“Les Désespérés”

Brel	**Translation**/W.R. Pendergast	**Blau/Shuman**
Se tiennent par la main et marchent en silence Dans ces villes éteintes ***que le crachin balance*** Ne sonnent que leurs pas, pas à pas fredonnés Ils marchent en silence, les désespérés	They hold hands and walk in silence In these darkened towns that the drizzle obscures Only their steps resound, step by step humming They march in silence, the desperate ones	They hold each other's hand, they walk without a sound Down forgotten streets, their shadows kiss the ground Their footsteps sing a song that's ended before it's begun They walk without a sound, the desperate ones
Ils ont brûlé leurs ailes, ils ont perdu leurs branches Tellement naufragés que ***la mort paraît blanche*** Ils reviennent d’amour, ils se sont réveillés Ils marchent en silence, les désespérés	They burned their wings, they lost their branches So wrecked that death seems white They return from love, they woke up They walk in silence, the desperate ones	Just like the tiptoe moth, they dance before the flame They've burned their hearts so much that death is just a name And if love calls again so foolishly they run They run without a sound, the desperate ones
Et je sais leur chemin ***pour l’avoir cheminé*** Déjà plus de cent fois, cent fois plus qu’à moitié Moins vieux ou plus meurtris, ils vont le terminer Ils marchent en silence, les désespérés	And I know their path having walked it Already more than a hundred times, a hundred times more than half-way Less old or more bruised, they are going to finish it They walk in silence, the desperate ones.	I know the road they're on, I've walked their crooked mile A hundred times or more I drank their cup of bile They watch their dreams go down behind the setting sun They walk without a sound, the desperate ones
Et en dessous du pont, l’eau est douce et profonde Voici la bonne hôtesse, voici la fin du monde Ils pleurent leurs prénoms, comme de jeunes mariés Et fondent en silence, les désespérés	And under the bridge the water is soft and deep Here is the good hostess, here the end of the world They cry their names like young newlyweds And melt silently, the desperate ones.	And underneath the bridge, the waters sweet and deep There is the journey's end, the land of endless sleep They cry to us for help, we think it's all in fun They cry without a sound, the desperate ones
Que se lève celui qui leur lance la pierre Il ne sait de l’amour que le verbe s’aimer Sur le pont n’est plus rien qu’une brume légère Ça s’oublie en silence, ceux qui ont espéré	May he stand who throws a stone at them He knows nothing more of love than the verb "to love" On the bridge is no longer anything than a light mist It is forgotten in silence, those who hoped.	Let he who threw the stone at them stand up and take a bow He knows the verb "to love" but he'll never know how On the bridge of nevermore they disappear, one by one Disappear without a sound, the desperate ones