

## Grace Johns "I've Seen That Face Before"

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Strange

I've seen that face before

Seen him hanging 'round my door.

Like a hawk stealing for the prey

Like the night waiting for the day.

Strange

he shadows me back home

Footsteps echo on the stone.

Rainy nights and hustling boulevards

Parisian music tripping from the bars.

Tu cherches quoi?

Rencontrer la mort?

Tu te prends pour qui

Toi aussi tu detestes la vie.

Dancing by the restaurants

Home with anyone you want.

Strange

he's standing there below

Staring eyes thrill me to the bone.

Dans sa chambre

Joelle et sa valise.

Elle regarde ses fringues

Sur les murs des photos

Sans regret

sans melo.

La porte est claquee

Joelle est barree.

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