

Robert Wyatt, Old Europe

Le Chat qui Pche,
Rue de la Huchette.
Paris at night,
and the strains of a ghost saxophone.

Juliette and Miles.
Black and white city.
Paris by night,
and the ghosts of two people in love.

I'll be dreaming again,
always dreams of yesterdays.
Those days live on,
safe here in my heart.

Cherchez la femme,
slips through a doorway,
out of the night
to the warmth of a new lover's arms.

Rue St Benot.
La route enchante.
Indigo nights,
and the ghost of the moon in the Seine.

I'll be dreaming again,
always dreams of yesterdays.
Those days live on,
safe here in my heart.