

Tobymac

"French Cafe"

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In a French caf?, under the moonlight
Feel like I'm living in a Truffaut film
In a French caf?, under the moonlight
And I can't walk away again

I spent a year or three or four astray
But it still feels like yesterday
How do you know when you've done the right thing
Can you feel, with a heart of steel
For all the miles that I've crawled this year
I never expected to see you quite so clear
Spent too many nights making my home at the bar
But here we are

Still got that feeling, I swear it'll never end
Dragging me down, down, down
It's like a scene in a magazine
Like a postcard from a town

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