

# Jacques Brel Is Alive And Well And Living In Paris "Next"

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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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