

## Yvette in English

David Crosby

He met her in a French cafe  
She slipped in sideways like a cat  
Sidelong glances what a wary little stray  
She sticks in his mind like that

Saying "Avez-vous une allumette?"  
With her lips wrapped around a cigarette  
Yvette in English saying "Please have this  
Little bit of instant bliss"

He's struggling with a foreign tongue  
Reaching for words and drawing blanks  
A loud mouth is stricken deaf and dumb  
In a bistro on the left bank

"If I were a painter" Picasso said  
"I'd paint this girl from toe to head"  
Yvette in English saying "Please have this  
Little bit of instant bliss"

Burgundy nocturne tips and spills  
They move along nicely in the spreading stain  
New chills new thrills for the old uphill battle  
How did he wind up here again

Walking, talking, touched and scared  
Uninsulated wires bared  
Yvette in English going "Please have this  
Little bit of instant bliss", mmm

What blew her like a leaf this way  
Up in the air and down to earth  
First she flusters then she frays  
So quick to question her own worth

Her cigarette burns her fingertips  
It falls like fireworks she curses it  
Sweetly in English she says "Please have this  
Little bit of instant bliss", mmm ...

He sees her turn and walk away  
Skittering like a cat on a stone  
High heels clicking what a wary little stray  
She leaves him by the seine alone

With black water and amber lights  
A boney bridge between left and right  
Yvette in English saying "Please have this  
Little bit of instant bliss"