

Jeff Bridges

"Madame George"

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(van morrison)

Originally performed by van morrison. this cover is found on the trash can tape (a bootleg tape).

Down on cyprus avenue

With a child-like vision leaping into view.

The clicking clacking of the high-heeled shoes,

Ford and fitzroy; madame george.

Marching with the soldierboy behind

He's much older now with hat on, drinking wine

And the smell of sweet perfume comes drifting thru

In the cool night breeze like shalimar

And then your self control lets go

And suddenly you're up against the bathroom door.

The hallway lights are finely getting dim

You're in the front row touching him

And outside they're making all the stops

The kinds out in the streets collecting bottle tops,

Going for cigarettes and matches to the shops,

Happy talking, madame george

And that's when you fall, oh,

Oh, that's when you fall

And you fall into a trance

Sitting on a sofa playing games of chance

With your folded arms in history books you glance

Into the eyes of madame george

And you think you've found your bag,

You're getting weaker and your knees begin to sag

And in the corner playing dominoes in drag,

The one and only madame george

And outside the frosty window raps

She says "be cool, I think that it's the cops"

Stands up, drops everything she gots,

It's not easy now you know

Now you know you gotta go

Catch a train from dublin up to sandy row,

In the wind, rain & fog & slush & snow

Keep on going on

Say good-bye we know you're pretty far out

And all the little boys comin' round

They got gold cigarette lighters in their pockets

Walking away from it all, so cool.
That's when you fall.

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