

Chris De Burgh "The Painter"

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I'd like you to meet my last queen
Over there large as life
She's been hanging there for almost a week
My poor late wife

What do think of the color of her skin
It has the bloom of the rose
You see she begged me to bring a certain painter in
And for that picture in her bedroom she would pose

Well, after a while he was driving me mad
As you could well understand
Sitting in there, day after day
With my wife in the palm of his hand, it was

Madam, please do this and Madam, please do that
You've never heard such display
But he didn't mind he was taking his time
It was me that had to pay

Oh, Madam, I think we should take a walk in the woods
You understand it's the light
And did I mind? No, I was so kind when they
Came back in the middle of the night
And I swear, I'll take care of the painter, oh, the painter

Well, as you can see it was hard for me
But something has to be done
She only has eyes for him and his lies
And as for me, not a glance, not a single one

My orders were severe and she disappeared
It really was such a shame
And when they told me she was dead
I broke down and said, "It's that painter
It's him, he's to blame"

With his, "Madam, please do this and Madam, please
do that"
You've never heard such display
But he didn't mind he was taking his time
It was me that had to pay

Oh, Madam, I think we should take a walk in the woods
You understand it's the light
And did I mind? No, I was so kind when they
Came back in the middle of the night
And I swear I'll take care of the painter, oh, the painter

And I hope it's the rope for the painter
When he's found it's hellbound for the painter
I'll get that painter

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