I've Seen That Face Before (Libertango)

Grace Jones

Strange, I've seen that face before,
Seen him hanging 'round my door.
Like a hawk stealing for the prey,
Like the night waiting for the day.

Strange, he shadows me back home,
Footsteps echo on the stone.
Rainy nights and hustling boulevards,
Parisian music tripping from the bars.

Tu cherches quoi?
Rencontrer la mort?
Tu te prends pour qui
Toi aussi tu detestes la vie.

Dancing by the restaurants,
Home with anyone you want.
Strange, he's standing there below,
Staring eyes thrill me to the bone.
Dans sa chambre
Joelle et sa valise.
Elle regarde ses fringues
Sur les murs des photos
Sans regret, sans melo.
La porte est claquèe,
Joelle est barrée

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