

Marianne Faithfull, Madame George

Down the Cyprus Avenue
With child-like visions leaping into view,
A clicking clacking of the high-heeled shoes,
Ford and Fitzroy, Madame Joy,

Marching with the soldier boy behind
He's much older now with hat on, drinking wine
And that smell of sweet perfume comes drifting through
Early cool night air like Shalimar.

Outside they're making all the stops
Kids out in the street collecting bottle tops
Going for cigarettes and matches in the shops,
Happy thinking Madame Joy.

Oh, that's when you fall,
Oh, that's when you fall,
Yeah, that's when you fall.

When you fall into a trance
Sitting on a sofa playing games of chance,
With your folded arms in history books you glance
Into the eyes of Madame Joy.

And you think you found the bag,
You're getting weaker and your knees begin to sag.
In the corner playing dominoes in drag
The one and only Madame Joy.

Outside the frosty window raps
She jumps up and says, "Lord have mercy, I think that it's the cops."
And immediately drops everything she gets
Down into the street below.

And you know you gotta go
On that train from Dublin up to Sandy Row
Throwing pennies at the bridges down below
In the rain, hail, sleet and snow.

Say good-bye to Madame Joy,
Dry your eye for Madame Joy,
Wonder why for Madame Joy.

As you leave the room it's filled with music,
Laughing music, dancing music all around the room
And all the little boys come around walking away from it all
So cool.

And you're about to leave she jumps and says, "Hey love,
You forgot your glove."
And the love to love she loves to love the love
To love to love she loves to love the love to love

Say good-bye to Madame Joy,
Dry your eye for Madame Joy,
Wonder why for Madame Joy,
Dry your eye for Madame Joy.

In the wind and the rain, in the back street, in the back street,
In the back street, in the back street, in the back street,
Say good-bye to Madame George.
Down home in the back street, in the back street,
Say good-bye, say good-bye to Madame Joy.