

# Al Stewart, Fields Of France

His flying jacket still has her perfume  
Memories of the night  
Play across his mind  
High above the fields of France

A single biplane in a clear blue sky  
1917, no enemy was seen  
High above the fields of France

Oh she looks  
But there's nothing to see  
Still she looks  
Saying come back to me

He tells her just remember me this way

For here am I more true  
Than anything I do  
High above the fields of France

Oh she looks  
Though he'll never come back  
And the letter that came  
Was bordered in black

She'll find somebody else  
But not forget  
Leaving her regrets  
Like vapour trails of jets  
High above the fields of France