

Marianne Faithfull, Pride

Anna I

So we saved up, bought ourselves an outfit,
Nighties, nylons, beautiful dresses.
Soon we found a job that was going,
A job as dancer in a cabaret,
A job in Memphis, the second big town we came to.

Oh how hard it was for Anna!
Beautiful clothes can make a good girl particular?
When the drinking tigress meets herself in the pool,
She's apt to become a menace.

She began talking about art (of all things),
About the art (if you please) of cabaret.
In Memphis, the second big town we came to,
It wasn't art that sort of people came for.
That sort of people came for something else;

And when a man has paid for his evening
He expects a good show in return.

So if you cover up your bosom and thighs like you had a rash,
Don't be surprised to see them yawning.

So I told my art-loving sister Anna:
"leave your pride to those who can well afford it.
Do what you are asked to do and not what you want,
For that isn't what is wanted."

Oh but I had trouble, I can tell you,
With her fancy pig-head notions.
Night by night I sat by her bedside,
Holding her hand and saying this:
"think of our little house in Louisiana!"

Family

O lord, look down upon our daughter,
Show her the way that leads the good to thy reward.
Who fights the good fight and all self subdues,
Wins the palm, gains the crown.