Ballade At Thirty-Five

Carla Bruni

This, no song of ingenue
This, no ballad of innocence
This, the rhyme of a lady who
Followed ever her natural bentsThis, a solo of sapience
This, a chantey of sophistry
This, the sum of experiments
I loved them 'til they loved meI loved them 'til they loved me
I loved them 'til they loved meDecked in garments of sable hue
Daubed with ashes of myriad Lents
Wearing shower bouquets of rue
Walk I ever in penitenceOft I roam, as my heart repents
Through God's acres of memory
Marking stones in my reverence
I loved them 'til they loved meI loved them 'til they loved me
I loved them 'til they loved mePictures pass me in long review
Marching columns of dead events
I was tender and often true
Ever a prey to coincidenceAlways knew I the consequence
Always saw what the end would be
We're as nature has made us hence
I loved them 'til they loved meI loved them 'til they loved me
I loved them 'til they loved mePrinces, never I'd give offense
Won't you think of me tenderly?
You're my strength and my weakness, gentsThis, no song of ingenue
This, no ballad of innocence
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