

Dalida

"He Must Have Been Eighteen (Il Venait D'Avoir Dix-Huit Ans)"

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I think he must have been eighteen, he was as fragile
as a dream
Strong as a man
Seeing the summer in his eyes, I left my autumns as it
flies
Like grey of silence

I added make-up to my face as if to color some
disgrace
I saw him smiling
Rainbows and colors of the spring, I would have given
anything
To win his loving

I think he must have been eighteen, a movie star or any
screen
It makes him careless
He never said a word of love, he thought that's
speaking about love
Was only worthless

And then as if a lie were new, he simply whispered "I
want you
Let's stay together"
We drifted slowly through the night, I never knew a love
more right
Not since not ever

I think he must have been eighteen, it makes him vain
and almost mean
He's looking abusing
Without a word he slowly dressed, leaving me to my
loneliness
My share of loosing

I could have try to make him mine, I let him go without
a sign
My fake was lying
He said "I am not the kind you thought", love is for
grown-ups after all
I felt like crying

I added make-up to my face as if to color some
disgrace
I saw him smiling
I had forgotten in a dream that I was almost twice
eighteen.

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