

Miss Dalloway

Feeling as she did
Standing there at the open window,
That something awful was about to happen

Looking at the flowers
A touch of a bird about her.
The jay, blue-green, light, vivacious,
She was over fifty and grown.

In people's eye
On the swings
Some tramps are crashing airplanes

She went in a bar
She cutted her blond hair
She puted an icecube on her lips
There were a black eye behind her

In people's eye
On the swings
Some tramps are crashing airplanes

Screaming with no sound
Telling what will surround
I don't know, honey
I know not, tiny

In people's eye
The trudges
The tramps
The sound of the airplanes
The birds they can walk
The flies in your hair

Black humour, green turtle, yellow dress
Black humour, green turtle, yellow dress
Black humour, green turtle, yellow dress

Ne vous inquiétez pas, vos souvenirs seront piétinés par les clochards