

Rufus Wainwright, La Complainte De La Butte

La lune trop bleme pose un diademe sur tes cheveux roux
La lune trop rousse de gloire eclabousse ton jupon plein d'trous
La lune trop pale caresse l'opale de tes yeux blases
Princesse de la rue soit la bienvenue dans mon coeur brise

Chorus:

The stairways up to la butte
Can make the wreched sigh
While windmill wings of the moulin
shelter you and I

Original Song:

(Les escaliers de la butte sont durs aux misereux
Les ailes du moulin protegent les amoureux)
Petite mandigotte je sens ta menotte qui cherche ma main
Je sens ta poitrine et ta taille fine
J'oublie mon chagrin
Je sens sur tes levres une odeur de fievre de gosse mal nourri
Et sous ta caresse je sens une ivresse qui m'aneantit

Chorus:

The stairways up to la butte
Can make the wreched sigh
While windmill wings of the moulin
shelter you and I

Original Song:

(Les escaliers de la butte sont durs aux misereux
Les ailes du moulin protegent les amoureux)
Et voila qu'elle trotte la lune qui flotte, la princesse aussi
La da da da da da da da da da
Mes reves epanouis
Les escaliers de la butte sont durs aux misereux
Les ailes du moulin protegent les amoureux

English Translation:

The moon, all too fair, in your russet-red hair sets a sparkling crown
The moon, all too red with glory, is spread on your poor, tattered gown
The moon, all too white, caresses the light in your world-weary eyes
Princess of the street, do allow me to greet you, my broken heart cries
The steps of Montmartre, all uphill, are hardest on the poor
The sails of the mill, like wings, shelter all paramours
I feel, beggar-girl, your fetters, they curl as they seek out my wrists
I feel your young breasts, your thin little waist
I lose my regrets
I taste on your mouth the feverish breath of a half-starving waif
And with your caress I sense drunkenness erasing my life
The steps of Montmartre, all uphill, are hardest on the poor
The sails of the mill, like wings, shelter all paramours
And see how she skips, the moon how she drifts,
The princess in tow
Da da da da da da da da da da
My reveries grow
The steps of Montmartre, all uphill, are hardest on the poor
The sails of the mill, like wings, shelter all paramours