



Name: **Sweetheart Schottische**
Origin: **Usa**

Lyrics:

You grew up in the city, a high society girl,
 And even this backwoods boy can tell you're a woman of the world,
 'Cause I get weak when I hear you speak the way they do in France,
 Well I'm sure you've heard these fancy words but I got to take a chance.

Oh s'il vous plait pardonne me, I can help myself,
 Darling jai vous aime beaucoup, it's you and no one else,
 Forgive me if I say it wrong but I just ain't that smart,
 If you can't see this love in me then scuse moi my heart.

I showed up in New Orleans with all I own on my back,
 I got me a job at the country club on the rich side of the track,
 Then you came in with your jet set friends that you met in Paree,
 Well now they're gone and you're alone looking straight at me.

Oh s'il vous plait pardonne me, I can help myself,
 Darling jai vous aime beaucoup, it's you and no one else,
 Forgive me if I say it wrong but I just ain't that smart,
 If you can't see this love in me then scuse moi my heart.

Why can't we try the language of love,
 The one thing you can't place yourself above,
 Oh dont allow your social pride to keep our dreams apart,
 If you can't see this love in me then scuse moi my heart.

Oh s'il vous plait pardonne me, I can help myself,
 Darling jai vous aime beaucoup, it's you and no one else,
 Forgive me if I say it wrong but I just ain't that smart,
 If you can't see this love in me then 'scuse' moi my heart,
 If you can't see this love in me then 'scuse' moi my heart.



BALKAN FOLKDANCE SOCIETY