

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