

# Ce Matin La

## Air

I woke up this morning baby  
The blues was pouring out of me"  
Cent fois ces mots je les ai dits  
Ces mots que d'autres avaient ecrits  
De toute ma voix, de toute mon ame  
Le blues comme on me l'a appris  
Mais ce matin la, j'ai compris

The blues was pouring out of me"  
A hundred times I said those words  
Those words others wrote  
With all my voice, with all my soul  
The blues like I learned it  
But that morning, I understood  
La peine aux longs champs de coton  
J'imaginai de mon cocon  
Les coups, le sang, les temps boueux  
J'avais mal en fermant les yeux

The hard work in the cotton fields  
I was imagining in my cocoon  
The hits, the blood, the mud weather  
I was hurt while closing my eyes  
J'ai des pardons, j'ai des prieres  
Mais l'blues c'est pas des phrases en l'air

I have forgives, I have prayers  
But the blues isn't sentences you throw in the air  
Mais ce matin t'as vraiment froid  
Tu comprends du fond de ta poitrine  
Tous les blues sont ecrits pour toi

But this morning you're really cold  
You understand deep in your chest  
All the blues are written for you  
Nobody knows how I really feel  
Nobody knows, nobody cares"  
Les mots te brulent un par un comme s'ils  
Comme s'ils t'appartiennent enfin

Ces blues étaient les tiens

Nobody knows how I really feel

Nobody knows, nobody cares"

Words are burning your one by one like if

Like if they are finally yours

Those blues were yours

De toute ma voix, toute mon ame, "with all the soul that I can"

Le blues qu'on n'm'a jamais appris

Nobody knows, nobody sees"

With all my voice, all my soul, "with all the soul that I can"

The blues I was never taught

Nobody knows, nobody sees"

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