



Jardin du Luxembourg

I had never seen such beauty, sitting on a chair
I was on the stage that night
She was in the audience, and I would never dare
to speak with someone like her
I sang my songs
I drank my alcohol
I smoked my grass
And then I crashed on the floor
When I woke up she was lying next to me
and she walked me to the door

On the bus to her place I asked her who she was
She said who do you think you are
If you have a place to go to
in this God forsaken world
you don't have to go with me
I said I can be your trophy
if that is what you want, it doesn't matter much to me
Then she calmed down, and the people on the bus
looked the other way again

We got married in a rail station hall
by a hobo priest who lost his faith
in a war never mentioned in Europe at all
and then we moved on
We spent some time in Copenhagen
and in Amsterdam
and then we hitchhiked to Antwerp
We rented an apartment and I made money playing in the streets
and playing in the bars

When she got pregnant we began to think our life
in Antwerp was just a stupid dream
We wanted to do better for the baby so we left
for Paris that day
We made a little shelter in Jardin du Luxembourg
under a blanket of white snow
And in the morning my sweet Claire was not alive
She had left this world that night

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