

Alain Bashung, She Belongs To Me

She's got everything she needs
She's an artist, she don't look back
She's got everything she needs
She's an artist, she don't look back
She can take the dark out of nighttime
And paint the daytime black

You will start out standing
Proud to steal her anything she sees
But you will wind up peeking through her keyhole
Down upon your knees

She never stumbles
She's got no place to fall
She never stumbles
She's got no place to fall
She's nobody's child
The law can't touch her at all

She wears an egyptian ring
That sparkles before she speaks
She's an hypnotist collector
You are a walking antique

Bow down to her on sunday
Salute her when her birthday comes
Bow down to her on sunday
Salute her when her birthday comes
For halloween buy her a trumpet
And for christmas give her a drum