

## 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 your 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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