

## Faithfull Marianne "Madame George"

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Down the Cyprus Avenue  
With child-like visions leaping into view,  
A clicking clacking of the high-heeled shoes,  
Ford and Fitzroy, Madame Joy,  
Marching with the soldier boy behind  
He's much older now with hat on, drinking wine  
And that smell of sweet perfume comes drifting  
through  
Early cool night air like Shalimar.  
Outside they're making all the stops  
Kids out in the street collecting bottle tops  
Going for cigarettes and matches in the shops,  
Happy thinking Madame Joy.  
Oh, that's when you fall,  
Oh, that's when you fall,  
Yeah, that's when you fall.  
When you fall into a trance  
Sitting on a sofa playing games of chance,  
With your folded arms in history books you glance  
Into the eyes of Madame Joy.  
And you think you found the bag,  
You're getting weaker and your knees begin to sag.  
In the corner playing dominoes in drag  
The one and only Madame Joy.  
Outside the frosty window raps  
She jumps up and says, "Lord have mercy, I think that  
it's the  
cops.Ã"

And immediately drops everything she gots  
  
Down into the street below.  
And you know you gotta go  
On that train from Dublin up to Sandy Row  
Throwing pennies at the bridges down below  
In the rain, hail, sleet and snow.  
Say good-bye to Madame Joy,  
Dry your eye for Madame Joy,  
Wonder why for Madame Joy.  
As you leave the room it's filled with music,  
Laughing music, dancing music all around the room  
And all the little boys come around walking away from  
it all

So cool.  
And you're about to leave she jumps and says, "Hey  
love,  
You forgot your glove."  
And the love to love she loves to love the love  
To love to love she loves to love the love to love  
Say good-bye to Madame Joy,  
Dry your eye for Madame Joy,  
Wonder why for Madame Joy,  
Dry your eye for Madame Joy.  
In the wind and the rain, in the back street, in the back  
street,  
In the back street, in the back street, in the back street,  
Say good-bye to Madame George.  
Down home in the back street, in the back street,  
Say good-bye, say good-bye to Madame Joy.

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