

# 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

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

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