

Michel Sardou

"Last Flight"

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(Pierre Billon/Michel Sardou)

My dear parents good bye, I do love you but I have to
give it a try a try
Oh my thinking is sold, after I've been around
I should be homeward bound, homeward bound

It's Thursday five o'clock in the morning and I've
packed a little bag
I'm tiptoeing through the apartment and holding my
breath like the nights
When I came after midnight, so that mother wouldn't
wake up
Last evening at dinner, I thought for a moment
That she's expected something, she said I looked pale
She wanted to know if I felt all right
I told her that I was fine but just fine
I think she made believe that she believed me and
father had just smiled
It's strange I thought that, living home will be tougher
More overwhelming, like a big adventure
But less hearttearing oh but I mustn't go back
Get a little bit farther, there is a railroad station
And after the train, the boat, the Atlantic ocean
And after the Atlantic ocean...

I feel strange like if I had a cage around my chest
It nearest stops my breathing
I wonder if my folks in a little while will know that I'm
crying
No I mustn't go back
Or even turn my head around, I must only see why I
told myself
I should see and why and why ? And how ?
It's five to seven now
I'm falling asleep in the train that staying it is a boat
away
A little bit further, a little bit more
And I won't be back, I dare not be back

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