

# I'll Meet You At Midnight

Chris Norman

A summer evening on Les Champs Elyses.  
A secret rendezvous they planned for days.  
I see faces in the crowded cafe.  
A sound of laughter as the music plays.

Jeanne-Claude was a student at the University,  
Louise-Marie was just a world away.  
He recalled the night they met was warm with laughter,  
The words of music as she turned away.

I'll meet you at midnight,  
Under the moonlight!  
I'll meet you at midnight!  
But Jeanne-Claude, Louise-Marie will never be...

Each cigarette would light a thousand faces,  
Each hour that passed seemed like a thousand years.  
Midnight was turning into empty spaces,  
The sound of laughter had disappeared.

I'll meet you at midnight,  
Under the moonlight!  
I'll meet you at midnight!  
Oh, but Jeanne-Claude, Louise-Marie will never be...

A summer morning on Les Champs Elyses.  
The empty tables of the street cafe.  
The sunlight melting through an open doorway,  
Jeanne-Claude has left to face another day.

I'll meet you at midnight,  
Under the moonlight!  
I'll meet you at midnight!

I'll meet you at midnight,  
Under the moonlight!  
I'll meet you at midnight!  
Oh, but Jeanne-Claude, Louise-Marie will never be...