

Carla Bruni

"Ballad At Thirty-Five"

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This, no song of ingenué
This, no ballad of innocence
This, the rhyme of a lady who
Followed ever the natural bents
This, a solo of sapience
This, a chantey of sophistry
This, the sum of experiments
I loved them until they loved me

Decked in garments of sable hue,
Daubed with ashes of myriad Lents
Wearing shower bouquets of rue
Walk I ever in penitence
Oft I roam, as my heart repents
Through God's acre of memory
Marking stones, in my reverence
"I loved them until they loved me"

Pictures pass me in long review
Marching columns of dead events
I was tender, and, often, true
Ever a prey to coincidence
Always knew I the consequence
Always saw what the end would be
We're as Nature has made us hence
I loved them until they loved me

Princes, never I'd give offense,
Won't you think of me tenderly ?
Here's my strength and my weakness, gents
I loved them until they loved me.

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