

Ballade At Thirty-Five

Carla Bruni

This, no song of ingenue
This, no ballad of innocence
This, the rhyme of a lady who
Followed ever her natural bents
This, a solo of sapience
This, a chanter of sophistry
This, the sum of experiments
I loved them 'til they loved me
I loved them 'til they loved me
I loved them 'til they loved me
Decked in garments of sable hue
Daubed with ashes of myriad Lents
Wearing shower bouquets of rue
Walk I ever in penitence
Oft I roam, as my heart repents
Through God's acres of memory
Marking stones in my reverence
I loved them 'til they loved me
I loved them 'til they loved me
I loved them 'til they loved me
Pictures pass me in long review
Marching columns of dead events
I was tender and often true
Ever a prey to coincidence
Always knew I the consequence
Always saw what the end would be
We're as nature has made us hence
I loved them 'til they loved me
I loved them 'til they loved me
I loved them 'til they loved me
Princes, never I'd give offense
Won't you think of me tenderly?
You're my strength and my weakness, gents
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Songwriters

CARLA BRUNI Published by

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