

A Toys Orchestra "Mrs. Macabrette"

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She's mrs macabrette
She paints the lamps with black
She spreads cysanthenums on her steps
Three black plumes on her hat
Glass buttons on her breast
The cypress bows down on her step
She's mrs macabrette
She makes love with the cats
And talks only with herself
Dead leaves patch up her dress
The ivy climbs up her legs
...even the birdsong looks so sad!
She burns the photographs
Of her marriage
To light another sigarette
Where her tears fell one day
Now grows the weeping willows
Now cuts her lips instead
So nobody will be able to snatch a smile from her

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