

Memory Divine

Françoise Hardy

Oh, memory divine
I wonder
When death to death is done
I wonder
I need to lick a late
Late, late passion
At every station of
The cross
The cross

Never is nothing here
Child, I wonder
We need to sleep to die
I wonder
Your heart is in a race
Never, never lose the will
We love dying men

Oh Lord, let me know
The wonder
Oh Lord, let me know

It's a cold, cold, cold
Christmas
At every station of
The cross
The cross

You mean my night is wrong
I wonder
How do you feel, babe?
I wonder
I'm a fool, fool, fool
Itch of desire
Is there nothing left, Lord?
Nothing left but bones
But bones

Oh, memory divine
I wonder
Oh, memory divine