

Memoir

Charlotte Gainsbourg

The city lights are beckoning
Their sirens softly call
All the fantasists and fetishist
Are preparing the ball
When you've been stuck here on the doorstep
With nothing to forsake
But you might as well be anyone's to take

So I give myself to strangers
Like I gave myself to you
But the tenderness I felt
Has been replaced by something new
And in the orgy I can vaguely hear
The outline of your call
But I might as well be anyone's at all

Every memory is sailing
To the kingdom of your soul
As you patiently await
I lose all sense of self-control
You were the lighthouse to my broken boat
But I left you behind
Now I might as well be anyone's to find

Take my body, take it from me
It is not worthy of your memory

I remember you undressing
As I set myself on fire
And the funeral was quick
As I lay lifeless on your pyre
Well it's a kind of desperation
And it's just something you can't fake
Oh I might as well be anyone's to take

So I give myself to strangers
Like I gave myself to you
But the unity I felt
has been replaced by something new
Now I am Helen and I am Mary Jane
I'm Robert and I am Paul
Oh I might as well be anyone at all
Yes I might as well be anyone at all
Oh I might as well be anyone at all
Oh I might as well be anyone at all