

Kirsty MacColl, 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 stone
Rainy nights on Haussmann Boulevard
Parisian music drifting from the bars

Tu cherches quoi (What are you looking for?)
A rencontrer la mort? (to meet your death?)
Tu te prends pour qui? (Who do you think you are?)
Toi aussi, tu detestes la vie (You hate life too)

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 (In her room)
Jolle et sa valise (Jolle and her suitcase)
Un regard sur ses fringues (a glance at her clothes)
Sur les murs des photos sans regret (on the walls some pictures without regrets)
Sans melo?, la porte est claquee (without melodrama, the door is shut) ?
Jolle est barre (Jolle is gone) ?