

# Madeleine Peyroux, Half The Perfect World

Every night he'd come to me  
I'd cook for him, I'd pour his tea  
I was in my thirties then  
Had made some money  
Lived with men

We'd lay us down to give and get  
Beneath the white mosquito net  
And since no counting had begun  
We lived a thousand years in one

The candles burned  
The moon went down  
The polished hill  
The milky town  
Transparent, weightless, luminous  
Uncovering the two of us  
On that fundamental ground  
Where love's unwilled, unleashed, unbound  
And half the perfect world is found

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