

La Vie Est Belle

André Rieu

Alone in my room, a normal day
I read in the papers that I'm in the Axis of Evil
I read between the lines and understand they want me dead
So I lock the door so I can be calm.

It's the war outside, I think it's coming towards me
Despite the demos, he who lives will see it*
I put sandbags in my living-room
Bastards want to shoot me like in football the stopper can shoot the ball.

On TV I hear I'm the worst of all
Non-violent, violent, the propaganda is top-notch
I fear the special troops, the B52's
Regretting what I've done, I think I could have done better.

But to err is human, I admit I've made mistakes
Holding your positions is like standing a rain of terror
In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit,
Of the Imam and the Rabbi, this, never again.

Like a wingless bird
I fly towards the sky but I know Life's beautiful x2

I am a missile, I'm not guilty,
I am being guided by satellite to do a perfect job
All the technologies at my service
In order to chase the evil away so that a "peace" world can be born

Then, on a aircraft carrier I do what I'm being told
Tonight I gotta strike a guy alone in his room
I'm a wingless bird, iron suppository
500 kilometers to go and then for him it'll be Hell.

Here it is, I'm gone, I'm flying to his home
And I wanna preserve peace by committing homicides
I poke through the clouds towards the abscissa and ordinate
Objective memorized, I know the coordinates

I'm of iron, he's of flesh, I'm coming unannounced
Fly above the demos of these millions of pacifists
In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit,
of the Imam, and the Rabbi, this, never again.

And on the News Channel I see that a missile is coming !
He's inviting himself in my house but he's not my guest
My city, my block, my building are being bombed
"Tonight you're gonna die" is how I feel.

Calmly, I tidy my room and then I see the photographs
Of myself, my ex, vacations in Colorado
Of bivouacs in the mountains with our backpacks
Of our speeches with all these teens up there.

I see my father, and then my mother on these black and white snapshots
I used to find them harsh, I do the same to my kids
They sleep quietly, they must be counting sheep
Or maybe were dreaming when there was the explosion.

My family was killed by people who didn't even know them
My wife, kids and myself are added to the casualty count
The missiles kill so many civilians, kill docile kids
The world is hostile.

I didn't do anything, they didn't do anything, you didn't do anything
You speak of good deeds but I only see bad deeds
This isn't rap, it's bursting out the abscess**
If they're gone it's because of your excess

I call out to synagogues, mosques and temples
Churches and chapels, militants***
In the name of the Father, etc...

I fly towards the sky, but I know life's beautiful x2