

Metro

Betty

I beg of you not to tell
I beg of you
Shame on you

Now go to sleep without your dinner
And cry in the morning without your way
Café au lait

I sold my soul for fresh hot bread
You sang in the metro and woke the dead
Shame, shame, shame, shame
Metro, metro, mademoiselle

I beg of you not to tell
I beg of you
Shame on you

Now walk in the garden without your mittens
And read in the corner without your light
Café au light

I sold my soul for fresh hot bread
You sang in the metro and woke the dead
Shame, shame, shame, shame
Metro, metro, mademoiselle

I beg of you not to tell
I beg of you
Shame on you

Now jump from the top of the highest steeple
And drown at the bottom of the deepest well
Café... oh well

I sold my soul for fresh hot bread
You sang in the metro and woke the dead
Shame, shame, shame
Metro, metro, metro, metro
Metro, metro, metro, metro

Metro, metro, metro, metro