

# Our Lady Of Pigalle

## Madeleine Peyroux

Can I buy you something, can I stroke your hair,  
Can I hold your hand and take you somewhere?  
You're a young nobody, you're a perfect soul,  
You're an empty altar that can make me whole.  
Can I take you somewhere, can I wipe your tears,  
Can I fill your pockets or befriend you here?  
You're the final offer for the men who call,  
My highest hiding place,  
Our lady of Pigalle. Will you be ascending in this midnight heat  
On a flying buttress with stony feet?  
In the revolutions we tear down your walls and then  
Redeem you, reclaim you,  
Our Lady of Pigalle. You're a young nobody, I'm a passing glance  
In the mad injustice of eternal romance;  
Beloved, broken into and caressed,  
You will bridge the waters and I'll give you rest.  
In the early hours when the streetlights fade,  
For my inquisition and my last crusade,  
You'll be savior, a reason for it all  
And I'll be blessed and favored, Our Lady of Pigalle. Will you be ascending in this midnight  
On a flying buttress with stony feet?  
In the revolutions we tear down your  
Redeem you, reclaim you,  
Our Lady of Pigalle Up to the places of your heart where souls wrestle  
Angels in the dark,  
Ten thousand years the scent of life  
Bottled up in you child,  
You're driving men wild! Can I buy you something, can I wash your feet  
Can I read you poems of my thirsty retreat?  
I'm a young nobody, I'm a perfect soul,  
I can take you in, I can make you whole. Will you be ascending in this midnight heat  
On a flying buttress with stony feet?  
In the revolutions we tear down your walls,  
Redeem you, reclaim you,  
Our Lady of Pigalle

Songwriters

LAWRENCE A KLEIN, MADELEINE E PEYROUX, DAVID BATTEAU Published by  
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