

# Jim Croce, (And) I Remember Her

Met her in the summer  
She was selling flowers In the streets of Paris  
And we passed away the hours  
Talking with our eyes and laughing  
'Cause I spoke not her language  
Still I remember her

Still we understood completely  
That our love would last no longer  
Than the mornings early chime  
Still I cannot forget her  
And the hours we spent together  
And the time that she was mine  
And I remember her

At first I felt uneasy  
Cause she didn't care to know me  
'Till our bodies introduced us  
And we cared to know no more  
In her softness warmth and giving  
In her selfless way of giving  
She had taught me so much more

Still we understood completely  
That our love would last no longer  
Than the mornings early chime  
Still I cannot forget her  
And the hours we spent together  
And the time that she was mine  
And I remember her

We parted in the rainy streets of Paris  
She looked at me as though I'd never been  
Then disappeared into a crowd of strangers  
Her flowers in her hand  
To sell her life again

Still we understood completely  
That our love would last no longer  
Than the mornings early chime  
Still I cannot forget her  
And the hours we spent together  
And the time that she was mine  
And I remember her  
And I remember her