

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