

She's Got a Gun

Yello

This is tonight, and it rains like in a French black and white movie of the Fifties. I feel like a character in it who's just lost it all, who is alone with his raincoat and a face showing a yet unknown way out of it. Steamy hot summer night street makes me laugh. I enjoy waiting for a taxi and I hope it's not gonna be here until I've had enough of this pleasant situation.

Movie is on
There comes a lady through the night
She stops in front of me
And asks me for a light

To win some time
To introduce myself
I pretend not to know
In which pocket I got my matches

Movie is on
There comes a lady through the night
She stops in front of me
And asks me for a light

She is walking on but not too far
She disappears behind a door
Some cats down there inside a club
The Sixties play guitar

Movie is on
There came a lady through the night
She stopped in front of me
And asked me for a light

I enjoy the rain and my wet hair
Feel slightly stupid
But got to follow her
The club is empty
I am standing near the door
She is the only dancer
On the biggest floor

Quel est votre nom?