

Rufus Wainwright

"Complaine De La Butte"

Visit "[Complaine De La Butte](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The moon, all too fair, in your russet-red hair sets a
sparkling crown
The moon, all too red with glory, is spread on your
poor, tattered gown
The moon, all too white, caresses the light in your
world-weary eyes
Princess of the street, do allow me to greet you, my
broken heart cries

The steps of Montmartre, all uphill, are hardest on the
poor
The sails of the mill, like wings, shelter all paramours

I feel, beggar-girl, your fetters, they curl as they seek
out my wrists
I feel your young breasts, your thin little waist
I lose my regrets
I taste on your mouth the feverish breath of a half-
starving waif
And with your caress I sense drunkenness erasing my
life

The steps of Montmartre, all uphill, are hardest on the
poor
The sails of the mill, like wings, shelter all paramours

And see how she skips, the moon how she drifts,
The princess in tow
Da da da da da da da da da da
My reveries grow

The steps of Montmartre, all uphill, are hardest on the
poor
The sails of the mill, like wings, shelter all paramours

Visit [Rufus Wainwright](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.