

Peter Ostrowski

"C'est Comme Ça"

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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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