

Madeleine Peyroux **"Our Lady Of Pigalle"**

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Can I buy you something, can I stroke your hair
Can I hold your hand and then take you somewhere?
You're a young nobody, you're a perfect soul
You're an empty altar that can make me whole

Can I take you somewhere, can I wipe your tears
Can I fill your pockets or befriend you here?
You're the final offer for the men who call
My highest hiding place, our Lady of Pigalle

Will you be ascending in this midnight heat
On a flying buttress with stony feet?
In the revolutions we tear down your walls
And then redeem you, reclaim you, our Lady of Pigalle

You're a young nobody, I'm a passing glance
In the mad injustice of eternal romance
Beloved, broken into and caressed
You will bridge the waters and I'll give you rest

In the early hours when the streetlights fade
For my inquisition and my last crusade
You'll be savior, a reason for it all
And I'll be blessed and favored, our Lady of Pigalle

Will you be ascending in this midnight heat
On a flying buttress with stony feet?
In the revolutions we tear down your walls
And then redeem you, reclaim you, our Lady of Pigalle

Up to the places of your heart
Where souls wrestle angels in the dark
Ten thousand years the scent of life bottled up in you
child
You're driving men wild

Can I buy you something, can I wash your feet
Can I read you poems of my thirsty retreat?
I'm a young nobody, I'm a perfect soul
I can take you in, I can make you whole

Will you be ascending in this midnight heat

On a flying buttress with stony feet?
In the revolutions we tear down your walls
And then redeem you, reclaim you, our Lady of Pigalle

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