French African Queen

Gregory Porter

I was walking round in Paris Near the [?] Zanzibar Said the woman at the front door "Do you know the place you are? This place is from the fancy I don't think you fit the scene

You're just an American Black boy I'm a French African Queen"

And she was tall and statuesque She looked straight over my puzzled head She said "Don't make me get real ugly You heard just what I said" "I've got music for the people I must fulfill my precious dream

To bring blues from America To the French African queen" "Ah, oui ou!i"

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"Hear my words were not so different Land and language in the way We feel the same human feelings With different words we say We are fruit from the same tree I think you know just what I mean"

"I am your American Black boy You're my French African queen"