

# Bob Geldof, Big Romantic Stuff

Did they never tell you 'bout it baby  
Did they never say it's tough  
Are you never going to give up on that  
Big romantic stuff

That French song playing on the radio at noon  
The singer's name was Jean Michel and he's singing 'bout la lune  
And she shivers as she comes awake  
And remembers how to think  
And she shakes the hair out of her eyes  
But the daylight makes her blink  
And the song it whispers in her mind like a half forgotten sigh  
Of times of love the longest days and youth and endless skies  
And ooh la la la  
ooh la la la

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To ease the pain of it, to fill the empty void  
She stores up ancient souvenirs like ravens with their hoards  
It's not the getting old she minds, it's the meaningless of being  
She thinks about all this while Jean sings about la vie  
And accordions and violins take her back in time  
When the only explanation was a kiss and love and life...

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\*Written by Bob Geldof

\*Taken from the album entitled "The Vegetarians of Love";