

Grace Jones, I've Seen That Face Before / Libertango

Strange, I've seen that face before,
Seen him hanging 'round my door,
Like a hawk stealing for the prey,
Like the night waiting for the day,
Strange, he shadows me back home,
Footsteps echo on the stones,
Rainy nights, on Hausmann Boulevard,
Parisian music, drifting from the bars,
Tu cherches quoi?
Rencontrer la mort?
Tu te prends pour qui?
Toi aussi tu detestes la vie
Dance in bars and restaurants
Home with anyone who wants
Strange he's standing there alone
Staring eyes chill me to the bone.
Dans sa chambre, Joel et sa valise,
un regard sur ses fringues,
Sur les murs, des photos,
Sans regret, sans melo,
La porte est claqué, Joel est barre.