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 MadelaineAt night the people's faces danced
Like pearls colliding on the breast
Of fat Marie whose thunder laugh
Was just a thread from cryingHer sailors stained her cobblestones
With wine and piss and death desire
And sometimes blood for Madelaine
Whose laughter was the nightHer 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 sighsBefore the bottle dulled my eyes
And made me so I couldn't stand
I'd overact and play the clown
When Madelaine would cryAnd now I watch from riverbanks
I watch it weave it's memories
White doves turned gray and flew away
And so did Madelaine

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