

In-grid, Tu Es Foutu

Tu m'as promis
Et je t'ai cru

Tu m'as promis le soleil en hiver et un arc-en-ciel
Tu m'as promis le sable dor; j'ai reçu une carte postale
Tu m'as promis le ciel, la terre, et une vie d'amour
Tu m'as promis ton cœur, ton sourire
Mais j'ai eu des grimaces

Tu m'as promis
Et je t'ai cru

Tu m'as promis le cheval ailé que j'ai jamais eu
Tu m'as promis le fil d'Ariane, mais tu l'as coupé
Tu m'as promis les notes de Mozart, pas des plats cassés
Tu m'as promis d'être ta reine;
J'ai eu pour sceptre un balai

Tu m'as promis
Et je t'ai cru

Tu es foutu-tu-tu...
Tu es foutu-tu-tu...

Je ne sais pas ce qui se passe
Mais je sais pourquoi on m'appelle
"Mademoiselle Pas de Chance";
Tu m'as promis, tu m'as promis
Tu m'as promis

Tu es foutu-tu-tu...
Tu es foutu-tu-tu...
</lyrics>

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==English translation==

</lyrics>
You promised me,
And I believed you.

You promised me the sun in the winter, and a rainbow in the sky.
You promised me the golden sands; I received a postcard.
You promised me the sky, the earth, and a life of love.
You promised me your heart and your smile
But I only got frowns.

You promised me
And I believed you.

You promised me the winged horse that I never had.
You promised me the thread of Ariadne, but you cut that.
You promised me the notes of Mozart, not broken dishes.
You promised me that I would be your queen;
I had as a scepter a broom.

You promised me
And I believed you.

You are screwed-do-do-do-do-do...
You are screwed-do-do-do-do-do...

I don't know what is happening,
But I know why people call me:
"Miss Luckless";
You promised me, you promised me

You promised me

You are screwed-do-do-do-do-do...

You are screwed-do-do-do-do-do...