

# Van Morrison, Madame George

Down on Cyprus Avenue  
With a childlike vision leaping into view  
Clicking, clacking of the high heeled shoe  
Ford & Fitzroy, Madame George  
Marching with the soldier boy behind  
He's much older with hat on drinking wine  
And that smell of sweet perfume comes drifting through  
The cool night air like Shalimar  
And outside they're making all the stops  
The kids out in the street collecting bottle-tops  
Gone for cigarettes and matches in the shops  
Happy taken Madame George  
That's when you fall  
Whoa, that's when you fall  
Yeah, that's when you fall  
When you fall into a trance  
A sitting on a sofa playing games of chance  
With your folded arms and history books you glance  
Into the eyes of Madame George  
And you think you found the bag  
You're getting weaker and your knees begin to sag  
In the corner playing dominoes in drag  
The one and only Madame George  
And then from outside the frosty window raps  
She jumps up and says Lord have mercy I think it's the cops  
And immediately drops everything she gots  
Down into the street below  
And you know you gotta go  
On that train from Dublin up to Sandy Row  
Throwing pennies at the bridges down below  
And the rain, hail, sleet, and snow  
Say goodbye to Madame George  
Dry your eye for Madame George  
Wonder why for Madame George  
And as you leave, the room is filled with music, laughing, music,  
dancing, music all around the room  
And all the little boys come around, walking away from it all  
So cold  
And as you're about to leave  
She jumps up and says Hey love, you forgot your gloves  
And the gloves to love to love the gloves...  
To say goodbye to Madame George  
Dry your eye for Madame George  
Wonder why for Madame George  
Dry your eyes for Madame George  
Say goodbye in the wind and the rain on the back street  
In the backstreet, in the back street  
Say goodbye to Madame George  
In the backstreet, in the back street, in the back street  
Down home, down home in the back street  
Gotta go  
Say goodbye, goodbye, goodbye  
Dry your eye your eye your eye your eye your eye...  
Say goodbye to Madame George  
And the loves to love to love the love  
Say goodbye  
Oooooo  
Mmmmmmm  
Say goodbye goodbye goodbye goodbye to Madame George  
Dry your eye for Madame George  
Wonder why for Madame George  
The love's to love the love's to love the love's to love...  
Say goodbye, goodbye  
Get on the train

Get on the train, the train, the train...  
This is the train, this is the train...  
Whoa, say goodbye, goodbye....  
Get on the train, get on the train...