

The Good Lovelies "MrsT"

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Sometimes I think of Mrs. T.
She was always such a sweet lady.
I went down, down to Montreal
To chase her younger days,
A half-smoked cigarette and a broken phrase,
I went down, down to Saint-Laurent.

Et c   est l   que j   ai vu
Le ciel et la terre    pr  s du moi.
Et c   est l   que j   ai vu.
Tout au m  me temps.

Sometimes I think about Rita.
She   ll hunt down words just to feed ya.
I wrote it down and wrote out again.
Now she lives across the pond,
Learning to eat with a foreign tongue.
I wrote it down
And it became a song.

Et c   est l   que j   ai vu
Le ciel et la terre    pr  s du moi.
Et c   est l   que j   ai vu.
Tout au m  me temps.

Et c   est l   que j   ai vu
Le ciel et la terre    pr  s du moi.
Et c   est l   que j   ai vu.
Tout au m  me temps.

Now I think about David
And what he was like as a little kid.
I walked down    and introduced myself.
He must   ve shaken lots of hands,
Learned the language of many a man.
I walked down and made him my friend.

Et c   est l   que j   ai vu
Le ciel et la terre    pr  s du moi.
Et c   est l   que j   ai vu.
Tout au m  me temps.

Et c   est l   que j   ai vu
Le ciel et la terre    pr  s du moi.
Et c   est l   que j   ai vu.
Tout au m  me temps.
[Chorus of   Oh  s]

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