

The Foggy Fields Of France

Paul Kelly

Green the foggy fields of France today I journey through
Green the singer, Al, who sings the way I feel for you
Green our love so tender yet, a gift each day made new
Green would be the whole wide world if they our secret knew

Blue the little patch of sky peeping through the gray
Blue the color of your dress the day I went away
Blue the mighty ocean deep keeping us apart
Blue the melody I strum on this old guitar

I carry you with me wrapped up in my heart
We are the wonder that keeps the stars apart
The root of the root and the bud of the bud
The deepest of the deepest, the singing in the blood, oh

Gold the feeling that I get as the plane comes in to land
Gold the sinking western sun making its fiery bands
Gold the color of your curls as at the gate you stand
Gold the ring I bring for you to slip on your left hand

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This is the wonder that keeps the stars apart
The root of the root and the bud of the bud
The deepest of the deepest, the singing in the blood

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We are the wonder that keeps the stars apart