

Grace Jones "Strange"

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Strange I've seen that face before
Seen him hanging round my door
Like a hawk stealing for the pray
Like the night waiting for the day

Strange he shadows me back home
Footsteps echo on the stone
Rainy nights an hustling boulevard
Parisian music drifting from the bars

Tu cherches quoi, recontrer la mort?
Tu te prends pour qui
Toi aussi tu detestes la vie

Dance in bars and restaurants
Home with anyone who wants
Strange he's standing alone
Staring eyes chill me to the bone

Dans sa chambre Joelle et sa valise
Un regard sur ses fringues
Sur les mures des photos sans regret
Sans mellow
La porte est claquee Joel c'est barree

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