

Shame

Pond

Well I hope you're in the olive grove
And I hope you're not alone
Was I awoken by some presentiment?
Or was that a gun?
It was probably just a cracker, it's the 14th of July
In Montreuil it only matters that someone died

Split me open and burn me in two
Roll me in summer dew
I don't want to hate Marseille just because of this one day
So hurry up and rain, complete my day in shame
Shame
Shame
Shame
Shame
Oh the shame

I'm sorry for everything we've done
I'm sorry for the glory of the Queen
The glory of the gun
I'm sorry, I don't know what else to say
So what do I do?
To whom do I pray?
To reserve my lot, to reserve my place
I don't even like to think too much about fate
Is that fatalist, or naturalist, is it ignorance, wait, wait

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