

Allan Taylor

"Creole Girl"

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Call it a journey of memories
A journey to bring back the time
Through those days of wild abandon
When a young man was in his prime

Call it a hopeless fantasy
Trying to capture some long lost dreams
When you fell for the dark eyed Creole girl
Who came from New Orleans

Take in the Latin Quarter
The search for a familiar name
But Paris has changed since you left her
And nothing much looks the same

Fifi's cafe is now a strip club
With the Arabian Dancing Queens
But not one can compare with the Creole girl
Who came from New Orleans

Perhaps it was too much to wish for
Sometimes it's best to move on
But just for the sake of memories
I'll take a drink for the days long gone

And I went into the Cafe Chanson
And watched the world from tobacco stained screens
And I thought of the dark eyed Creole girl
Who came from New Orleans

"Bonsoir monsieur" said the waitress
"And what can I get for you?"
I said "Excuse me for asking this question
But you remind me of someone I knew"

She laughed as if I was crazy
This young girl just out of her teens
But she looked like the dark eyed Creole girl
Who came from New Orleans

I stayed 'til the bar had emptied

And we shared a bottle of wine
I said "I'm just trying to capture a memory
Of love in a different time"

She said "Maybe you think of my mother
We look so much alike it seems
She was known as the dark eyed Creole girl
Who came from New Orleans"

How I loved the dark eyed Creole girl
Who came from New Orleans

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