

Luka Bloom, Gone To Pablo

The maid came to her room Wednesday morning
Found a pistol lying by her side
For thirteen years she kept her fires burning
Lost in pictures, no place left to hide

Jaqueline's gone to Pablo
Jaqueline's gone to Pablo

Alone too long, the night became her lover
She knew that he'd been waiting all this time
With dreams and magic pictures to uncover
Now that all that earthly sadness was behind

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People go to galleries in Europe
To wonder and to feel Picasso's soul

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