

Robert Calvert, Isadora

An empty stage swathed in velvet drapes
Curtain folds drawn in shadowscapes
Little girls swirl in the air
In their hair
They wear the flowers we threw

And when they dance
They pretend their youth
Isadora
Je vie a la moi

My windscreen's streaming
With jewels of rain

To and fro the wipers strain
As they sway and sway to clear the view

And as they dance
They pretend their youth
Isadora
Je vie a la moi

The trees and plants
As they dance
They can pretend their youth