

The Coast Of Marseilles

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

Would you be remembering me
I asked that question time and again
The answer came and haunted me so
I did not wanna think it again
I did not wanna think it again

You
Make it hard for me to forget
I
I haven't stopped loving you yet

You
You make it hard for me to forget
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 of the money I'd saved
And did not get over you
I did not get over you

You