

Icehouse, Boulevarde

Paris hearts all line the boulevarde
She shows her hand and says, "please take a card"
Bouquets and lace
Femme fatale face
She breaks the hearts along the boulevarde
But beggars buy love on the boulevarde
And red light stains the stairs, the life is hard

God only knows
It never pays
'Cause they all die young on the boulevarde

Beggars buy love on the boulevarde
And red light stains the stairs, the life is hard

God only knows
It never pays, hey
They all die young on the boulevarde