

Hawksley Workman, Claire Fontaine

Claire Fontaine
Who are you?

I like the paper you make
We were introduced
By a lover of mine
And now she's gone
But I still have you
Claire Fontaine

Claire Fontaine
You seem to bring
The best out of me
And the things that
I write to sing
Claire Fontaine

Claire Fontaine
Are you a lumberjack or something?
Does your father own a forest
Are the nicest trees for choppin'?
Claire Fontaine
And Claire Fontaine
Your sheets are very smooth
I like to rub my pen across them
Do you feel the way I do
Claire Fontaine?

Claire Fontaine
You seem to bring
The best out of me
In the things that
I write to sing
Claire Fontaine

If newspapers used
Your paper for the news
Things would seem less terrifying
Just because of you
Claire Fontaine
And were you in a garden
When they said the war had started
Do you think you'd write a letter
That would start 'my dear departed...'
Claire Fontaine

Claire Fontaine
You seem to bring
The best out of me
And the things that
I write to sing
Claire Fontaine

oooh-oh
Claire Fontaine
I'm going home for Christmas
They may refuse me entry
'Cause you're native to this country
Claire Fontaine
But as a foreigner relinquish
A pad of paper so distinguished
I'd say 'never, never, never
I'll take this pad of mine to heaven'
Claire Fontaine

Where maybe I would choose
To write a fan letter or two
I might write one to Andy Warhol
And the other one for you
And you could rest assured in knowing
They'd be on your paper too
Claire Fontaine,
Who are you?

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You seem to bring
The best out of me
And the thing that
I write to sing
Claire Fontaine