

Walking With Satie

Malcolm McLaren

Tracing back my steps in time
All I do is think about you Charlotte
And the love is left behind
I first saw Paris in Soho when I was thirteen

Sitting on a coffin drinking coffee
I wore black on black with negative feelings
I often go to Paris to live yesterday tomorrow
Because Paris is a place of dreams

Francoise Hardy, tous les garçons et les filles
Juliette Greco, Jeanne Moreau and Catherine Deneuve
And I'm walking with Eric Satie
Along the boulevards of Paris in the springtime

Un orchestre d'oiseaux, every so often breaks
This map of feelings
Drifting through these landscapes of love
Watching strays from Pere Lacheise

Can you hear the cats purr?
Can you hear the master?
Stone against their velvet fur

Girls who travel the metro
Stroking white mice they carry in their pockets
Lost in a day dream

Daydreaming to be loved by someone
Hurtling myself down into the metro
A train of Latin and African percussion
Turns my day into night

The rhythm of life
The constant arguments between lovers
He wants to listen to the news
She wants to listen to the music