

# Tina Arena, The Bohemienne Song

Bohemienne  
No one knows where my story begins  
Bohemienne I was born on a road that bends  
Bohemienne, bohémienne  
Come tomorrow, I'll wander again  
Bohemienne, bohémienne  
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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