

## Marine Le Pen

Well Marine drove up for a while  
To some northern industrial place  
It was time, she thought, to reflect on her past  
And she would not be moving back.

In a long and lasting conversion  
In the shadows of some mall  
You could see her sneak like a rickety crack  
That's been mirrored on these walls.

As a young girl having intentions  
In a strange and promising land  
There was a lot of talking and misunderstanding  
And the endings were never planned.

All the steel workers gathered around  
In a broke down clashing dream  
With these smoke stacks, coal piles and enormous buildings  
And all these blown out machines.

There was a longing for information  
On all these streets nearby  
A week of promising payments closed  
To an immaculate Saturday sky.

At the old industrial heartland  
Reporting authorities came  
They were all entitled with moral salvation  
And offering phrases of fame.

*Chorus: Oh Marine, oh Marine*

*What has happened and what have you seen?*

*Is it true you went to America*

*To appear in a musical film?*