

## The fantasy life of poetry and crime (P. Doherty et F. Lo)

Bells, they chime.....Bells, they chime in time  
To a vicious low whine of a chainsaw's grind.....  
In the summertime  
There's a coppery taste.....A gun in your face  
High plains drift,.... sly shapes shift.....  
Across the Maritime

*In the estuary..... There's a clue to find....*  
*In the fantasy life of poetry and crime*  
*Haute-Normandy.... and Seine-Maritime....*  
*In the fantasy life of poetry and crime*

Je suis ici.....Can you follow me?.....  
Oh, sorrowful me.....  
Have I begun this too weirdly?  
Sweet mystery... and a clue to find....  
In the fantasy life of poetry and crime  
Unknowingly.....I'm lost in space and time....  
In the fantasy life of poetry and crime

Je suis ici.....Can you follow me?.....  
Do you read me?.....  
Have I begun this too weirdly?

*In the estuary..... There's a clue to find....*  
*In the fantasy life of poetry and crime*  
*Haute-Normandy.... and Seine-Maritime....*  
*In the fantasy life of poetry and crime*

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A vicious low whine of a chainsaw's grind  
In the summertime....Bells they chime