

Beirut, Mimizan

The lines are on board
It's quiet offshore
But the wind blows
The children are here
But the women just stare
From the windows
See the lawns outside
Groomed green lawns
Oh, how they glow
And I spotted you there
With curlers in hair
On the telephone
And I longed for you
Yes, I long for you
Oh, I'll move for you
Yes, I'll move for you
Years spent round on the foyer
As the maid sweeps dust
And leaves from the back door
My heart could be yours
Within dreams we're free
But you'd always ask for more
So I'll move for you
Yes, I'll, I'll move for you
Oh, I'll move for you
Oh, I'll move for you