

Alain Bashung

"She Belongs To Me"

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She's got everything she needs, she's an artist, she
don't look back.

She's got everything she needs, she's an artist, she
don't look back.

She can take the dark out of the nighttime and paint
the daytime black.

You will start out standing, proud to steal her anything
she sees.

But you will wind up peeking through her keyhole down
upon your knees.

She never stumbles, she's got no place to fall.

She never stumbles, she's got no place to fall.

She's nobody's child, the law can't touch her at all.

She wears an Egyptian ring that sparkles before she
speaks.

She's a hypnotist collector, you are a walking antique.

Bow down to her on Sunday, salute her when her
birthday comes.

Bow down to her on Sunday, salute her when her
birthday comes.

For Halloween give her a trumpet and for Christmas,
buy her a drum.

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