

Jacques Brel "Timid Frieda"

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Timid Frieda, will they greet her?
On the street where young strangers travel
On magic carpets
Floating lightly in beaded caravans
Who can know if they will free her
On the street where she comes to join them
There she goes with her valises
Held so tightly in her hands
Timid Frieda, will life seize her?
On the street where the new dreams gather
Like fearless robins, joined together
In high-flying bands
She feels taller, troubles smaller
On the street where she's lost in wonder
There she goes with her valises
Held so tightly in her hands
Timid Frieda, won't return now
To the home where they do not need her
But always feed her little lessons
And platitudes from cans
She is free now, she will be now
On the street where the beat's electric
There she goes with her valises
Held so tightly in her hands
Timid Frieda, will they lead her?
On the street where the cops all perish
For they can't break her and she can take her
Brave new fuck you stand
Yet she's frightened, her senses heightened
On the street where the darkness brightens
There she goes with her valises
Held so tightly in her hands
Timid Frieda, if you see her
On the street where the future gathers
Just let her be her, let her play in
The broken times of sand
There she goes now, down the sidewalk
On the street where the world is bursting
There she goes with her valises
Held so tightly in her hands

