

## **Carla Bruni**

# **"Ballade At Thirty Five"**

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This, no song of ingenue  
This, no ballad of innocence  
This, the rhyme of a lady who  
Followed ever her natural bents

This, a solo of sapience  
This, a chantey of sophistry  
This, the sum of experiments  
I loved them 'til they loved me

I loved them 'til they loved me  
I loved them 'til 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 acres of memory  
Marking stones in my reverence  
I loved them 'til they loved me

I loved them 'til they loved me  
I loved them 'til 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 'til they loved me

I loved them 'til they loved me  
I loved them 'til they loved me

Princes, never I'd give offense  
Won't you think of me tenderly?  
You're my strength and my weakness, gents

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This, the rhyme of a lady who

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