

Remember

Depressive Age

Hello my sailor!
I am married now and I write you from Lyon,
I drink no more,
I smoke real less, you know 'cause I'm pregnant since
You've been gone.
My husband says he'll bring him up
Like if he is his own son.
He's a banker and he leads me out, dinner, dancing, what I want
.
Remember, "je t'aime, taverne noir", I see yet the snack
Booth on your pants.
I'll never forget your sailor mirth,
How you picked up every comb out of the dirt.
His name is Jaques. He said this is mother's ring.
Take it as a proof for my love.
And our new flat is on the opera park, really nice for my little
e dogs.
Excuse me. Want you to know what's true?
I've no ring and there's no man.
I need fivethousand for the abortion.
Please! Send it fast as fast as you can!
Remember, "je t'aime, taverne noir" I can't find the one
For whom I yearn. You know 'bout your hurting sailor flirts.
Pick me up like every comb you'd found in the dirt.
Remember, "je t'aime, taverne noir", I see yet the snack
Booth on your pants.
I'll never forget your sailor mirth,
How you picked up every comb out of the dirt.
Like his own son
Dancing, dinner, what I want
A ring and a wedding dress
French whispers in sweet caress