

L'estat (Acc. to the Widow's Maid)

Ariel Pink

Madame Morse estate stood five hundred years
Painted black by love bathed in widows' tears
She had a maid, the maid remained to tend her
She tied and drowned her when she caught her in bed with her gardener
But she loves him (yeah-yeah), she loves him (yeah-yeah)
And how she loves that estate, estate, estate...

She wouldn't concede out of vanity that
Her servant would ever find her love
Her reflection would cry down in the lake
Where she threw the corpse for all time
Oh, madame, sad is this estate
Love blew the roof of your estate
Madame, mad mad love, madame, cheer up!

Madame Morse estate fell one summer's day
Rolling down to the water where the madams made pants to her mother, she loves her
She loves her (yeah-yeah), oh, and how she loves her (yeah-yeah)
And how she loves that estate, estate, estate...

She wouldn't concede out of vanity that
Her servant would ever find her love
Her reflection would cry down in the lake
Where she threw the corpse for all time
Oh, madame, sad is this estate
Love blew the roof of your estate
Madame, mad mad love, madame, mad mad love
Madame, or love that's mad? Cheer up!