

Pavanne

Richard Thompson

Pavanne, cold steel woman Pavanne
How do you love a woman
With eyes cold as the barrel of her gun
Who's never missed her mark on anyone
Pavanne, Pavanne, Pavanne

Casino doors swing open, the rich men raise their eyes
They say who is this beauty as elegant as ice
And later there's an accident, another charge d'affair
Is lying in a pool of blood, no witness anywhere
And they say she was a hundred miles away
The hotel porter saw her climb the stairs
And the maid with trembling hands knows what to say
When the judge says "Are you sure," "I'm sure" she swears

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At the presidential palace a thousand people saw
His excellency leave his car and never make the door
The blood flows from his fingers as he clutches at the stain
He staggers like a drunken man, lies twisted in the rain
And they say she grew up well provided for
Her mother used to keep her boys for sure
And father's close attentions led to talk
She learned to stab her food with a silver fork

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And they say she didn't do it for the money
And they say she didn't do it for a man
They say that she did it for the pleasure
The pleasure of the moment

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How do you stop this woman
When everyone is moving in a trance
Like prisoners of some slow, courtly dance
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