

## **Peter Ostrowski**

### **"C'est Comme ?a"**

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In the countryside the girls  
Come to the village well each day  
To fill the pails they bring  
As they wait in line they chat  
Everyday it's the same  
As they wait in line they chat  
Everyday just the same  
Of water and of flame

Chorus:

That's the way the world must turn  
And there's nothing we can do  
That's the way the world must turn  
It isn't up to me and you

By the girls there are the boys  
The tall, the thin, the fat as well  
Who laugh and yell  
The dark haired, ginger and the fair  
Always talking about their dads  
The dark haired, ginger and the fair  
Always talking about their dads  
And Louisa's eyes  
Near the boys, their fathers stand  
Meeting up, all in good cheer  
To have a beer  
They shout that they are going out  
And head off into the night  
They shout that they are going out  
And head off into the night  
For the city lights

(Chorus)

In the cafes friends all meet  
Glasses placed on tables stained  
Alongside those they've drained  
And then all these dearest friends  
Stagger off to God knows where  
And then all these dearest friends  
Stagger off to God knows where

Their pockets bare

In the city where we live  
Among the concrete and the brick  
And where I feel sick  
The city sells its pleasures cheap  
And stinks of choking petrol fumes  
The city sells its pleasures cheap  
And stinks of choking petrol fumes  
Each home a tomb

(Chorus)

Near the city in the fields  
The blonde  
And dark haired girls all sing  
Dancing in a ring  
The mountains rise up all around  
As they have done for all time  
The mountains rise up all around  
As they have done for all time  
The mountains heroes climb

(Chorus)

It's nothing to do with me and you  
There is nothing we can do

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