

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