

## **Thompson Richard Linda**

### **"Pavanne"**

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Pavanne, cold steel woman, Pavanne

How do you love a woman

With eyes cold as the barrel of her gun?

Who's never missed her mark on anyone

Pavanne, Pavanne, Pavanne

Casino doors swing open, the rich men raise their eyes

They say "Who is this beauty, as elegant as ice?"

And later there's an accident, another charge  
d'affaires

Is lying in a pool of blood, no witness anywhere

And they say she was a hundred miles away

The hotel porter saw her climb the stairs

And the maid, with trembling hands, knows what to say

When the judge says "Are you sure?", "I'm sure," she  
swears

Pavanne, cold steel woman, Pavanne

How do you love a woman

With eyes cold as the barrel of her gun?

Who's never missed her mark on anyone

Pavanne, Pavanne, Pavanne

At the presidential palace, a thousand people saw

His Excellency leave his car and never make the door

The blood flows from his fingers as he clutches at the  
stain

He staggers like a drunken man lies twisted in the rain

And they say she grew up well-provided for

Her mother used to keep her boys for sure

And father's close attention led to talk

She learned to stab her food with a silver fork

Pavanne, cold steel woman, Pavanne

And they say she didn't do it for the money

And they say she didn't do it for the man

They say that she did it for the pleasure

The pleasure of the moment

Pavanne, cold steel woman, Pavanne

How do you stop this woman

When everyone is moving in a trance?

Like prisoners of some slow portly dance

Pavanne, Pavanne, Pavanne

Pavanne, Pavanne, Pavanne

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