

LES PETITES OREILLES



Curiouser

THE GLASS WAS SOFT THAT NIGHT

There was a drawing room in Montmartre, above a *café* that could never fix its jukebox, and in the drawing room there was a mirror, and the mirror had been behaving very well for years — which is, as any mirror will tell you, the hardest work there is. It showed four girls their own faces whenever they asked, and it never once showed them anything better, because that is the rule, and mirrors are terribly fond of rules.

Then one Tuesday evening (it is always Tuesday, in this business) the fire burned low, and the clock on the mantel stopped at half past four and refused to say whether it meant morning or afternoon, and the glass went soft. Not broken — soft, the way sugar goes in the rain. Élodie noticed first, because noticing is her instrument. She put out one hand, the way you test bathwater, and the hand kept going.

“Curiouser,” she said.

“That is not a word,” said Clémentine, who was already climbing through so as to correct it from the other side.



IN WHICH THE OTHERS FOLLOW

Margaux went next, though it is more accurate to say Margaux had gone first in every way that wasn't chronological: she had suspected the mirror for years, having once knocked on it the way you knock on a melon, and heard a room on the other side answer politely. She took the Farfisa. Do not ask how a Farfisa goes through a looking-glass. She has been asked. The answer takes an hour, comes with diagrams, and ends in a pastry you should not eat.

And Lila — Lila stood before the softened glass a long moment, weeping at a professional volume, because she had seen this film and knew perfectly well that you do not come back the same. Then she went through anyway. That is the entire definition of Lila, and the reason she plays the drums.

The mirror sealed behind them, of course. It always does. Everything I knew is everything I lost — they wrote that down later, on a napkin, so you would know exactly what it cost.



THE NOTE, CONCLUDED

WHAT THEY FOUND THERE

What they found there, you are holding. A rabbit too late for his own life. A queen who screams the only words she knows. A garden of flowers that mistake a girl for a weed. A cat that leaves its smile behind the way other guests forget an umbrella. A small tired mouse for whom it is always six o'clock; a white queen who misses you before she has met you; and at the very bottom of the very last page, an afternoon on a river, golden and terrible, where a man wrote a little girl down so she could never leave.

They sang what they heard. In two languages, because Wonderland will not sit still in one. That was always the whole trick of this band: they were sent out of the room, and the room turned out to be the world, and the door was a drum, and the glass was soft, and the fall — the fall was a window.

Go on. It is only a book of songs. It bites, but only the way marmalade does — sweetly, and after.

HEAD OF ONE HAND CLAPPING



THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

English, with a French farewell

VERSE 1 - THIS SIDE OF THE MIRROR

The drawing room is quiet. The fire is
low.

The cat is in my lap and the cat is asleep.

The clock on the mantelpiece has
stopped at half past four.

This is the life I know. This is the life I
keep.

There is a mirror on the wall. There is
something inside.

I have seen it move when I haven't been
looking.

I have heard it breathe when the house
was dead asleep.

I have felt it watching while I was crying
or cooking.

PRE-CHORUS

And tonight the glass is soft
And tonight the room is wrong
And tonight my hand can pass
Through the surface like a song

CHORUS

Through the looking glass
Through the looking glass
Everything I knew
Is everything I lost
Through the looking glass
Through the looking glass
Everything I am
Is what it costs



VERSE 2 — THE OTHER
SIDE

On this side the chimney smokes the
other way
The chess pieces play themselves and
they keep cheating
The flowers speak — and frankly, they're
not kind
The Red Queen runs hard and never
quite arrives
I do my hair in the mirror but the mirror
starts
I read books and the books read me back
The white knight falls — and stands —
and falls again
And the garden grows backwards toward
the seed

PRE-CHORUS

And tonight the glass is closed
And tonight the room is gone
And tonight my hand could not
Reach back if I were wrong

CHORUS

(as before)

BRIDGE — HER LAST
WORDS

*Adieu, ma chambre, adieu, mon chat
Adieu, le feu, adieu, les heures
Adieu, l'enfant que j'étais hier
Et qui ne reviendra plus jamais*

*J'ai gagné un royaume
J'ai perdu ma maison
J'ai gagné une couronne
J'ai perdu mon nom*

FINAL CHORUS — THE
BAND DETONATES

Through the looking glass
Through the looking glass
Everything I was
Is what I had to lose
Everything I'll be
Is everything I choose

TRACK 01

Through the Looking Glass

the French, translated

THE BRIDGE - HER LAST
WORDS

Farewell, my room; farewell, my cat
Farewell, the fire; farewell, the hours
Farewell, the child I was yesterday
Who is never coming back

I have won a kingdom
I have lost my house
I have won a crown
I have lost my name



LES PETITES OREILLES - CURIUSER - 07

CURIOUSER & CURIOUSER

français · English

VERSE 1

Je suis tombée dans un livre que
personne n'avait fini
Je suis tombée dans une chanson dont les
mots avaient changé
Je suis tombée dans un rire qui n'avait
pas de visage
Je suis tombée dans une porte que
personne n'avait fermée

PRE-CHORUS

And every time the falling started
Something in me said "go further"
And the world cracked open like a rabbit
hole
That had been waiting all along

CHORUS

Curiouser and curiouser
And curiouser still
Curiouser and curiouser
Down and down I go

VERSE 2

Je suis tombée dans une idée qui ne
dormait jamais
Je suis tombée dans une bouche qui
savait déjà mon nom
Je suis tombée dans une question — j'en
ai fait une maison
Je suis tombée dans un miroir, et c'était
une fenêtre

PRE-CHORUS, CHORUS

(as before)

BRIDGE

The smart ones stop where the answers
stop
But the curious ones — the lucky ones —
We keep falling because the falling
Is the only way to go.



*Reste curieux, mon amour
Reste curieux, ma chère
Et tombe, tombe, tombe encore
Le fond du trou est une fenêtre*

FINAL CHORUS

Curiouser and curiouser
And curiouser still
Curiouser and curiouser
Down and down I go

We're all curiouser
And curiouser still
We're all curiouser
Going further down the hole

OUTRO

Fall, fall, fall, fall
Fall, fall, fall, fall
Curiouser and curiouser
And curiouser still

CURIOUSER & CURIOUSER

the French, translated

VERSE 1

I fell into a book that no one had
finished
I fell into a song whose words had
changed
I fell into a laugh that had no face
I fell into a door that no one had closed

VERSE 2

I fell into an idea that never slept
I fell into a mouth that already knew my
name
I fell into a question — and made it my
house
I fell into a mirror, and it was a window

THE BRIDGE, FINISHED

Stay curious, my love
Stay curious, my dear
And fall, fall, fall again —

**The bottom of the hole is a
window**



THE WHITE RABBIT

français · English

INTRO — A WATCH, TICKING

VERSE 1

J'ai une montre dans ma poche
Une montre à mon poignet
Une horloge dans mon thorax
Qui me rappelle d'être en retard

Vingt-deux mails depuis l'aube
Trois rendez-vous avant midi
J'ai perdu mon gant, mon éventail
Et tout mon courage en chemin

PRE-CHORUS

Je n'ai pas le temps, je n'ai pas le temps
Pour le café, pour le silence
Pour les nuages, pour les enfants
Je suis en retard sur mon existence

CHORUS 1

I'm late, I'm late
For a date that doesn't wait
I'm late, I'm late
And I cannot, cannot stop

VERSE 2

J'ai dit "désolé, je ne peux pas"
À ma mère, à mon amour
À mes pattes, à mes moustaches
Au soleil et au bonjour

J'ai dit "demain, peut-être après"
À tout ce qui m'aurait sauvé
J'ai couru, couru, couru
Sans savoir ce que je fuyais



PRE-CHORUS 2

Je n'ai pas le temps, je n'ai pas le temps
La Reine attend, la Reine attend
Et si je m'arrête une seule seconde
Elle aura ma tête, ma tête

CHORUS 2

I'm late, I'm late
I'm very very late
I'm late, I'm last
And I'm running very fast

BREAKDOWN — ONLY THE
TICKING

(tic-tac... tic-tac... tic-tac...)
Et qui m'attend?
(personne)
Et qui m'écoute?
(personne)
Et qui m'aime?
(personne, personne, personne)

PRE-CHORUS 3

J'ai pas le temps, j'ai pas le temps
J'ai pas le temps, j'ai pas le temps
Mais le temps, lui, m'a oublié
Le temps, lui, est déjà passé

FINAL CHORUS —
STACKED

I'm late, I'm late
For a very important date
No time to say hello-goodbye
I'm late, I'm late, I'm late

I'm late...

I'm lost...

I'm leaving...

I'm last...

OUTRO — THE WATCH
FINALLY STOPS

(a single tick, repeating)

THE WHITE RABBIT

the French, translated

VERSE 1

I have a watch in my pocket
 A watch on my wrist
 A clock inside my ribcage
 That reminds me to be late

Twenty-two emails since dawn
 Three appointments before noon
 I've lost my glove, my fan
 And all my courage on the way

PRE-CHORUS

I haven't the time, I haven't the time
 For coffee, for silence
 For the clouds, for the children
 I am running late for my own existence



VERSE 2

I said “sorry, I can’t”
 To my mother, to my love
 To my paws, to my whiskers
 To the sun and to good morning

I said “tomorrow, maybe after”
 To everything that might have saved me
 I ran, and ran, and ran
 Without knowing what I was running
 from

BREAKDOWN

And who is waiting for me?
(no one)
 And who is listening?
(no one)
 And who loves me?
(no one, no one, no one)

But time — time has forgotten me
 Time has already passed

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

English

VERSE 1

She handed me a flamingo
She gave me a hedgehog ball
She bent the guards into archways
And waved her hand at the wall

The painted roses dripped their secret
Red on white on red on white
The Seven of Spades was on his knees
The Two of Spades was out of sight

PRE-CHORUS

And the Queen — she clutched her
crown
And the Queen — she came around
And the Queen — she pointed down
At every blessed face in town

CHORUS

Off with their heads!
(Off with their heads!)
Off with their heads!
(Off with their heads!)
Off with their heads!
(Off with their heads!)
Long live the Queen of Hearts!



VERSE 2

Now there are rules in Wonderland
But none that anyone has read
The King is in his counting house
Pardoning the not-yet-dead

We swing the bird, we lose the goal
We trip the hedgehog as it rolls
And every time her face goes red
She screams the only words she knows

PRE-CHORUS, CHORUS

(as before)

BRIDGE — THE
REBELLION BEGINS

When the flamingo lifts its head
And the hedgehog walks away
And the guardsman stands and stretches
There'll be no more game to play

FINAL PRE-CHORUS —
INVERTED, DEFIANT

**She'll lose her head before we
do!**

(three times, and mean it)

CHORUS

(as before)

OUTRO — SOFTLY

(long live the Queen)

WE'RE ALL MAD HERE

français · English

INTRO — AN EERIE WALTZ

VERSE 1 — THE CAT, LANGUID

*Bonjour, ma chère, je suis le Chat
Je suis ici, je suis là-bas
Je suis là quand je ne suis pas
Et je ne suis pas quand je suis*

*Tu cherches une réponse, ma chère?
Bien. Quelle est ta question?
Tu cherches le chemin?
Bien. Où veux-tu aller?*

CHORUS

*We're all mad here
I'm mad, and so are you
We're all mad here
You walked in, didn't you?*

VERSE 2 — THE TRAP CLOSES

*Tu te crois saine, n'est-ce pas?
Mais tu es là, dans ce livre
Tu écoutes, tu chantes, tu rêves
Donc tu es folle, c'est prouvé*

*Le sage ne lit pas Carroll
Le sage ne chante pas en français
Le sage ne s'occupe pas de chats imaginaires
Tu n'es pas sage, ma chère*

CHORUS

(as before)

INSTRUMENTAL — THE CAT VANISHES

*(theremin, vibraphone, reverb tails; no voice, a
long while)*



VERSE 3 — THE CAT
RETURNS, WITH A GIFT

*Ne pleure pas, ma chère, ne pleure pas
Si tout est fou, fais le fou avec nous
Si rien ne dure, ris d'un fou rire
Et meurs en souriant — comme moi*

*Le crocodile sourit, le chapelier sourit
Le serpent sourit, et moi, ma chère
Je n'ai plus de corps, plus de pattes, plus rien
Mais le sourire, lui, ne s'en va pas*

CHORUS

We're all mad here
I'm mad, and so are you
We're all mad here
You walked in, didn't you?

FINAL CHORUS —
JOYFUL, DEFIANT

We're all mad here
I'm mad, and so are you
We're all mad here
We're all—

*(the voice cuts; one high note hangs; then
nothing)*

WE'RE ALL MAD HERE

the French, translated

VERSE 1 — THE CAT

Good day, my dear — I am the Cat
 I am here, I am over there
 I am there when I am not
 And I am not when I am

You're looking for an answer, my dear?
 Good. What is your question?
 You're looking for the way?
 Good. Where do you want to go?

VERSE 2 — THE TRAP

You think you're sane, do you?
 But here you are, inside this book
 You listen, you sing, you dream
 So you are mad — it's proven

The sensible don't read Carroll
 The sensible don't sing in French
 The sensible don't keep imaginary cats
 You are not sensible, my dear

VERSE 3 — THE GIFT

Don't cry, my dear, don't cry
 If everything is mad, be mad with us
 If nothing lasts, laugh a madman's laugh
 And die smiling — like me

The crocodile smiles, the hatter smiles
 The serpent smiles — and I, my dear,
 I have no body left, no paws, nothing at
 all
 But the smile — the smile never leaves



CHESHIRE SMILE

English

VERSE 1

You left and you took the cardigan
You left and you took my sleep
You left and you took the songs we
played
And every word I used to keep

You left and you took the future
You left and you took the past
You left and you took the present too
And told it not to last

PRE-CHORUS

I tried to cry this morning
The eyes had left with you
I tried to whisper to myself
The tongue left with you too

CHORUS

So I just keep smiling
I smile a little harder
And I smile and I smile and I smile
What else is there to do?

VERSE 2

You left and you took my reasons
You left and you took my proof
You left and you took the version of me
That I liked, that I called true

You left and you took the Tuesdays
You left and you took my coat
You left and you took the cat
And just left me that little smile he
wrote



PRE-CHORUS 2

I tried to scream this morning
The voice had left with you
I tried to break a window
The hands left with you too

CHORUS

(as before)

BRIDGE — THE THESIS

The trick of being left
Is the leaver takes the leaving
Including the way to move past it
Including the way to keep grieving

So you can't get over, can't get under
Can't get past, can't get through
There's just this smile that won't come
off
And what else is there to do?

FINAL CHORUS

So I just keep smiling
I smile a little harder
And I smile and I smile and I smile
What else is there to do?

Yes, I just keep smiling
I smile a little harder
And I smile my Cheshire smile
What else is there to do?

OUTRO — BOUNCY,
FADING

(what else is there to do?)

WHO R U?

français · English · a dialogue

INTRO — HOOKAH,
SITAR, VIBRAPHONE

THE CATERPILLAR

Qui es-tu?

Réponds doucement, prends ton temps

Je ne suis pas pressé, ma chère

J'ai mille ans, j'ai mille ans

Qui es-tu?

Pas le nom que tu as appris

Pas la robe que tu portes

Pas le miroir, pas le pli

ALICE

I hardly know, sir

I hardly know

I knew this morning

But the morning was a long long time

ago

THE CATERPILLAR

Qui étais-tu?

Avant la première leçon

Avant qu'on te dise "tiens-toi droite"

Avant qu'on te dise "non"

Qui étais-tu?

Avant le premier mensonge

Avant ton premier baiser, ton premier deuil

Avant que tu ne sois quelqu'un

ALICE

I hardly know, sir

I hardly know

I think I was someone

But she's gone now



THE CATERPILLAR

*Qui seras-tu?
Quand tu auras fini de grandir
Quand tu auras fini d'oublier
Quand il n'y aura plus rien à finir*

*Qui seras-tu?
Quand le miroir n'aura plus rien à dire
Quand ta mère ne te reconnaîtra plus
Quand tu seras prête à partir*

ALICE

*I hardly know, sir
I hardly know
But I think I'd like to find out
Before I go*

INSTRUMENTAL — SMOKE
AND DRONE

THE CATERPILLAR —
ALMOST GONE

*Tu vois?
La question n'a pas de réponse
La réponse n'a pas de question
Et nous dansons, nous dansons*

*Tu vois?
On ne se trouve qu'en se perdant
On ne se garde qu'en se donnant
On n'existe qu'en se rêvant*

ALICE, THE LAST TIME

*I hardly know, sir
I hardly know
But I'm starting to get
That I don't need to know*

OUTRO — THE EXHALE,
THEN SILENCE

WHO R U?

the French, translated

THE CATERPILLAR

Who are you?
Answer slowly; take your time
I am in no hurry, my dear
I am a thousand years old, a thousand
years old

Who are you?
Not the name you were taught
Not the dress you wear
Not the mirror, not the crease

WHO WERE YOU?

Before the first lesson
Before they said “stand up straight”
Before they said “no”
Before the first lie
Before your first kiss, your first grief
Before you were somebody



WHO WILL YOU BE?

When you have finished growing
When you have finished forgetting
When there is nothing left to finish
When the mirror has nothing left to say
When your mother no longer knows
your face
When you are ready to go

YOU SEE?

The question has no answer
The answer has no question
And we dance, we dance
We only find ourselves by getting lost
We only keep ourselves by giving
ourselves away
We only exist by dreaming ourselves

BEWARE THE JABBERWOCK

franglais · English

THE FRAME — FRENCH
NONSENSE

*C'était brillig, et les toves slithy
Gyraient et gimblaient dans le wabe
Tous mimsy étaient les borogoves
Et les mome raths outgrabaient*

CHORUS — THE WARNING,
VERBATIM

Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!

THE QUEST

*Il prit en main son vorpal sword
Et chercha longtemps son manxome foe
Sous le Tuntum tree, il s'arrêta
Et dans une humeur uffish, il pensa*

CHORUS

(as before)

THE BATTLE — ENGLISH
EXPLOSION

And as in uffish thought he stood
The Jabberwock with eyes of flame
Came whiffing through the tulgey wood
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two!
And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back

THE FATHER'S JOY

*"Tu as donc tué le Jabberwock?
Viens dans mes bras, mon beamish boy!"
"Ô frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
Le père chortla dans sa joie folle*

THE FRAME CLOSURE
THE TOVES, STE
GYRING



BEWARE THE JABBERWOCK

the French, restored to Carroll

THE FRAME — 1871, AS
WRITTEN

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

THE QUEST

He took his vorpal sword in hand;
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree
And stood awhile in thought.

THE FATHER'S JOY

“And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callyay!”
He chortled in his joy.

*(n.31 — for the French, Parisot's Jabberwocky is
the only
acceptable translation. this is not an opinion. —
C.)*



THE FLOWERS

*(mauvaise herbe) · français · English*TIGER LILY — LOWER
REGISTER

*Mais regardez qui arrive
Une mauvaise herbe — pardonnez-moi —
Avec des feuilles qui dépassent
Et une couleur qui n'est pas de saison*

*Tu vois la rose? Elle, c'est une fleur
Tu vois la marguerite? Elle, c'est une fleur
Toi? Toi, ma chère, je suis désolée —
Tu pousses où on ne devrait pas pousser*

REFRAIN — ALL THREE,
IN UNISON

*She's a weed, she's a weed
She's a stem with feet
She's a weed, she's a weed
She's a colour we don't keep*

ROSE — REFINED

*Excuse-moi, je n'en peux plus
Cette pauvre chose — elle pense être une
fleur!
Avec son tronc, avec ses bras
Avec son visage qui transpire encore*

*On dirait qu'elle a couru
On dirait qu'elle a pleuré
Quel manque d'élégance
Une fleur ne court jamais*

REFRAIN

*(as before)*DAISY — HIGHER,
CHATTERING

*Vous avez vu? Vous avez vu?
Une fille avec des cheveux!
J'ai jamais vu de cheveux sur une fleur.
C'est curieux, c'est curieux, c'est curieux.*



*Et elle marche! Elle se promène!
Elle ne reste pas dans son trou
Elle ne se tait pas comme nous
Elle parle plus fort que nous*

REFRAIN

(as before)

THE FLOWERS TURN ON
EACH OTHER

- *Marguerite, tais-toi*
- *Mais c'est toi qui as commencé!*
- *Vous êtes toutes deux insupportables*
 - *Et toi, tu te fanes*
 - *Comment oses-tu!*
- *Elle se fane, elle se fane, elle se fane!*

TAIS-TOI!

ALICE, QUIETLY

*...je m'en vais
(a beat of silence)*

FINAL REFRAIN —
INVERTED, AT EACH
OTHER

*You're a weed, you're a weed
You're a stem with feet
You're a weed, you're a weed
You're a colour we don't keep
(twice, and meaner)*

OUTRO

(overlapping catty whispers in French, fading)

THE FLOWERS

the French, translated

TIGER LILY

Well, look who's arriving —
 A weed — do forgive me —
 With leaves that stick out
 And a colour out of season

You see the rose? She is a flower
 You see the daisy? She is a flower
 You? You, my dear — I am so sorry —
 You grow where one should not grow

ROSE

Excuse me, I cannot bear it
 This poor thing — it thinks it is a flower!
 With its trunk, with its arms
 With its face still perspiring

It looks as though she has been running
 It looks as though she has been crying
 What a lack of elegance —
 A flower never runs



DAISY

Did you see? Did you see?
 A girl — with hair!
 I have never seen hair on a flower
 How curious, how curious, how curious

And she walks! She strolls about!
 She will not stay in her hole
 She will not keep quiet like us
 She talks louder than us

THE TURN

— Daisy, be quiet
 — But you started it!
 — You are both insufferable
 — And you — you're wilting
 — How dare you!
 — She's wilting, she's wilting, she's
 wilting!
 BE QUIET!

(and Alice, quietly:) ...I'm leaving

TRACK 10

UNBIRTHDAY

English, mostly

INTRO — PIANO ALONE

VERSE 1

There's no cake to bake, no candle to
light
No one wrote down today on the
calendar
But I'm looking across the kitchen
And there you are, you, mon amour

PRE-CHORUS

And I want to sing
The smallest song
On the smallest day
For the largest thing

CHORUS

Happy unbirthday to you
Happy unbirthday to you
Happy unbirthday, mon amour
Happy unbirthday to you

VERSE 2

There won't be any guests today
There won't be any cake
There won't be any photograph
That anyone will take
But there you are, in the doorway
With your ordinary face
And I want to make a fuss
For the day that holds no place

PRE-CHORUS, CHORUS

(as before)



BRIDGE

You have three hundred sixty-four
Days that you didn't ask for
Three hundred sixty-four chances
For me to say I see you

And one day — one day —
You won't be here at all
And I'll have all the Tuesdays
With no one left to call

So today, on this nothing of a Tuesday
I'm going to sing it twice

FINAL CHORUS

Happy unbirthday to you
Happy unbirthday to you
Happy unbirthday, mon amour
Happy unbirthday to you

Happy unbirthday to you
Happy unbirthday to you
Joyeux non-anniversaire
Happy unbirthday to you

OUTRO — WHISPERED,
VOICES JOINING

(you are here)
(you are here)
(you are here)

THE DOORMOUSE

English

INTRO - A MUSIC BOX,
WINDING

VERSE 1 - TINY,
EXHAUSTED

I am tiny, I am tired
Smallest at the endless tea
Hatter rants and March Hare shouts
And the clock is stuck at six

I just want to close my eyes
For a moment, for a while
But they shake me when I rest
And they shake me with a smile

PRE-CHORUS

The teapot pours forever
The cups don't ever empty
The bread won't ever go stale
And I'm never going to sleep



CHORUS

It's forever six o'clock
And I'm forever nearly free
It's forever six o'clock
And no one comes for me

It's forever six o'clock
And I'm forever almost gone
It's forever six o'clock
And the hell goes on and on

VERSE 3 — THE MOMENT
OF STILLNESS

Once they stopped, just for a breath
Just for half a quiet beat
And I almost — almost — slept
And I almost felt complete

But Hare laughed and Hatter clapped
And the spell was undone
And the teapot poured again
And the party rolled on

PRE-CHORUS, CHORUS

(as before)

BRIDGE — THE
SURRENDER

I have one song I'm allowed to sing
I have one song they let me know
I have one song to put me down
When I'm too far gone

THE BAT POEM

Twinkle, twinkle, little bat
How I wonder what you're at
Up above the world you fly
Like a tea-tray in the sky
(the music box winds down; it does not finish)

THE WHITE QUEEN

(i miss you) · français · English

CHORUS — THE LOSS ARRIVES FIRST

I miss you
I will miss you
I missed you
Every day, all at once
I miss you
I will miss you
I missed you
The clock runs backwards too

VERSE 1

*Je pleure ce matin
Parce que tu vas partir
Demain, ou dans dix ans
Je le sais, je l'ai senti*

*J'ai déjà pleuré pour ta tombe
Avant même qu'on se rencontre
J'ai déjà perdu ton sourire
Avant même qu'il existe*

PRE-CHORUS

*Le sang vient avant l'épingle
La douleur vient avant la blessure
C'est la mémoire à l'envers
Et c'est moi, c'est ma nature*

CHORUS

(as before)

VERSE 2 — THE JAM

*La confiture, c'est pour hier
La confiture, c'est pour demain
Mais aujourd'hui — non, jamais —
Aujourd'hui n'est pas un autre jour*

*Tu m'embrasses, et je pleure
Parce que je sais que tu partiras
Tu me dis "je t'aime"
Et j'entends "je t'aimais"*



PRE-CHORUS, CHORUS

(as before)

BRIDGE — THE ARMOR

*Mais peut-être, peut-être
Si je pleure assez avant
Si je perds tout avant de l'avoir
Alors je n'aurai rien à perdre*

*Mais peut-être, peut-être
C'est aussi une façon de vivre
De connaître la fin du livre
Avant la première page*

QUIET REVELATION —
NEAR-SPOKEN

*Et pourtant tu es là
Et pourtant tu m'embrasses
Et pourtant aujourd'hui
Aujourd'hui...*

FINAL CHORUS —
BUILDING, STILL
ACHING

I miss you
I will miss you
I missed you
Every day, all at once
I miss you
I will miss you
I missed you
The clock runs backwards too

THE WHITE QUEEN

the French, translated

VERSE 1

I am crying this morning
 Because you are going to leave
 Tomorrow, or in ten years
 I know it — I have felt it

I have already wept at your grave
 Before we ever met
 I have already lost your smile
 Before it ever existed

PRE-CHORUS

The blood comes before the pin
 The pain comes before the wound
 It is memory running backwards
 And it is me — it is my nature

VERSE 2 — THE JAM



The jam is for yesterday
 The jam is for tomorrow
 But today — no, never —
 Today is not another day

You kiss me, and I cry
 Because I know that you will leave
 You tell me “I love you”
 And I hear “I loved you”

BRIDGE — THE ARMOR

But maybe, maybe
 If I cry enough beforehand
 If I lose everything before I have it
 Then I will have nothing left to lose

But maybe, maybe
 It is also a way of living —
 To know the end of the book
 Before the first page

QUIET REVELATION

And yet here you are
 And yet you kiss me
 And yet, today —
 Today...

TRACK 13

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

badass rock version

« *va voir au début du livre.* »

(check the front of the book.)

– les filles

(same words. more amplifier.)



TRACK 14

WAKE UP ALICE

mostly instrumental · feat. Dr. Thrillho



elle dort. on joue doucement. – L.

(there are no words in this one. Lila drew what it says instead.)

(the android taught us a four-on-the-floor. we taught it “curiouser.” even trade.)

GOLDEN AFTERNOON

bonus track · English

INTRO — FINGERPICKED,
LULLABY - SOFT

VERSE 1

The afternoon was golden on the river
The little girl was ten, the man was
thirty
He had a thousand stories in his pocket
And he gave them, one by one, to her

CHORUS

A golden afternoon, a golden afternoon
The little girl was ten, the man was
thirty
A golden afternoon, a golden afternoon
And he wrote it down, he wrote it down

VERSE 2

He told her of a rabbit running late
He told her of a kingdom underneath the
ground

He told her of a cat that left its smile
behind
And the little girl, she laughed and
laughed and laughed

CHORUS

(as before)

VERSE 3

That night he sat alone at his desk
He wrote down every word he'd told her
So the little girl could stay forever
Ten years old, on a river, listening



BRIDGE

He sent her letters every Sunday
He took her pictures in the summer
He gave her stories like a string of pearls
“Pour toi,” he whispered, “pour toi, ma
chère”

She had to grow, but he could not
She had to leave, but he could not
She had to live a life he wasn't in
And he kept writing, kept on writing

FINAL CHORUS -
QUIETER

(as before)

OUTRO - ALMOST
WHISPERED

(the little girl was ten, the man was thirty)
(the little girl was ten, the man was thirty)
(and he wrote it down)

L I N E R N O T E S

LES PETITES OREILLES

Élodie · Clémentine · Margaux · Lila — Montmartre, Paris

ONE HAND
CLAPPING

PAS DEVANT

01 Through the Looking Glass
02 Curiouser & Curiouser
03 The White Rabbit
04 The Queen of Hearts
05 We're All Mad Here
06 Cheshire Smile
07 Who R U?
08 Beware the Jabberwock

09 The Flowers (Mauvaise Herbe)
10 Unbirthday
11 The Doormouse
12 The White Queen (I Miss You)
13 Through the Looking Glass — badass rock version
14 Wake Up Alice feat. Dr. Thrillho
15 Golden Afternoon — bonus track

All songs performed by Les Petites Oreilles

É L O D I E N A K A M U R A

lead vocals, guitars, strings — the Dreamer

C L É M E N T I N E D U B O I S

upright bass, backing vocals, the footnotes — the Glue

M A R G A U X L E F È V R E

keys, vibraphone, Farfisa — the Mad Scientist

L I L A M O R E A U

drums, percussion, the weather — the Storm

with Dr. Thrillho on “Wake Up Alice” — the Android Incident, documented

P R O D U C E D B Y S I M O N O R E

(P) & © 2026 One Hand Clapping · released May 21, 2026

FROM THE BAND

WE HEARD IT ANYWAY

ONE HAND
CLAPPING

PAS DEVANT

We were sent out of the room, so we went through the glass — the only direction a door cannot follow. Élodie noticed it first. Élodie will tell you she only listened first, which is the same thing, and always has been.

Clémentine wishes it noted that Wonderland's history is mangled beyond citation, and that she has footnotes, numbered, available on request. Margaux wishes it noted that the rabbit hole hums in E, like the cellar — et si the whole country is an instrument? It is. She checked.

Lila wept once during these sessions. (Structurally. The way a building goes.) She counted us in before the apology arrived, so we were already playing.

Everything we knew is everything we lost. Everything we are is what it costs. We would pay it again, tout de suite.

— *Les Petites Oreilles*

(...and the smile stayed. it always stays.)

