Madam George

Van Morrison

Down on Cyprus Avenue, with a childlike vision leaping into view
Clicking, clacking of the high heeled shoe
Ford and Fitzroy, Madame George
Marching with the soldier boy behindHe's much older with hat on drinking wine
And that smell of sweet perfume comes drifting through
The cool night air like Shalimar
And outside they're making all the stops
The kids out in the street collecting bottle topsGone for cigarettes and matches in the shops
Happy taken Madame George, that's when you fall
Whoa, that's when you fall, yeah, that's when you fall
When you fall into a tranceA sitting on a sofa playing games of chance
With your folded arms and history books you glance
Into the eyes of Madame George and you think you found the bag
You're getting weaker and your knees begin to sagIn the corner playing dominoes in drag
The one and only Madame George
And then from outside the frosty window raps
She jumps up and says, "Lord, have mercy, I think it's the cops"And immediately drops everything she gots
Down into the street below and you know you gotta go
On that train from Dublin up to Sandy Row
Throwing pennies at the bridges down belowAnd the rain, hail, sleet and snow
Say goodbye to Madame George
Dry your eye for Madame George
Wonder, why for Madame George?And as you leave, the room is filled with music
Laughing, music, dancing, music all around the room
And all the little boys come around, walking away from it all
So cold and as you're about to leave
She jumps up and says, "Hey love, you forgot your gloves"
And the gloves to love to love the glovesTo say goodbye to Madame George
Dry your eye for Madame George
Wonder, why for Madame George?
Dry your eyes for Madame George
Say goodbye in the wind and the rain on the back streetIn the backstreet, in the back street
Say goodbye to Madame George
In the backstreet, in the back street, in the back street
Down home, down home in the back street, gotta goSay goodbye, goodbye, goodbye
Dry your eye, your eye, your eye, your eye, your eye
Say goodbye to Madame George
And the loves to love to love the love, say goodbye
Ooh, mmmSay goodbye, goodbye, goodbye

Goodbye to Madame George
Dry your eye for Madame George
Wonder, why for Madame George?The love's to love the, love's to love the, love's to love
Say goodbye, goodbye, get on the train
Get on the train, the train, the train
This is the train, this is the trainWhoa, say goodbye, goodbye
Get on the train, get on the train

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