

To France by Mike Oldfield

Taking on water,
Sailing a restless sea
From a memory,
A fantasy.
The wind carries
Into white water,
Far from the islands.
Don't you know you're
Never going to get to France.
Mary, Queen of Chance, will they find you?
Never going to get to France.
Could a new romance ever bind you?
Walking on foreign ground,
Like a shadow,
Roaming in far off
Territory.
Over your shoulder,
Stories unfold, you're
Searching for sanctuary.
You know you're
Never going to get to France.
Mary, Queen of Chance, $\qquad$ (2) $\qquad$ find you?
Never going to get to France.
Could a new romance ever bind you?

Fill in the gaps

## I see a picture

By the lamp's flicker.
Isn't it (3) $\qquad$ how

Dreams fade and shimmer?
Never (4) $\qquad$ to get to France.
Mary, Queen of Chance, will (5) $\qquad$ (6) $\qquad$
you?
Never going to get to France.
Could a new romance (7) $\qquad$ bind you?

I see a picture
By the lamp's flicker.
Isn't it strange how
Dreams fade and shimmer?
Never going to get to France.
Mary, Queen of Chance, will they find you?
Never (8) $\qquad$ to get to France.

Could a new romance ever bind you?
Never going to get to France.
Never going to....
Never (9) $\qquad$ to get to France.

Never going to....
Never going to get to France.
Never going to...

Fill in the gaps

1. will
2. they
3. strange
4. going
5. they
6. find
7. ever
8. going
9. going
