

Kate Ceberano, Helen

Helen has eyes as dark as blackend pans
Shell read your tea-cups and the palms of your hands
Shes got this humor that plays havoc with her mouth
You may think shes present but her mind, is travelling south
Shes very sexy in an urban kind of way
She loves her coffee her cigarettes and her cafes

Helen vous ete plus tres femme
Helen vous ete plus tres femme

Now Helen claimed she was a witch when she was five
This self confession came as no surprise (as no surprise)
Her mother said that she was mysterious (oh yeah)
We never really took her serious (aahhh)
And then one day when we were walking down the street
Helen just vanished this was a habit shed repeat

Helen vous ete plus tres femme (ohh mysterious)
Helen vous ete plus tres femme (simply more than the average woman)
Helen vous ete plus tres femme (ohhh)
Helen vous ete plus tres femme (yeah)

Now Helens girlfriends are few and far between
and on the rare occasions she lets them in
Im glad to be considered a kindred soul
But what she really thinks of me, hey Ill never know

Helen vous ete plus tres femme
Helen vous ete plus tres femme (you are mysterious yeah)
Helen vous ete plus tres femme (youre gorgeous
Helen vous ete plus tres femme (I love this song its so stupid)
Helen vous ete plus tres femme (You are so mysterious)
Helen vous ete plus tres femme (gorgeous)