

Pauvre Coeur

Jillette Johnson

If I recall it was a Friday
Gentle hum before the war
You were high and watching poker
And I had just walked in the door
You started screaming at the TV
Saying, make a play you filthy whore
And I was trying to make you see me
Like the way you did before

So I took off my clothes and I opened a bottle
And told you I'd do whatever you wanted
Naked on the floor, crying I'm too beautiful

Oh my poor, poor, pauvre coeur
Beats no more

Dare I say I was enamored
By the stories of your pain
You were darkened in the wild fight
And I was tangled in your mane
But God forbid you would get angry
I had to dive out of the way
You'd be gunning for me blindly
And there was nothing I could say

But I love you, don't do this, is it it really worth it
That's not very Buddhist and I don't deserve it
I'm naked on the floor, crying I'm too beautiful

Oh my poor, poor, pauvre coeur
Beats no more
Poor, pauvre coeur
Beats no more

Making me nauseous, open elevator
I'm stuck in the middle, there's nobody out there
To pull me off my sword
I am far too beautiful
To be yours