

Isadora

Robert Calvert

An empty stage swathed in velvet drapes
Curtain folds drawn in shadowscapes
Little girls swirl in the air
In their hair
They wear the flowers we threw And when they dance
They pretend their youth
Isadora
Je vie a la moi My windscreen's streaming
With jewels of rain
To and fro the wipers strain
As they sway and sway to clear the view And as they dance
They pretend their youth
Isadora
Je vie a la moi

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