

## Duvalier's Dream

Kris Kristofferson

Duvalier was a bitter man who cursed the morning sun  
That brought a new betrayal every day.  
He shunned the world of mortals and the sound of human tongues  
And blessed the night that chased their sight away.  
A disillusioned dreamer who would never love again  
Who'd tried of it and found that it was rotten.  
Preferring perfect strangers to the company of friends  
Because strangers are so easily forgotten.

Oh, it's hard to keep believing when you know you've been deceived.  
To face a lie and dare to try again,  
But there's nothing like a woman with a spell of make believe  
To make a new believer of a man.

Duvalier took the fickle turns of fortune in his stride  
Expecting next to nothing out of life.  
Till fortune found a girl who fanned a flame he thought had died  
Whose burning beauty cut him like a knife.  
She touched him through the senses that his mind could not control.  
Then smiling stepped aside and watched him fall.  
Betrayed by his own body and the hunger in his soul  
Duvalier was a dreamer after all.

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