Mike Oldfield "To France"

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Taking on water, sailing a restless sea From a memory, a fantasy The wind carries into white water Far from the islands don't you know you're

Never going to get to France
Mary Queen of chance, will they find you?
Never going to get to France
Could a new romance ever bind you?

Walking on foreign ground, like a shadow Roaming in far off territory Over your shoulder stories unfold You're searching for sanctuary, you know you're

Never going to get to France Mary Queen of chance, will they find you? Never going to get to France Could a new romance ever bind you?

I see a picture
By the lamp's flicker
Isn't it strange how
Dreams fade and shimmer?

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