

## Rufus Wainwright

# "La Complainte De La Butte"

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La lune trop bleme pose un diademe sur tes cheveux  
roux  
La lune trop rousse de gloire eclabousse ton jupon  
plein d'trous  
La lune trop pale caresse l'opale de tes yeux blases  
Princesse de la rue soit la bienvenue dans mon coeur  
brise

Chorus:

The stairways up to la butte  
Can make the wreched sigh  
While windmill wings of the moulin  
shelter you and I

Original Song:

[Les escaliers de la butte sont durs aux misereux  
Les ailes du moulin protegent les amoureux]  
Petite mandigotte je sens ta menotte qui cherche ma  
main  
Je sens ta poitrine et ta taille fine  
J'oublie mon chagrin  
Je sens sur tes levres une odeur de fievre de gosse  
mal nourri  
Et sous ta caresse je sens une ivresse qui m'aneantit

Chorus:

The stairways up to la butte  
Can make the wreched sigh  
While windmill wings of the moulin  
shelter you and I

Original Song:

[Les escaliers de la butte sont durs aux misereux  
Les ailes du moulin protegent les amoureux]  
Et voila qu'elle trotte la lune qui flotte, la princesse  
aussi  
La da da da da da da da da da

Mes reves epanouis

Les escaliers de la butte sont durs aux misereux  
Les ailes du moulin protegent les amoureux

English Translation:

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

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