Complainte de la Butte

Rufus Wainwright

La lune, trop blme, (the moon, too white)
pose un diadme (puts a tiara)
sur tes cheveux roux. (on your red hair)
La lune, trop rousse, (the moon, too red)
de gloire clabousse (with glory splashes)
ton jupon plein de trous. (your ragged underskirt)
La lune, trop ple, (the moon, too pale)
caresse l'opale (caress the opal)
de tes yeux blass. (of your indifferent eyes)
Princesse de la rue, (princess of the streets)
sois la bienvenue (be welcome)
dans mon coeur bris. (in my broken heart)The stairways up to la butte
can make the wretched sigh.
While windmill wings of the Moulin
shelter you and I.Ma p'tite mandigotte, (my little beggar)
je sens ta menotte (I feel your hand)
qui cherche ma main. (searching for mine)
Je sens ta poitrine (I feel your chest)
et ta taille fine, (and your slim waist)
j'oublie mon chagrin. (I forget my sorrow)
Je sens sur tes lvres (I smell on your lips
une odeur de fivre, (a scent of fever)
de gosse mal nourrie, (of an underfed kid)
et sous ta caresse, (and under your caress)
je sens une ivresse (I feel a drunkeness)
qui m'anantit. (that kills me)The stairways up to la butte
Can make the wretched sigh
While windmill wings of the Moulin
Shelter you and Iet voil qu'elle trotte, (and there she goes strutting about)
la lune qui flotte, (the floating moon)
la princesse aussi. (along with the princess)lalala....Mes rves panouis. (my thriving dreams)Les escaliers de la butte (The stairways up to la butte)
sont durs aux misreux. (are tough on the poor)
Les ailes du Moulin (the wings of the Moulin)
protgent les amoureux. (shelter those who love)

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