

Maggie Reilly, To France

Taking on water, sailing a restless sea
From a memory, a fantasy
The wind travels into white water
Far from the highlands
Don't you know you're...

Never going to get to France
Mary Queen of chance will they find you
Never going to get to France
Could a new romance ever bind you

Walking on foreign ground like a shadow
Roaming in far off territory
Over your shoulder stories unfold
You're searching for sanctuary
You know you're...

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I see the picture
By the lamp's flicker
Isn't it strange
Those dreams fade and shimmer

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