

The Style Council, Francoise

The teardrops in my eyes are now just words upon some paper
Imitating poetry that comes to my time later

Oh, Francoise

Could it be the time changing

Oh, Francoise

Please don't get me wrong - I meant it

If good things come in twos why did we never act as one

I thought that we might last forever

I'm shocked to find we won't

Oh, Francoise

Can it be that time's so different

Oh, Francoise

But don't think that I never felt it

Once upon a time I could have told you what I wanted

But more and more I grow to find that nothing's as expected

Oh, Francoise

Perhaps it means that I am changing

Oh, Francoise

Please don't get me wrong - I meant it