

## Like the Swallow

Saint Etienne

She's like the swallow  
that flies so high.  
She's like the river  
that never runs dry.  
She's like the sunshine on the lea-shore,  
I love my love, and love is no more.

It's out of roses  
she made her bed.  
A stolen pillow  
for her head.  
She's like the sunshine on the lea-shore,  
I love my love, and love is no more.