

# Madame George (Take 4)

## Van Morrison

Down on Cyprus Avenue  
With a childlike vision leaping into view  
Clicking, clacking of the high heeled shoe  
Ford and Fitzroy, Madame George  
Marching with the soldier boy behind  
He's much older now with hat on drinking wine  
And that smell of sweet perfume comes drifting through  
The cool night air like Shalimar And outside they're making all the stops  
The kids out in the street collecting bottle-tops  
Gone for cigarettes and matches in the shops  
Happy taken Madame George  
That's when you fall  
Whoa, that's when you fall  
Yeah, that's when you fall  
When you fall into a trance Sitting on a sofa playing games of chance  
With your folded arms and history books  
You glance into the eyes of Madame George  
And you think you found the bag  
You're getting weaker and your knees begin to sag  
In a corner playing dominoes in drag  
The one and only Madame George And then from outside the frosty window raps  
She jumps up and says, Lord, have mercy I think it's the cops  
And immediately drops everything she gots  
Down into the street below  
And you know you gotta go  
On that train from Dublin up to Sandy Row  
Throwing pennies at the bridges down below  
And the rain, hail, sleet, and snow Say goodbye to Madame George  
Dry your eye for Madame George  
Wonder why for Madame George  
And as you leave, the room is filled with music  
Laughing, music, dancing, music all around the room  
And all the little boys come around, walking away from it all So cold, and as you're about to leave  
She jumps up and says, hey love, you forgot your gloves  
And the gloves to love, to love the gloves  
To say goodbye to Madame George  
Dry your eye for Madame George  
Wonder why for Madame George  
Dry your eyes for Madame George Say goodbye in the wind and the rain on the back street

In the backstreet, in the back street  
Say goodbye to Madame George  
In the backstreet, in the back street, in the back street  
Down home, down home in the back street  
Gotta go, say goodbye, goodbye, goodbye  
Dry your eye, your eye, your eye, your eye, your eye Say goodbye to Madame George  
And the loves to love to love the love  
Say goodbye, goodbye, goodbye  
Say goodbye goodbye, goodbye, goodbye to Madame George  
Dry your eye for Madame George  
Wonder why for Madame George  
The love's to love, the love's to love, the love's to love  
Say goodbye, goodbye Get on the train  
Get on the train, the train, the train  
This is the train, this is the train  
Whoa, say goodbye, goodbye, goodbye, goodbye  
Get on the train, get on the train

Songwriters

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