

Nino Ferrer

"Michael And Jane"

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He came from the East, selling something to the West
In his heart he had love, in his bag his sister was the
best

In a back street alley or a plush hotel
He would give you heaven, he could sell you hell
Dear Michael the dealer, with a heart of gold, farewell.

We never thought that tomorrow could ever turn into
today
We never knew which road to follow
So we just run the gun, we made L.A. in St-Tropez.

She came with the morning and a purple musline dress
In her smile there were tears, in her heart there was
nothing left
Just a rich bitch hippy from society
Her intentions were good but her soul weren't free
Dear Jane, hope to see you in eternity.

We never thought that tomorrow could ever turn into
today
We never knew which road to follow
So we just run the gun, we made L.A. in St-Tropez.

They met every evening, loving spoonful would take
cure
In the foyer of the Hilton or a basement squad
somewhere
Then she hit a vein, took her much too high
And he took a bend, made him kiss the sky
Dear Michael and Jane, just to say goodbye.

We never thought that tomorrow could ever turn into
today
We never knew which road to follow
So we just run the gun, we made L.A. in St-Tropez.

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