

A.A. Bondy

"A Slow Parade"

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Drag your shadow down the street
Is it you I was to meet
With your saints there on a chain
Waiting on another rain

And I'm falling down
Where the waves will surround
To the roll and the pound
Of the wild, wild sea
Talking sweet to me

Marching in a slow parade
There are ashes where you laid
Sometimes I don't mind at all
And sometimes head against the wall
The tide will bring and tide will take
Find another horse to break
You're just a rider on a wheel
In a dream where love was real

And I'm going down
Where the waves will surround
To the roll and the pound
Of the wild, wild sea
Talking sweet to me

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