In-grid, Tu Es Foutu (You Are Screwed-Up) (Engl

You promised me
and I believed you
you promised me the sun in winter and an arch in sky
you promised me the gilded sand I received a postal card
you promised me the sky and the earth and a love life
you promised me your heart your mouse but I had grimaces
you promised me
and I believed you
you promised me the winged horse that I never had
you promised me the ariane wire but you cut it
you promised me the grades of Mozart not of the dishes broken
you promised me to be your queen, I had for sceptre a broom
you promised me
and I believed you
you are screwed-up
up-up-up...
you are screwed-up
up-up-up...
"I do not know this that happens
but I know why one calls me 'miss not of luck' "
you promised me, you promised me, you promised me
You are screwed-up
up-up-up...
You are screwed-up
up-up-up...
you promised me
you are screwed-up
you promised me
you are screwed-up