

# Jacques Brel Is Alive And Well And Living In Paris "Timid Frieda (Les Timides)"

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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

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