

Jacques Brel Is Alive And Well And Living In Paris "Next (Au Suivant)"

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Next, next

Naked as sin
An army towel covering my belly
Some of us blush
Somehow knees turning to jelly

Next, next

I was still just a kid
There were a hundred like me
I followed a naked body
A naked body followed me

Next, next

I was still just a kid
When my innocence was lost
In a mobile army whorehouse
Gift of the army, free of cost

Next, next

Me, I really would have liked
A little bit of tenderness
Maybe a word, a smile
An hour of happiness

But next, next

Oh, it wasn't so tragic
The high heavens didn't fall
But how much of that time
I hated being there at all

Next, next, next

Now I always will recall
The brothel truck, the flying flags
The queer lieutenant who slapped
Our asses as if we were fags

Next, next

I swear on the wet head
Of my first case of gonorrhea
It is his ugly voice
That I forever hear

Next, next, next

That voice that stinks of whiskey
Of corpses and of mud
It is the voice of nations
It is the thick voice of blood

Next, next, next

And since then each woman
I have taken to bed
Seems to laugh in my arms
To whisper through my head

Next, next

All the naked and the dead
Should hold each other's hands
As they watch me scream at night
In a dream no one understands

Next, next

And when I am not screaming
In a voice grown dry and hollow
I stand on endless naked lines
Of the following and the followed

Next, next, next, next

One day I'll cut my legs off
Or burn myself alive
Anything, I'll do anything
To get out of line to survive

Not ever to be next
Not ever to be next

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