

# La Complainte De La Butte

## La Complainte De La Butte

La lune trop bleme pose un diademe sur tes cheveux roux  
La lune trop rousse de gloire eclabousse ton jupon plein d'trous  
La lune trop pale caresse l'opale de tes yeux blases  
Princesse de la rue soit la bienvenue dans mon coeur brise

Chorus:

The stairways up to la butte  
Can make the wreched sigh  
While windmill wings of the moulin  
shelter you and I

Original Song:

[Les escaliers de la butte sont durs aux misereux  
Les ailes du moulin protegent les amoureux]  
Petite mandigotte je sens ta menotte qui cherche ma main  
Je sens ta poitrine et ta taille fine  
J'oublie mon chagrin  
Je sens sur tes levres une odeur de fievre de gosse mal nourri  
Et sous ta caresse je sens une ivresse qui m'aneantit

Chorus:

The stairways up to la butte  
Can make the wreched sigh  
While windmill wings of the moulin  
shelter you and I

Original Song:

[Les escaliers de la butte sont durs aux misereux  
Les ailes du moulin protegent les amoureux]

Et voila qu'elle trotte la lune qui flotte, la princesse aussi  
La da da da da da da da da

Mes reves epanouis

Les escaliers de la butte sont durs aux misereux  
Les ailes du moulin protegent les amoureux

English Translation:

The moon, all too fair, in your russet-red hair sets a sparkling crown  
The moon, all too red with glory, is spread on your poor, tattered gown  
The moon, all too white, caresses the light in your world-weary eyes  
Princess of the street, do allow me to greet you, my broken heart cries  
The steps of Montmartre, all uphill, are hardest on the poor  
The sails of the mill, like wings, shelter all paramours  
I feel, beggar-girl, your fetters, they curl as they seek out my wrists

I feel your young breasts, your thin little waist  
I lose my regrets  
I taste on your mouth the feverish breath of a half-starving waif  
And with your caress I sense drunkenness erasing my life  
The steps of Montmartre, all uphill, are hardest on the poor  
The sails of the mill, like wings, shelter all paramours  
And see how she skips, the moon how she drifts,  
The princess in tow  
Da da da da da da da da da  
My reveries grow  
The steps of Montmartre, all uphill, are hardest on the poor  
The sails of the mill, like wings, shelter all paramours

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