

I've seen that face before – Grace Jones

Strange, I've seen that face before,
Seen him hanging 'round my door
Like a hawk stealing for the prey,
Like the night waiting for the day

Strange, he shadows me back home,
Footsteps echo on the stone
Rainy nights and hustling boulevards,
Parisian music tripping from the bars

Tu cherches quoi?
Rencontrer la mort?
Tu te prends pour qui
Toi aussi tu detestes la vie

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Dancing by the restaurants,
Home with anyone you want
Strange, he's standing there below,
Staring eyes thrill me to the bone
Dans sa chambre
Joelle et sa valise
Elle regarde ses fringues
Sur les murs des photos
Sans regret, sans melo
La porte est claquée,
Joelle est barrée;



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych