

Morrison Van

"Madam George"

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Words and music by Van Morrison
Down on Cyprus Avenue
With a child-like vision leaping into view.
The clicking clacking of the high-heeled shoes,
Ford and Fitzroy; Madam 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, Madam 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 Madam 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 Madam 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.
Fade

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