

Half The Perfect World

Madeleine Peyroux

Every night he'd come to me
I'd cook for him, I'd pour his tea
I was in my thirties then
Had made some money, lived with men

We'd lay us down to give and get
Beneath the white mosquito net
And since no counting had begun
We lived a thousand years in one

The candles burned
The moon went down
The polished hill
The milky town
Transparent, weightless, luminous
Uncovering the two of us
On that fundamental ground
Where love's unwilled, unleashed, unbound
And half the perfect world is found

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