

Madame Trudeau

Kt Tunstall

Shimmy down and bail out
The side room of your hotel
Seems your dear diary
Didn't know you so well
What real grandeur had your
Weekends to shout about
Seems you had a way out
Yes you had a way out

Starting to kick in
Wanting to feel it
Something's coming out
Starting to feel it
Wanting to feel it
Sun is coming out

You're getting used to your
Exotic, embryonic new world
There's a reflection of
The goddess adulteress
In your pearls
Go on be honest
What's been the best time of your life
Please say it was chasing wood
While you were the President's wife

Starting to kick in
Wanting to feel it
Something's coming out
Starting to feel it
Wanting to feel it
Sun is coming out

She's the one
Running out the door
She got the gris-gris on
And she's shouting I want more
Yeah give me more

And never again
Will you be accused
Of being something you are not
In light of the incident
With that little piece of
Clothing you forgot
And now your cheveux
Has gone grey
And you're standing by the fire
Your repertoire is so stellar
I can't help but admire

Starting to kick in
Wanting to feel it
Something's coming out
Starting to feel it
Want it to kick in
Sun is coming out

She's the one
Running out the door
She got the gris-gris on
And she's shouting I want more
Yeah give me more

You're a cold bird Madame Trudeaux
Lead the way so others follow
Of all the things that you could do
They never thought of this