

Framboise

Bombadil

tu es bourgeoise
presque comme une framboise
i can tell mademoiselle
that you're too red to be sunburnt
what it is i can't discern
and it makes you uncomfortable
to think of yourself this way
tu n'es pas fait main
rassis comme le vieux pain
i can see c'est la vie
that you're quiet and you're pure
and now you hang your head demur
and it makes you an atheist
to think of yourself this way
sitting on the bottom of the shelf
she's missing all the pieces of herself
am i patient am i kind or am i wasting time
counting out her blessings one by some
she's rounding down to several minus one
am i patient am i kind or am i wasting time
tu es dans un pot
la fleur fane trop tot
i thought you knew c'est du deja vu
you demand to know how far
but you never left and you've been starved
and it makes you feel infinite
to think of yourself this way

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