

Allison Crowe

"Josephine"

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Not tonight, Josephine

In an army's strength therein
lies the denouement
From here you're haunting me
by the Seine so beautiful
only not to be of use

Impossible, impossible

So strange, victory, 1,200 spires
the only sound was Moscow burning
Empty like the Tuileries
Like a dream Vienna seems
only not to be of use

Impossible, impossible

For the last extremity, to advance
or not to advance
I hear you laughing

Even still you're calling me
not tonight, not tonight

not tonight, Josephine

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