

Marianne Faithfull "Comrade"

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Little months little smokes
and oblivion in a wool dress
in a door opens tenderly
near a wall where the wind is born
near the jolly garden
where saints and angels
are afraid of the seasons
the alleys have no names
they are the hours or the years
I stroll leisurely
dressed in a cement overcoat
and a hat of black straw
I don't remember
if it's nice out
I walk smoking
and I smoke walking
easily
every once in a while I tell myself
it's time to stop
and I continue walking
I tell myself
I have to get some air
I have to look at the clouds
and breathe in a lung full
I have to see the flies fly
and take a little exercise
I shouldn't smoke so much
I tell myself also
calculate
I tell myself again
I have a headache
my life is a drop of water on my eyelid
and I'm no longer twenty
continue
the songs are songs
and the days days
I no longer have one shred of respect for myself
but I see no hoodlums

who smoke the same cigarettes as me
and who are just as stupid as me
I'm pretty content

without really knowing why
it doesn't suffice to speak of the sun
the stars
the sea and rivers
blood eyes hands
it is necessary quite often
to speak of other things
we know that there are very beautiful countries
with very handsome men
with no less charming women,
but all that isn't really sufficient
but dizzying void
which rings and bays
makes the head bow
we look and we see
again many other things
which are always the same
innumerable
identical
and over there simply
someone goes by
simple as hello
and everything starts all over once again
I read in the stars the good will of my friends
in a river I love one hand
I listen the flowers sing
there are the goodbyes of birds
a cry falls like a fruit
my God my God
I will be accordingly always the same
my head in my hands
and my hands in my head

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