

Madeleine Peyroux, Our Lady Of Pigalle

Can I buy you something, can I stroke your hair,
Can I hold your hand and take you somewhere?
You're a young nobody, you're a perfect soul,
You're an empty altar that can make me whole.
Can I take you somewhere, can I wipe your tears,
Can I fill your pockets or befriend you here?
You're the final offer for the men who call,
My highest hiding place, our lady of Pigalle.
Will you be ascending in this midnight heat
On a flying buttress with stony feet?
In the revolutions we tear down your walls and then
Redeem you, reclaim you, our lady of Pigalle.
You're a young nobody, I'm a passing glance
In the mad injustice of eternal romance;
Beloved, broken into and caressed,
You will bridge the waters and I'll give you rest.
In the early hours when the streetlights fade,
For my inquisition and my last crusade,
You'll be savior, a reason for it all
And I'll be blessed and favored, our lady of Pigalle.
Will you be ascending in this midnight heat
On a flying buttress with stony feet?
In the revolutions we tear down your walls and then
Redeem you, reclaim you, our Lady of Pigalle.
Up to the places of your heart where souls wrestle angels in the dark
Ten thousand years the scent of life bottled up in you child,
You're driving men wild!
Can I buy you something, can I wash your feet,
Can I read you poems of my thirsty retreat?
I'm a young nobody, I'm a perfect soul,
I can take you in, I can make you whole.
Will you be ascending in this midnight heat
On a flying buttress with stony feet?
In the revolutions we tear down your walls, and then
Redeem you, reclaim you, our Lady of Pigalle.