

# 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 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 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.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>