

Monrose, Washes over me

I heard you went to France
Did you walk along the seine
Watched lovers hand in hand
Did you softly call my name
When you sat on a bench
After tuilerie
And remembered I spoke French
Did you have an ache for me
N' when the river of regret
Rushes passed your door
Will you give me just a thought
And wish you loved me more
Well, forgive me if I dream
Or hold on to memories
But sometimes what might have been
Washes over me
Then in some dark caf
Did you drink a glass of wine
The colour of my lips
After kissing you all night
And my hair was such a mess
By the time the mornin' came
You held it off my neck
Said you liked it best that way
N' when the river of lost years
Freezes at your door
Will you scate across your tears
Just to touch my face once more
Well, forgive me if I dream
Or hold on to memories
But sometimes what might have been
Washes over me
What might have been
If she hadn't caught your eye
Would I be the one you'd never leave
Who would grow old by your side
Well, forgive me if I dream
Or hold on to memories
But sometimes what might have been
Washes over me
Washes over me
I heard you went to france