

# The Bridge

Scott Walker

I've watched her from the river banks  
I knew her when she danced with dreams  
White doves were there to dress her hair  
And so was Madelaine

At night the people's faces danced  
Like pearls colliding on the breast  
Of fat Marie whose thunder laugh  
Was just a thread from crying

Her sailors stained her cobblestones  
With wine and piss and death desire  
And sometimes blood for Madelaine  
Whose laughter was the night

Her girls would lift their dresses high  
and breathe the stars and kiss the sky  
She'd smother them with whispers then  
Embrace them with her sighs

Before the bottle dulled my eyes  
And made me so I couldn't stand  
I'd overact and play the clown  
When Madelaine would cry

And now I watch from riverbanks  
I watch it weave it's memories  
White doves turned gray and flew away  
And so did Madelaine