

Tina Arena, The Bohemienne Song

Bohemienne
No one knows where my story begins
Bohemienne I was born on a road that bends
Bohemienne, bohemiennne
Come tomorrow, I'll wander again
Bohemienne, bohemiennne
Here's my fate in the lines of my hands

My mother told me tales of Spain
I think that's where she longed to be
Of mountain bandits she once sang
Andalusia memory
There in the mountains she was free

My mother, father all are gone
And I've made Paris be my home
I dream of oceans rolling on
They take my heart where I must come
Andalusia mountain home

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When I was a child in Provence
Barefoot in the hills I dance once
But the gypsy road is long
The road's so long

Every day I see a new chance
Maybe some road will lead from France
I will follow till I come home
Till I come home

Andalusia's streams
Run through my blood
Run through my day dreams
Andalusia's sky
When it calls me
I feel my heart fly

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