

## The French Let Her

Fischer-Z

Poor Greta thought she'd do better  
On the West of the Berlin Wall  
They went crazy down the emissary  
When she missed her last curtain call  
(The French let her be a domicile)

The leading lady of the Bolshy Ballet  
She only lived for dancing  
But in the face of matrimony  
She only lived for dancing

She still heard the warnings of family  
And friends, as she sat at Paris cafe  
Don't leave till you're sure you'll be happier there  
'Cos we'll never see you again

She saw her face on every cover  
They said she was the very best  
She wasn't breathing when they found her body  
She couldn't stand it in the West