

The Go Set, Armentieres

Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
how two short months turned to two long years.
We drank our trouble in wine and songs,
the tune that says this war will end and it won't be long.
Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
crowds of these young foreigners are drowning in their beers
and maybe on the green fields her loved one fell,
but word was never returned to the mademoiselle.
So close your eyes, and hold on tight
keep those you love beside you until the morning light.
For dreams are the salvation of the lonely heart,
and time is but a journey we cannot return to start.
Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
a love to sparkle brightly and then to disappear.
The girl with jet black hair, and eyes of brown
she longs and waits for her great love in the old French town.
So close your eyes, and hold on tight
keep those you love beside you until the morning light.
For dreams are the salvation of the lonely heart,
and time is but a journey we cannot return to start.
Mademoiselle from Armentieres
may your heart grow lighter, with the passing years.