

## Anabel

Brazzaville

I met a girl last summer  
Washed up on some foreign shore  
She was young and delightful  
Like others that I've known before  
But the hair on my head's a little whiter now  
And when it rains my knees get sore

We went for walks on the seaside  
Drank tea in a little café  
She laughed the first time that I kissed her  
And said that she thought I was gay  
Then she moved into my little bungalow  
And played my guitar everyday

Anabel  
I miss you more than words could ever tell  
Anabel  
Your smile was like the springtime  
The London skies  
Are cold and gray and hide the stars at night  
And when it rains  
I can't get you out of my mind

I like writing postcards  
She likes to SMS  
She never goes to record stores  
She finds her music on the internet  
But those days that we spent down by the seaside  
They're ones I'll never forget

Anabel.....