

Boum, Baby Boum

A song that weaves through the classic meanderings of a love story that crosses generations. This song started from a romantic point of view, but it soon became more of philosophical observation of how much the perception of "Boomers" as we're called has changed over my lifetime. Especially every time I came back to the chorus.

As a teenager, I felt like we were the golden generation, that we would change the world. Now, it seems the word "Boomer" has become a slur. Strange how everything comes around, which is exactly what the chorus says.

Y a plus rien à comprendre
Plus promesses à expliquer
Plus de partie à défendre
Et toutes les cartes sont jouées
Et mon cœur qui fait boum
Pour un bourgeon du printemps
Tout retourne...
Boum, Baby Boum!

*There's nothing left to understand
No more promises to explain
No one left to defend
And all the cards are on the table
Still my heart going boom
For a blossom in the spring
Everything comes around...
Boom, Baby, Boom!*

J'ai respiré ta chanson
Savourant le bon poison
Ça m'a fait sauter des plombs
Moi qui avais l'âge de raison
Et ma tête faisait boum
Comme la foudre dans la nuit
Tout retourne...
Boum, Baby Boum!

*I breathed in your song
Savouring the sweet venom
And it blew me away
When I really should have known
My head going boom
Like thunder in the night
Everything comes around...
Boom, Baby, Boom!*

Y a le soleil qui dévore
Les neiges qu'on croyait éternelles
Et les enfants qui découvrent
Que leur père a foutu l'bordel
Et mon âme qui fait boum
Sous le poids de cette planète
Tout retourne...
Boum, Baby Boum!

*While the sun devours
The snows we thought eternal
The children wake to discover
That their fathers screwed things up
My soul going boom
Beneath the weight of this planet
Everything comes around...
Boom, Baby, Boom!*

Toi, ma fontaine de jouvence
Toi, mon herbe de Provence
Toi, tu souris et tu dances
Un cadeau de la providence
Et mon corps qui fait boum
Comme la mort qui crie silence!
Tout retourne...
Boum, Baby, Boum!

*You... my fountain of youth
You... my sweet spice of life
You... you smile and you dance
A gift from up above
My body going boom
Like death screaming silence!
Everything comes around...
Boom, Baby, Boom!!*

Que faire de ces rêves fous
De ces histoires bâties de flou
Et de ces anciennes amours
Revenues crier de leur tour
Dans mon lit, dernier refuge
De tout ce que je refuse
Tout retourne...
Boum, Baby, Boum!

*What to do with these crazy dreams
These stories made of fluff
And these old lovers
Come back to cry from their towers
In my bed, final refuge
For all that I refuse
Everything comes around...
Boom, Baby, Boom!*

Et mon cœur
Fait toujours boum
Pour un bourgeon au printemps...
Tout retourne,
Boum, Baby, Boum!

*And my heart
Still going boom
For a blossom in the spring
Everything comes around...
Boom, Baby, Boom!*