

The Coast Of Marseilles

I sat there on the Coast of Marseilles
My thoughts came by like a dream in my hand
How good it'd be to hold you
How good it'd be to feel like that again

Would you be remembering me
I asked that question time and again
And the answer came and haunted me so
I didn't wanna think it again
I didn't wanna think it again

You
You make it so hard for to forget
That I
I haven't stopped loving you yet

When I left the Coast of Marseilles
I hadn't done what I'd come to do
I spent all the money I'd saved
And I never did get over you
I never did get over you