

Grace Jones, Strange

Strange I've seen that face before
Seen him hanging round my door
Like a hawk stealing for the pray
Like the night waiting for the day
Strange he shadows me back home
Footsteps echo on the stone
Rainy nights an hustling boulevard
Parisian music drifting from the bars
Tu cherches quoi, recontrer la mort?
Tu te prends pour qui
Toi aussi tu detestes la vie
Dance in bars and restaurants
Home with anyone who wants
Strange hes standing alone
Staring eyes chill me to the bone
Dans sa chambre Joelle et sa valise
Un regard sur ses fringues
Sur les mures des photos sans regret
Sans mellow
La porte est claquee Joel cest barree