Ballade At Thirty-Five Carla Bruni

Intro: B

В В7

This, no song of ingenue

E Eb

This, no ballad of innocence;

3#m 1

This, the rhyme of a lady who

C#m F#

Followed ever the natural bents.

в в7

This, a solo of sapience,

E Eb

This, a chantey of sophistry,

G#m E

This, the sum of experiments,

C#m F# B

I loved them until they loved me.

ъ7

I loved them until they loved me.

E Eb G#m, E, C#m, F#

I loved them until they loved me.

B 7

Decked in garments of sable hue,

E Eb

Daubed with ashes of myriad Lents,

G#m E

Wearing shower bouquets of rue,

C#m F#

Walk I ever in penitence.

В В7

Oft I roam, as my heart repents,

E Eb

Through God s acre of memory,

G#m E

Marking stones, in my reverence,

C#m F# B

I loved them until they loved me.

в7

I loved them until they loved me.

E Eb G#m, E, C#m, F#

I loved them until they loved me.

Eb G#m

Pictures pass me in long review, --

E F# B

Marching columns of dead events. Eb G#m I was tender, and, often, true; C#m F# Ever a prey to coincidence. Always knew I the consequence; Always saw what the end would be. We re as Nature has made us -- hence F# I loved them until they loved me. в7 I loved them until they loved me. Eb G#m, E, C#m, F# I loved them until they loved me. в7 Princes, never I d give offense, Won t you think of me tenderly? Here s my strength and my weakness, gents -This, no song of ingenue

This, no ballad of innocence;

This, the rhyme of a lady who

G#m