THE MORE I SEE YOU, THE MORE I LOVE YOU

Day after day, every little second
The love grows and returns to me almost insane
Like a storm which goes up and which thunders
Like a lightning which falls on us

REFRAIN:And the more time goes, the more you are with me
------- And the more I see you, the more I want you

The more the day shivers and the more you give yourself
And the more I see you, the more I want you
And if the nights are hot, you would have the cause
And the more I see you, the more I want you

When you go I do not know how to live
Without your presence time turns in neutral

REFRAIN.

The more I am at the edge, the more you return to me insane
And the more I see you, the more I want you
When the night returns I seek you hands
And the more I see you, the more I want you

THE LINE OF THE LIFE

Staying alone on an empty quay
As if waiting for somebody
To repeat again that she left, that everything capsizes
Understanding nothing about it
Understanding nothing about it

REFRAIN:Where the train takes you away
------- From also far where you return
You will return to me
I will need it so much
Don't you see by signs
What the chance draw us
I have your life line
Traced in my hand

You lived only by your dreams
I saw only by <miens>
The fairy-tale was beating the air
We loved each other as well as badly
We loved each other as well as badly

REFRAIN.

Let us live our angers together
And our tendernesses and our sorrows
To make love, to make the war
Which are written in your hand
Which is written in my hand

REFRAIN.

THE STREET SINGER

ON the corner of the streets in front of the cafe
And for the lines of cinema, the fallen night
He sang songs of all the countries
Which however were only with him

And the passers-by stopped at the time of a refrain
Thinking that he could have made his path
But he did not want that path
And his life suited him well

REFRAIN:As long as there is his song to sing
------ And somebody more or less
Who is delayed to listen to it
As long as the girls are beautiful
As long as the sun is eager to shine
As long as he can still dream
One does not need money to be rich
What count is fame, it is enough to live well
To love the life for what it is
And he sang

But people who cannot see their than their life
Said: "Here is the youth of today
If everyone did only what he likes
What would become the country"

REFRAIN.

And then looked at them regaining each night
Their small house, their happiness in credit
Their regular loves, contracted by notaries
He did not envy them

REFRAIN(1/2).

IT’S MY ROUND

REFRAIN:Come on, it is my round
------- Attention Paris, take care
Let’s drink for your health
Your cellars will not rise
Come on, it is my round
Attention Mesdames, here we are
Let’s drink for the health
Of those who were loved only once

Neons which flicker on girls without joy
The butlers who solicit from under the fleet
Bardot of Lisbon, which is thinned out the leaves of a tired air
The old Paris is not as merry as that

Let’s changes by clink
I know a place
Where the customers are funnier
Let’s pack the bag
And Clara good evening

REFRAIN.

The boy looks at us, but tell me what he has
To pose all the chairs on the tables?
It is nevertheless incredible, at the time when there is one more cat,
Let’s take all the last and leave

Let your neighbor drop by
You are annoyed about it, you see it well
And I let her girlfriend drop by
Come on, I am sleepy, let’s come here again
Yes but tomorrow

But tomorrow it is my round...
(REFRAIN.)

THAT WON’T CHANGE THE WORLD

It is funny, you left
And yet you are still here
Since everybody speaks to me about you
A woman perfume, the echo of your voice
Your farewell, I do not believe it at all
It’s a goodbye, almost an appointment

That will not change the world
It has turned too much without us
It will always rain over London
Nothing will change at all
What can surely make it open
The door which was closed again
We loved each other, do not speak about it more
And the life continues

That will not change the world
That you move your house
The world, it will go on,
And there will be a good reason for it
The dust of a star
That’s what makes the Milky Way shine
We loved each other, do not speak about it more
And the life continues

That will not change the world
That will not disturb it
The world, it is the same as it was
It is you only who has changed
As for me, I remained same
The one who believed that you loved him
It was not true, do not speak about it more
And the life continues

THE PORTUGUES

With his powerful pick
He digs the furrow
Of the road of tomorrow
He puts heart at it

the sun and freezing
Are written on his hands

The Portuguese in his very red wax
Which resembles a scarecrow
You saw the strange ploughman
Of the concrete meadows and the fields of rubble

REFRAIN:It is necessary to go on journeys
------- It is necessary to make roads
It is not in his village anymore
That one can gain his bread
Far from his roof, of his city
Five hundred miles towards north
The evening in a shantytown
The Portuguese falls asleep

He arrived
At the Station of Austerlitz
It’s already two years
He has the only one idea
To earn a lot of money
And to return over there

The Portuguese in his very red wax
Which resembles a scarecrow
He does not hear you
He is on the way which leads to Portugal

REFRAIN.

ONCE WE WERE TWO

REFRAIN:Remember, it was Thursday
------- Remember, we followed
The path of lovers
It was once we were two
Remember, it was the great day
The great step towards the great love
It was even better than that
We were two, that was once

A motel on the road to the port
A banal evening
Two customers, a receptionist who falls asleep
On his newspaper
He gives a key to each of us
He says to us "Good evening"
In the morning we reserved rooms apart
We do not dare to show that we’ve hardly loved
For eighteen years

REFRAIN.

We took the fourteen randomly,
A little <génés>
Then your dress slipped into the black
We loved each other
When later the boy came to bring to us
Two coffees with a listening smile

You hid
He did not see that you cried
The child who went itself from there

REFRAIN.

IN THE EYES OF ÉMILIE

In its district of old Quebec
The street seem to have the accent
And the year two thousand neighbors with
The house gray from old times
   But the winter come to burst
   The St.Lawrence be prisoner
   Of one December which go well last six month
   When the days resemble with nights
   Without break to hope
   Which can believe that the summer will return to us

REFRAIN:Me, I had the sun
------- Jour and night
        in the eyes of Émilie
        I <rechauffais> my life with her smile
        Me, I had the sun
        Night and day in the eyes of the love
        And the melancholy of the sun of Émilie
        Became joy in life

In its district of old Quebec
When the roofs become again green
When the children have the dry feet
They turn their backs to winter
   It is the festival of spring
   The great return of the St.Lawrence
   One would say that people leave the ground
   But Émilie is not any more with me
   I am cold for the first time
   I have neither her heat any more, nor her light

REFRAIN.

In that time, I had the sun...
(REFRAIN.)

THE YOUNG LADY OF DISHONOR

She made the pavement along the church
There are many priests who request in the street
She was twenty years old of honest services
Twenty years of good life and little virtues

   And in that time I went to confession
   Every Wednesday at quarter after seven
   I was the last to speak about buttocks
   And if I thought of it it was by chance

REFRAIN:My young lady of dishonour

------- My first love for fifteen minutes

That Wednesday I was ahead of time
I had missed the lesson of French
And I was going to remake myself a good conscience
When I heard: "Come here, baby"

   A glance in front of, a glance behind
   I was the only kid in hundred miles around
   Then I followed making my prayer
   I wanted to make the apostle and I made love

REFRAIN(twice).

And there is stupidity in this obscure room
In this room without joy, without flowers with the curtains
It is there that I received the first wound
Lefté my childhood with the davit

   One can better dream for his great first
   Of couchers of sun or of fields of lilies of the valley
   But I recited only three Our-Father
   Two minutes of remorse, one zero in French

REFRAIN.

MARIE-JEANNE

It was on June four, the sun typed since the morning
I dealt with the vine and my brother charged the hay
And the hour of the lunch come, one is turned over to the house
And our mother shouted from the kitchen: "Wipe your feet on the door mat"
Then she says to us that she had news of Borough-the-Essonnes
This morning Marie-Jeanne Guillaume crossed the bridge over the Garonne

   And my father called to my mother while passing the dish of gratin to us:
   "This Marie-Jeanne, she was not very malignant, thus pass me the bread.
   There are well still two hectares to plow in the field of the cane."
   And mom says: "You see, when I think of it, it is nevertheless stupid for this po
   One would say that it never arrives nothing good at Borough-the-Essonnes
   And here is that Marie-Jeanne Guillaume will cross the bridge over the Garonne "

And my brother says that he remembered when he and me and big Nicolas
One had put a frog in the back of Marie-Jeanne one evening at the cinema
And he says to me: "You remember, you spoke to him this Sunday near the church
Give me a little wine, life is quite unfair
To say that I saw him with the sawmill yesterday in Borough-the-Essonnes
And that today Marie-Jeanne crossed the bridge over the Garonne"

   Mom said to me finally: "My big, you do not have much appetite
   I cooked all this morning, and you touched nothing, took nothing
   Tell me, the sister of this young priest passed by car
   She said to me that she would come for dinner on Sunday. Oh! and by the way
   She says that she has seen a boy which resembles with you in Borough-the-Essonnes
   And he and Marie-Jeanne threw something from the bridge over the Garonne"

The whole year passed, nobody spoke any more of Marie-Jeanne
My brother which married has taken a store with his woman
The influenza came by on our premises and my father died in January

Since then mom has no more desire to make big dinner, she is always tired
And I go from time to time to collect some flowers on the side of Essonnes
And I throw them into the muddy water from the top of the bridge over the Garonne

THE GANG OF BONNOT

At the General Company
A car started and in terror
The gang of Bonnot put on the veils
Carrying the satchel of the boy payer
In Of Dion-Button which hid the robbers c
Octave counted the value papers and currency
With Raymond-the-Science
The gangsters in the car
It was the gang of Bonnot

The banks shouted "Miserable!"
When the noise from the powerful engine moved away
How to <rattrapper> the culprits
Who fled with high speed of thirty five miles per hour
On the roads of France, swallows and gendarmes
Were with their cases, were night and day alarms
Some in cap with visor, the gangsters in the car
It was the gang of Bonnot

REFRAIN:But Bonnot dreamed of the de luxe hotels
------- And of the blue sky of Monte-Carlo
In fact he wanted quickly to line up cars

But a beautiful morning the police
Circled the house of Jules Bonnot
A Choisy, with his accomplices
Who took a little rest in his room
All Paris arrived at foot, by tram and train
With rifles, guns and clubs
Howling of the balconies, the gangsters in the car
It was the the band of Bonnot

REFRAIN:And shackles on the hands
------- Tragic destiny
Then for the last race
One put in the van
The gang of Bonnot

IN THE FOG OF THE MORNING

In the fog of the morning
A piece between fingers
Sorrow in the heart
No reason to come back home

On an airport
As one would like to fly away
In the fog of the morning
Nowhere to go

On the track of the departure

The first caravel
Disappearing in the fog
I see its wings scintillating

I have rain in the eyes
In the throat an alcohol taste
But already I see it
Who took its take-off

In the fog of the morning
She leaves only one wake
Before leaving to far
Everything above the clouds

Where the sky is always blue
Where it never rains
She will fly at noon
Above my country

All that <fout> me the cockroach
It was nailed there on the ground
I have the eyes full with fog
I feel smoke, I feel alcohol

It would be better for me
To turn over on my steps

REFRAIN:To go from there a little further
------- In the fog of the morning

REFRAIN.

MY VILLAGE AT THE END OF THE WORLD

The wind is engulfed in my bag
And on my road there are holes
I saw so many streets,
I saw so many churches
But most beautiful were on our premises

My village is far, at the other end of the world
And my house is just a song
Like snow, my dreams melt
Let's drink, my brothers, the vagrants

From the Caribbean to the Philippines
I trailed my carcass a little everywhere
But the paths which lead to our hills
Had soft stones for my naked feet

My comrades at the other end of the world
Forgot me, it's quite fair
I send them a dove
Let's drink, my brothers, for their health

The wind is engulfed in my bag
<Pourtant> the chance often came
It is quite brave, no matter what they say
But one should not too much sleep above

Poverty misses charm sometimes
But the grass is soft for unhappy
No more talk and more tars
Come to me, my brothers to say good-bye

VADE RETRO

If you sing: "My bag on the drawer"
It is won, you found the method
In six months you will be in the fashion
Don't think too much, vade retro

I saw a small church
Very close to the soft <caboulot>
It too was in the the time of the cherries
Don't think too much, vade retro

REFRAIN: The rengaine, it is the same thing since the Greeks and Ostrogoths
And you dance, you move forward with move back as in a tango
You turn around, you return to the beginning
You see the new wave leaving from the bottom of an old drawer

If your girl friend puts on the dresses
Which went in "Cléo de Mérode"
It is not for pleasure, it the fashion
Don't think too much, vade retro

I saw oil kings
Flamber in Monte-Carlo
Hold on, these are the mad years
Don't think too much, vade retro

REFRAIN: The rengaine, it is the same thing since the Greeks and Ostrogoths
And you dance, you move forward with move back as in a tango
You turn around, you return to the beginning
You see the new wave leaving from the bottom of an old drawer

Everybody has his beautiful time
For him, it is the rococo
For you, it is the time of the rock'n'roll
Don't think too much, vade retro

IT IS NECESSARY TO BE BORN IN MONACO

To have the faith - it is necessary to be a coalman
To be badly fitted - it is necessary to be a shoe-maker
To allure the crowd - is necessary to sing the bunch of mussels
And not to pay taxes - it is necessary to be born in Monaco!

And it is like that, honnored is who badly thinks
It is necessary to suffer in silence
That is used when you want to leave France
When are you <auvergnat>?

REFRAIN: You cannot at exactly the same time
<Siffler> the aperitif and the opera
It is obvious that you cannot

Pay cash when you are not content!
And reciprocally...

To be a Legion soldier - is necessary to feel hot sand
To say the verses well - it is necessary to be Moulineaux
To make deals - is necessary to know how to pay a pot
And not to pay taxes - it is necessary to be born in Monaco!

And it is like that, the Englishmen are British
The gardens are botanical
That is used when you want to leave Africa
When are you from Ghana?

REFRAIN.

To be strapping man - is necessary to eat spinaches
To rise early - it is not necessary to lie down late
When one is Cousteau - is necessary to put on a beautiful suit
And not to pay taxes - it is necessary to be born in Monaco!

And it is like that, as said La Fontaine
Mironton, Mirontaine
That is used when you want to leave the scene
When are you not retained?

REFRAIN.

BIP-BIP

At this hour it is always the same thing
Nobody advances anymore
People hustle
Hold on, one more appointment to fail
After all, it is not serious
The weather is beautiful!
And then the main thing is never to be irritated
Calm down, calm down

It is half past seven on the Square of Harmony
The taxi driver shows the teeth to bite
The arm on the door I look at the water jets
The sun is shining beep beep
Oh do not frighten the little birds

I have appointment this evening with the girl of my boss
She smokes a cigar, she has very small very round eyes
If I am late it is always gained
The sun is shining beep beep
Oh really I am not in a hurry

But the girl of at side in the cabrio car
My exasperated mother beckons to me to advance
But it is already too late still a green light of last
She has eyes beep beep
Oh she is ready to shoot me

That made more than one fifteen minutes that in
circulation I would like to do a little conversation

But it well to him is the stormy shower which comes all to arrange It rains buckets beep beep Oh the rain fall to him on the nose

It is disabled that it is beautiful under the fleet I will help it to give its Bientt hood in its shelter here
it is which smiles to me I am soaked beep beep Oh I have the air of a good beautiful wet dog

And here is the green fire which has been just re-ignited I pass on the first and each one on its side Of a sign of the hand Goodbye and at tomorrow

Ouais, ouais that goes It will make sun beep beep

IT IS THE LIFE, LILY

It is the life, Lily When you go in the streets of the city Everyone admires you and your smiles And your youth make dream the soldiers

It is the life, Lily When you go in the streets of the city Which you are beautiful, not very faithful Trop often you flirtes with the soldiers

REFRAIN: Turn, turns, time passes In your eyes in front of your ice But you, you do not see it passing

It is the life, my Lily When you go in the streets Vendre city pinks or other thing But you give so many nights to the soldiers

REFRAIN.

It is the life, my Lily When you sleep in the streets of the city You are quite old, you remember That
formerly you made dream the soldiers

REFRAIN.

LIKE THE MOON

One day that I showed my rifle with an unknown It says me that it was beautiful especially with my name engraved above At this point in time it turns over it, that it points the gun on me is said: " High hands! ", then greets me and from goes away

REFRAIN: And I was like the Pas moon proud of me But without resentment the life, it is like that Ouais, it is
like that

The following day in the newspapers I learn that I am

required One said under my photograph that
the bank had been stolen And that I had forgotten
my rifle on comtoir it I crushed black by reading
my duck

REFRAIN.

A few days later it came to see me in my prison
It was with my wife than I believed in the house It
had the grained air and it says to me with eyes
of angel " One came to see you to bring oranges "

REFRAIN.

Fortunately in my prison I manufactured myself in
a few times Of the shoes with heels behind and of
the heels in front of So that my geliers did not
know which side I went When they saw me passing,
they could not me catch

REFRAIN2: They were like the moon A little btas But
without Lav resentment, it is like that Ouais, it is
like that

EXCUSE ME, LADY

You changed well pace With your nose with the sky
And your eyes which flicker Your p' tit dog
which shivers You do not mislead me Va with your
cinema Your dress and your shoes Of the color
of your car

Excuse to me lady, with others but not with me

You were never tender It was well too rich You
were to include/understand Him to it wolf and you it
hind For a double thunderbolt They is really very
happy And you can throw powder With the eyes
of which you want But...

Excuse to me lady, with others but not with me
Excuse me lady, others but not with me

Te remember nevertheless When one was Bohemian It
was always the festival One lived of love
and of white coffee You, you took your road Me, I
followed mine You I undoubtedly missed you well
But since presently I do not have of it any more
a sorrow

Excuse to me lady, has others but not has me

With others but not with me Oh not, with others
but not with me, not with me A of others but not
with me A someone else if you want...

BILLY FROM BORDEAUX

As of its birth It is insane when one thinks of it With violence It pushed back milk That its nurse a girl without Venue mischievousness from Switzerland Gentiment gave him

Because the good wine of Saint Emilion That gives you a heart of lion A condition of putting some in the feeding-bottles It was a baby neither beautiful, nor ugly With small calves But already the world called it Billy the Of Bordeaux one (who?) Billy the Of Bordeaux one

The terrible child Detested morbid this liquid Which one calls of the worst water Being the English fleet Billy at ease avenged Us for Waterloo

Because the good wine of Saint Emilion That gives you a heart of Ah lion which was content Napoleon It says to Billy " You you I like it For all that you made Me I give you Burgundy " Billy the Of Bordeaux one (which that?) Billy the Of Bordeaux one

Of Castille A the Caribbean Sea All the girls De Billy raffolaient Of Msalines Of the queens and from the tsarina Of the Ursulines Everyone passed there

Because the good wine of Saint Emilion That you give a heart of lion For trousser the underskirt and the cotillion With all the child that it have make I me ask whether you be Or if I be not a bastard of Billy the Of Bordeaux (which?) Billy the Of Bordeaux one

Dear Sirs, Mesdames Voici the end of the drama the good-bye to the weapons Let your tears run Billy single Billy splendid It is historical died assassinated

Because the good wine of Saint Emilion That gives you a heart of lion But the enemy watched for the poor boy One slipped to him inside his glass Of water with amount mortal It died in the last glouglou

Billy the Of Bordeaux one (who?) Billy the Of Bordeaux one (not!) Billy the Of Bordeaux one (is it true?) Billy the Of Bordeaux one

Prince, Duke or Marquis Or Mister de Bordeaux Your blood are made of wine Bien more than it is it of water As, I dedicate this attaching history to you Hoping as tomorrow, you also you it sing

BLUE COUNTRY

If you want to know the country Where the songs are never completely merry, Jamais completely sad, But where they are always tinted of blue. Blue as the sky when it is released Bleu as the melancholy when it becomes a music

Come!

Come with me, destination Blue Country Viens with me, take my guitar, as a boat is taken. On a solo of harmonica, an agreement of piano Viens one from goes away, destination Blue Country

AND THE LOVE WENT AWAY

A rain of summer in the very early morning And in the old city where one is a day already tomorrow will start and I feel lost As a broken toy that you would have seen already too much Of which your large eyes of child would not like any more

And the love be there, and the love himself of go You leave with him, it die with me One have in vain request, one have in vain shout The love we forget, how it forget That be used for nothing to himself use the heart To seek the hand which himself tighten elsewhere You hold well high, the head out of water When one be already so far of boat And the love be there, and the love himself of go As a hurricane that one stop not Like a horse insane which run anywhere Captivating time, foutant oneself of all One exceeded flight of the birds One was crushed the heart of pieces In the insane round of the days which fly away the love was there, and the love from goes away

And in the old city which so much saw of it passing an indifferent world realises pretence But I know well that it lies since you decided it It broke, the life arrete itself

And the love be there, and the love himself of go You leave with him, it die with me One have in vain request, one have in vain shout The love we forget, how it forget That be useful with nothing to himself use the heart To seek the hand which himself tighten elsewhere You hold well high, the head out of water When one be already so far of boat And the love be there, and the love himself of go As a hurricane that one stop not Like a horse insane which run anywhere Captivating the time, himself foutant of all One have exceed some flight of bird One was crushed the heart of pieces In the insane round of the days which fly away the love was there, and the love from there goes itself

SO DRUNK, SO SMOKED

I do not even remember the color of his eyes, I believe well that they was green, I bet that they were blue. I remember only that I liked them, Tellement drunk, so smoked.

In my report fog, I do not find any more his first name. In my smoked ideas I make hardly his draft. I do not know any more that she said, except that I there believed, Tellement smoked, so drunk.

Is the lapse of memory that due to what? Ice floes in glass. A halation of tobacco, Dancing in the light. Ca is due to nothing the whole, the lapse of memory, It is like the life.

vaguely re-examine a badly furnished studio. But which could tell me the color of paper? Y' had surely a bed, since one liked, Tellement drunk, so smoked.

Is the lapse of memory that due to which? An unknown factor which passes. Who is mislaid one night, At the bottom of my dead end. The lapse of memory that is due to nothing the whole, But not to us.

A running away in Normandy, to sprinkle beautiful time. A return in Paris, I do not know too much any more how. Except the vague impression that it was foutu. So smoked, so drunk.

What I am idiot to have torn his photograph. I would like to re-examine it, I have more his number. In any event I cannot telephone any more.

JOYS OF FOOD

I give all to my shirts to the automatic laundry the caretaker assembles me my coffee and my slices of bread But the life is not easy without the joys of the kitchen

I smoke only of the havanes, I drink " Castle Laffitte " I have beautiful silk cloths but it is hardly if I benefit from it If there is a thing which I miss, they are well the joys of the kitchen

Me which follows health, me which hates the mode Which never made Carème, they are not the evenings that I dine And yet God knows if I like the joys of the kitchen

By pity for a poor fellow that the dishes of the day depress is there nobody to save me famine And which is also carried on the joys of the kitchen the kitchen, kitchen

I CHANGE THE WIND A LITTLE

I do not know from where it comes I do not know where it goes I do not know where goes this train
Which carries me far from you

I did not take that a viex cap I jumped in this coach Which transports horses And I will go where
they go

You were however pretty But it is necessary from time to time That I change a little life Which I
change a little wind

HOW LONG TO FORGET YOU

You cannot anything any more for me Seulement to move away from me to deviate a little my sun
You put in front of my Tant eyes of small blue flowers I had never seen anything of similar

But how much takes it time to forget you, to forget you How long to forget you

It is well there, all my misfortune You were the only girl That never I should not have crossed I had
given you my heart You wanted already my life One moment I believed any more you to leave

REFRAIN.

And if our loves, my beautiful, burned Me a little wings I do not have the shade of Pense regret of it
of me, I greet you I never had known, neither held Nor seen the love of so close

REFRAIN.

BYE BYE LUIS

Louis made the wall the wall of Fresnes in the frieze Of the aumonier, it was sure Of sound breviaire
and of its tonsure And it said itself " I am there, I am there, finally I am there! " It is in the church
that it was gathered

Then it was made the Blotti trunk in a bag of Déguisé fabric in linen salts All his friends surrounded
already

The laundry " I am there, I am there " - how he said to them But the chickens were there too!

Oh bye bye Louis, bye bye bye Oh bye bye Louis It is the life, it is the life, Louis!

And on the wall of its prison It Once more engraves a small stick That made soixante-douze
escapes it failed Voir his wife and the small ones Which impatiententent at the house the walk in row
by three the balls, soup with the Louis peas does not have the taste with that Bye bye Louis, Louis
bye bye

In the prison which sleeps Peuplée dreams of safe alarm sounds and each one comes out to see
Louis who still escapes And who exclaims " I am there, I am there, this time I am there! " Then one
brings back it in sound reads

REFRAIN.

The buddies say: " t'en do not do That ruffle for another time " But Louis is dark with violin A the
thought which his/her Font friends of breakages in the South While in the shade it morfond A
nothing to be made his ten fingers It loses the hand for this work It had the taste with that so much
Bye bye Louis, Louis bye bye

Of Alcatraz with Fresnes De Tsin-Tsin with Saint-Hélène still Turns the rengaine Which repeats
the vain prowesses Of Louis: " I am there, I am " Poor Louis there!

THE DAUGHTER OF THE SHERIFF

One said of the sheriff of Calhoun City That it supervised closely his daughter Anna Lee Malheur
with that which sang its song to him It was sure to finish it with the violin

It is true that Anna Lee thought only of that And Sunday while Pasteur preached here it is who
comes to rub against me And which spins me an appointment not very discrete

I failed to answer him of agreement on all But in the eyes of his/her father y' had bazookas I
included/understood and I took my legs with my neck At this point in time it whistled me: " You will
regrettras it "

slept with closed fists when one struck I opened to the sheriff and with his assistant He said to me:
" Wire, Anna Lee awaits a baby " I answered: " I do not know this child " It one makes my lawsuit
and I recolté Quante-vingt-douze years of which two with deferment I said myself that I would
have time to learn how to count And to think of this salope of Anna Lee

Like a good claustrophobic, I plated sheet And I beat the record of the marathon a buddy of regiment lent his pad to me But the sheriff was always close on my heels

A few years passed and it is not the festival This family of chickens I would not be made there Anna Lee in my bed, the old man with the retirement And it white nozzle again sheriff who says to me: " Dad "

IF I SAY "I LOVE YOU"

Quay of station, evening of cockroach, Return towards the large school, I am fourteen years old, it almost as much His small name it is Nicole It from goes away, I remain there And I pay him a book, a p' tit message between the pages Which it will read in the train

If a beautiful day I say " I like you " Especially t'en do not make If a beautiful day I say " I love you "
It will surely be with you

Since this time I am often All at the edge of the great love But as I am afraid of replonger, My promises turn short. However I believe each time it in

his crowned happiness And I distinctly intend myself to lie to Them of all my heart

If a beautiful day I say " I like you " Especially t'en do not make If a beautiful day I say " I love you "
It will surely be with you

Ca is there, this time I know That you will be the last have You all that it is necessary, even the defects to take to me, to like Pourtant do not have you confidence in me And you believe stupidly that I lie When I write these nice words to you That I never wrote front

If a beautiful day I say " I like you " Especially t'en do not make If a beautiful day I say " I love you "
It will be sure

LET'S GO FROM HERE

One is hardly a kid who it is already necessary to grow a little One is hardly a man who one feels to become old One wants to force the chance, one wants to change the life And one from goes away, and then one from goes away And then the

life changes us, one does not want of it more
And one from goes away, one from goes away

The promised ground, one sees it only by far the promised ground, it is always for tomorrow When one stops on the edge of the Voilà path that one awakes us our dreams before the end

The day or the love passes, it is believed that one flies away And one from goes away, and then one from goes away But the loves break, the dream dégringole And one from goes away, one from goes away

The promised ground, one sees it only by far the promised ground, it is always for tomorrow When one stops on the edge of the Voilà path that one awakes us our dreams before the end

Do our friendships often finish at the end of the season And you my old accomplice, which winds of winter will carry you? One enters the round, one taken some steps And one there from goes away, and then one from goes away time the one second and it is the end of the world And one from goes away, one from there goes itself