

## Pavanne

June Tabor

Pavanne, cold steel woman Pavanne.  
How do you love a woman  
With eyes cold as the barrel of her gun?  
Who's never missed her mark on anyone?  
Pavanne, Pavanne, Pavanne.

Casino doors swing open, the rich men raise their eyes,  
They say, "Who is this beauty as elegant as ice?"  
And later there's an accident, another charge  
d'affaires  
Is lying in a pool of blood, no witness anywhere.  
And they say she was a hundred miles away,  
The hotel porter saw her climb the stairs  
And the maid with trembling hands knows what to say  
When the judge says, "Are you sure?" "I'm sure," she  
swears.

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At the presidential palace, a thousand people saw  
His excellency leave his car and never make the door.  
The blood flows from his fingers as he clutches at the  
stain,  
He staggers like a drunken man, lies twisted in the  
rain.  
And they say she grew up well provided for,  
Her mother used to keep her boys for sure.  
And father's close attentions led to talk,  
She learned to stab her food with a silver fork.

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And they say she didn't do it for the money,  
And they say she didn't do it for a man.  
They say that she did it for the pleasure,  
The pleasure of the moment.

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How do you stop this woman  
When everyone is moving in a trance?  
Like prisoners of some slow, courtly dance?  
Pavanne, Pavanne, Pavanne,  
Pavanne, Pavanne, Pavanne.