

## Walking With Satie

Malcolm McLaren

Tracing back my steps in time  
All I do is think about you Charlotte  
And the love is left behind  
I first saw Paris in Soho when I was thirteen

Sitting on a coffin drinking coffee  
I wore black on black with negative feelings  
I often go to Paris to live yesterday tomorrow  
Because Paris is a place of dreams

Francoise Hardy, tous les garcons et les filles  
Juliette Greco, Jeanne Moreau and Catherine Deneuve  
And I'm walking with Eric Satie  
Along the boulevards of Paris in the springtime

Un orchestre d'oiseaux, every so often breaks  
This map of feelings  
Drifting through these landscapes of love  
Watching strays from Pere Lacheise

Can you hear the cats purr?  
Can you hear the master?  
Stone against their velvet fur

Girls who travel the metro  
Stroking white mice they carry in their pockets  
Lost in a day dream

Daydreaming to be loved by someone  
Hurtling myself down into the metro  
A train of Latin and African percussion  
Turns my day into night

The rhythm of life  
The constant arguments between lovers  
He wants to listen to the news  
She wants to listen to the music