

Joan Baez "Luba, The Baroness"

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(Words and Music by Joan Baez)

Luba, it was only the finest wine
Means or no means
Only the finest place to dine
Paris in the sixties
You had three sons
Handsome husband by your side
I flirted with everyone

Your husband, aging but vain
With the ladies was quite renowned
Author of books made famous
On his years in the French Underground
But you, Luba, the Baroness
It was really your blue blood
No one could touch you with kid gloves
And no one ever should

And the hands of little Julian
Will guide you well
Et le pere du petit Sebastian
Vous attend dans le ceil

The youngest son Jerome
Brighter than he could be
Preferred the darkened corners
And was even a little too young for me
Tall and shy and crafty
He was oh so scholarly then
Got married later on
Had a child by the name of Julian

The eldest Jean Francoise
What a mixture of sweetness and snobbery
Milkfed by his mother
On Russian aristocracy
With wits like sabre through silk
He was the wisest one
Married and remarried
Had a child by the name of Sebastian

And the hands of little Julian
Will guide you well
Et le pere du petit Sebastian
Vous attend dans le ceil

Ah my sweet Christophe
You were only seventeen
First family dinners with the gypsies
Finger chimes and tambourines
With candlelit eyes of experience
Oh how you laughed at me
As I became rapidly foolish
Under your gaze and on red burgundy

In sixty-nine your father died
I saw you in the years between
Handsome, impetuous son of the rich
Taking care of your mother, the queen
And you are married now as well
It was inevitable
Three day wedding in the south of France
To an angel named Annabelle

Recently I was in France
I called you on the phone
Caught racing back through memories
Luba was at home
Her voice sounded quite the same
As we touched on the amenities
Suddenly it fell and shattered
Like a thousand broken tiffanies

In November Jean Francoise died
We were all there by his side
Sorry, darling, that I cried
It's hard to keep these things inside
Where are you staying and how's your son?
No, we hardly told anyone
How long are you here, are you with someone?
Hold it, I'll put Christophe on the phone

Ah my sweet Christophe
Same damn voice
Hell of a way to become the eldest son
It's true you had no choice
And you and Annabelle
You must take care of her
Yes, I'll be over later on
And I'll bring my guitar

While going through things afterward

A letter she wrote and never sent
A single phrase stood out to you
These are the words and how it went...

And the hands of little Julian
Will guide you well
Et le pere du petit Sebastian
Nous attend dans le ceil

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