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| **Her Morning Elegance**  Sun been down for days  A pretty flower in a vase  A slipper by the fireplace  A cello lying in its case  Soon she's down the stairs  Her morning elegance she wears  The sound of water makes her dream  Awoken by a cloud of steam  She pours a daydream in a cup  A spoon of sugar sweetens up  And she fights for her life  As she puts on her coat  And she fights for her life on the train  She looks at the rain as it pours  And she fights for her life  As she goes in a store  With a thought she has caught by a thread  She pays for the bread  And she goes  Nobody knows  Sun been down for days  A winter melody she plays  The thunder makes her contemplate  She hears a noise behind the gate  Perhaps a letter with a dove  Perhaps a stranger she could love  And she fights for her life  As she puts on her coat  And she fights for her life on the train  She looks at the rain as it pours  And she fights for her life  As she goes in a store  With a thought she has caught by a thread  She pays for the bread  And she goes  Nobody knows  Nobody knows  And she fights for her life  As she puts on her coat  And she fights for her life on the train  She looks at the rain as it pours  And she fights for her life as she goes in a store  Where people are pleasantly strange  And counting the change  As she goes  Nobody knows  Nobody knows  Nobody knows | **Её утреннее изящество**  Солнца нет день весь,  В вазе белый эдельвейс,  Создаст уют камина жар,  Виолончель одев в футляр.  Легче птиц пера,  Полна изящества с утра,  Вода прошепчет ей: ложись!  Но клубы пара будят жизнь.  Из чашки сны свои вкушать —  Добавив сахар, размешать...  Она бьётся за жизнь,  Надевая пальто,  Ждёт сраженья в вагоне метро —  И смотрит на дождь, как он льёт,  Она бьётся за жизнь, заходя в магазин,  Как в силок... потолок  Бело-слеп...  Она платит за хлеб  И идёт.  Кто же поймёт...  Солнца нет сто дней,  Зимы мелодия слышней,  Но гром гремит — и этот звук  Ей слышен, как в ворота стук.  Почтовый голубь, может быть?  А вдруг пришла пора любить?  Она бьётся за жизнь,  Надевая пальто,  Она бьётся в вагоне метро —  И глядя на дождь, как он льёт,  Она бьётся за жизнь, заходя в магазин,  Как в силок... потолок  Бело-слеп...  Она платит за хлеб  И идёт.  Кто же поймёт... |