

He was a child, I was a child
Sentimental and wild
Now we're resting
Now we're resting

For twelve short years, we lived out of health
And of prosperous wealth
Oh, my dearest
Oh, my dearest

My only portrait to remind you
My wine on your old cloak
My voice sustained in our piano
Comme les carillons de notre nuit de nocces

Heir of my illness, writer of all
The stories and the words
That I'm wanting
That I'm haunting

When your heart is on your sleeve
Then I'll bid you my sweet adieu
Don't forget me
Don't forget me

The other woman to explain
Her letters I deplore
I'm the flare inside your sorry dark eyes
And I'll leave you nevermore