  
Le flore aux deux magots  
A Penser et ecrire aussi  
Sous un ete chaud  
St. Germain

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