

Libertines, The

"France"

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The ideal girl
in London from France
came over then left me
she left me entranced
now I have to get by
once again on my own
nothing but memories

So I remember your eyes
that unique shade of brown
while these blue eyes of mine they stay closed
I kissed you goodbye on the M109
I choked as I watched the bus go

I'm choking and smoking to your angelic soul
I'm choking and smoking myself into a hole
where the only way out is to sleep and to dream
and to cry out your name

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