Mademoiselle (Murray Head)

D A D A D A A

D A D A D A A D A E4
Mademoiselle remembers too well how once she was belle of the ball.
   F#m  E  Esus4  E
Now the past she sadly recalls.

D A D A D A A D A E4
Mademoiselle lived in grand hotels, ordered clothes by Chanel and Dior.
   F#m  E  Esus4  E
Millionaires queued at her door.

Bm           C#m
Oh, she pleased them and teased them, she hooked them and squeezed them
   D  A
until like their empires they'd fall.

Bm           C#m
She very soon learned that the more love she spurned
   D  D6  E
The more power she yearned until she was belle of the ball.

D A D A D A A D A E4
Oh, Mademoiselle, such a soft machiavel, would play bagatelle with the hearts
   F#m  E  Esus4  E
of young men as they fell.

D A D A D A A D A E4
Mademoiselle would hide in her shell, could then turn cast a spell on any girl
   F#m  E  Esus4  E
that got in her way.

Bm           C#m
She would crave all attention. Men would flock to her side.
   D  A
Woe betide any man who ignored.

Bm           C#m
For she'd feign such affection, then break down their pretension.
   D  D6  E
When she'd won she would turn away, turn away, thoroughly bored.

D A D A D A A D A E4
Mademoiselle, long ago said farewell to any love left to sell, for the sake
   F#m  E  Esus4  E
of being belle of the ball.

D A D A D A A D A E4
Mademoiselle knows there's no way to quell her own private hell, just a shell,
   F#m  E  Esus4  E
with no heart left at all.

D A E A
Poor old Mademoiselle.
   D A E A
Still a Mademoiselle.
   D A E A Asus4 A Asus4 A
Poor old Mademoiselle.