

## **Ballad of a Corsair (*Manouche, l' Corsaire Extraordinaire*)**

Rounding hairpins like I fell out of bed and learned to drive Le Mans before walking  
I place an order and I get what I wanted, now the line forms here to serve me  
Best you scatter and spread the warning when you see my flag in the harbor  
No idle rumor, I confess my scruples have been known to wander when I sing

The name Manouche proceeds me  
Sweet melodies as I help myself  
And if you see through me, don't give me away

Autumn found me on the Mediterranean, ashore with a near-empty bottle  
Heart full o' honey for the love I'm missing, and I drink to our anniversary  
I carved his name on the sole of my boot, and his kiss I committed to memory  
Put on a smile as I conduct some business, now the line forms here to speak to me

The name Manouche proceeds me  
Telling fortunes as I help myself  
And if you see through me, don't give me away

Thief I may be, a dodgy life I lead, but I've a hand to lend to the misfits  
Take the bureaucrats, I take them to task, and then I take them for every cent they're worth  
Though I've got my greed, there's only so much I need, and I give the rest to the children  
See them grinning at that chink in my armor, and I run from the cover that's dissolved

The name Manouche proceeds me  
Give to the poor, and still I help myself  
Just mind your own pockets and don't give me away