

Yello, The Catherina Ho

This is tonight, and it rains like in a French black and white movie of the Fifties. I feel like a character in it who's just lost it all, who is alone with his raincoat and a face showing a yet unknown way out of it. Steamy hot summer night street makes me laugh. I enjoy waiting for a taxi and I hope it's not gonna be here until I've had enough of this pleasant situation.

Movie is on

There comes a lady through the night

She stops in front of me

And asks me for a light

To win some time

To introduce myself

I pretend not to know

In which pocket I got my matches

Movie is on

There comes a lady through the night

She stops in front of me

And asks me for a light

She is walking on but not too far

She disappears behind a door

Some cats down there inside a club

The Sixties play guitar

Movie is on

There came a lady through the night

She stopped in front of me

And asked me for a light

I enjoy the rain and my wet hair

Feel slightly stupid

But got to follow her

The club is empty

I am standing near the door

She is the only dancer

On the biggest floor

Quel est votre nom?