

I Went to Heaven

Carla Bruni

I went to Heaven
'Twas a small town
Lit with a ruby
Lathed them with down

Stillier than the fields
At the full dew
Beautiful as pictures
No man drew
No man drew

People like the moth
Of melchin frames
Duties of gossamer
And eider names

Almost contented
I could be
'Mong such a unique
Society, society

'Twas a small town
Lathed them with down