

Timid Frieda (Les timides)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living In Paris

Timid Frieda
Will they greet her
On the street where
Young strangers travel
On magic carpets
Floating lightly
In beaded caravans
Who can know if
They will free her
On the street where
She comes to join them
There she goes
With her valises
Held so tightly in her hands
Timid Frieda
Will life seize her
On the street where
The new dreams gather
Like fearless robins
Joined together
In high-flying bands
She feels taller
Troubles smaller
On the street where
She's lost in wonder
There she goes
With her valises
Held so tightly in her hands
Timid Frieda
Won't return now
To the home where
They do not need her
But always feed her
Little lessons
And platitudes from cans
She is free now
She will be now
On the street where
The beat's electric

There she goes
With her valises
Held so tightly in her hands
Timid Frieda
Who will lead her
On the street where
The cops all perish
For they can't break her
And she can take her
Brave new fuck you stand
Yet she's frightened
Her senses heightened
On the street where
The darkness brightens
There she goes
With her valises
Held so tightly in her hands
Timid Frieda
If you see her
On the street where
The future gathers
Just let her be her
Let her play in
The broken times of sand
There she goes now
Down the sidewalk
On the street where
The world is bursting
There she goes
With her valises
Held so tightly in her hands.

8. My Death

My death waits like an old rou
So confident I'll go his way
Whistle for him and the passing time
My death waits like a Bible truth
At the funeral of my youth
Weep loud for that and the passing time
My death waits like a witch at night
As surely as our love is bright
Let's laugh for us and the passing time
But whatever is behind t he door
There is nothing much to do
Angel or devil, I don't care
For in front of that door there is you

My death waits like a beggar blind
Who sees the world with an unlit mind
Throw him a dime for the passing time
May death waits to allow my friends
A few good times before it ends
Let's drink to that and the passing time
My death waits in your arms, your thighs
Your cool fingers will close my eyes
Let's not talk about the passing time
But whatever is behind the door
There is nothing much to do
Angel or devil, I don't care
For in front of that door there is you
My death waits among falling leaves
In magicians' mysterious sleeves
Rabbits, doves, and the passing time
My death waits there among the flowers
Where the blackest shadow cowers
Let's pick lilacs for the passing time
My death waits in a double bed
Sails of oblivion at my head
Pull up the sheets against the passing time
But whatever is behind the door
There is nothing much to do
Angel or devil, I don't care
For in front of that door there is you.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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