

## I've Seen That Face Before

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 claquée,  
Joelle est barrée