

Marathon (Les Flamandes)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris

Music: Jacques Brel

Lyrics: Jacques Brel

English Lyrics: Eric Blau & Mort Schuman

Premiere: Monday, January 22, 1968

Join us now, we're on a marathon

We're always dancing when the music plays

Join us now, we're on a marathon

Dancing, dancing through the nights and days

We must dance because the Twenties roar

The Twenties roar because there's bathtub gin

Vo-de-o-do and the road to sin

The road to whoopee and a whole lot more

Charles A. Lindberg, tons of confetti

Dempsey-Tunney, Sacco and Vanzetti

Black, black Monday and the market drops

But we keep on dancing, dancing, we can't stop

Marathon, marathon

Mara, mara, marathon

Join us now, we're on a marathon

We're always dancing when the music plays

Join us now, we're on a marathon

Dancing, dancing through the nights and days

We must dance because the Thirties scream

The Thirties scream because the Horsemen ride

Orphan Annie lives, Daddy Warbucks dies

Breadlines, shanty towns, Frankenstein's bride

Adolf Hitler and the Siegfried follies

Joseph Stalin and a bag full of jollies

Call your broker and buy marzipan

While we keep on dancing, dancing on and on

Marathon, marathon

Mara, mara, marathon

Marathon, marathon

Mara, mara, marathon

Join us now, we're on a marathon

We're always dancing when the music plays

Join us now, we're on a marathon

Dancing, dancing through the nights and days

We must dance because the Forties burn

The Forties burn because the trumpets blare

The Yanks are coming, coming over there
Auschwitz, Edelweiss, Drang und Sturm
Manhattan Project, Robert Oppenheim
God makes mushrooms just as God makes time
Peace is sweet, man, like a lollipop
So we keep on dancing, dancing, we won't stop
Marathon, marathon
Mara, mara, marathon
Marathon, marathon
Mara, mara, marathon
Join us now, we're on a marathon
We're always dancing when the music plays
Join us now, we're on a marathon
Dancing, dancing through the nights and days
We must dance because the Fifties zing
The Fifties zing because the Sixties swing
And the Seventies flash and the Eighties bang
And the Nineties whimper and the century hangs
Robots working in the cotton fields
Vacations on Venus just a tourist deal
Fornication on tape, instant happiness
So we keep on dancing, dancing, we can't rest
Marathon, marathon
Mara, mara, marathon
Marathon, marathon
Mara, mara, marathon

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