Cinema Strange
"Mediterranean Widow"

Over the eyes of the slow slipping under, the dead call
Their names... a motley assembly of specters and
Wraiths! Twice in the morning the old widow
screamed...
Footsteps on floorboards and damp in the dust of the
Sill. Nobody, nobody's there... nobody, nobody's there.

'The deep-dwelling spirits are here and their moans
Have stirred up the silt on the graves of our husbands!
Their fingers are ice, and they constantly tell of the
Fact that their saga left no one to spare.' Nobody,
Nobody's there. Nobody, nobody's there...

Ignorant maids in the morning laugh wonderfully,
Lightly, reflecting the chill of the old widow's
Screaming man drowning! She trusts not the wind,
who's
Loving embrace only tore deep and then fled in fear.
Nobody, nobody's there. Nobody, nobody's there...

'I pray with the skill of a funeral guild and my eyes
Have run dry from long hours reeling! I know not the
Time, for the seasons have spun me and trussed up
my
Wits... and there's salt in my hair.' Nobody, nobody's
There. Nobody, nobody's there...

(Sung alternately by the widow and the ghost of her
Dead husband)

'I line the shore like waning winter! There's salt in
My hair and no one is near! '
'I am the eastern sky, I am the twisting sea! I go
Alone, look, there's nobody here with me! '
'I'm skipping merrily, logical atrophy, and I'm alone,
There's nobody here but me! '
'I line the shore like waning winter! There's salt in
My hair and no one is near! '
'I am the eastern sky, I am the twisting sea! I go
Alone, look, there's nobody here but me! '
'I'm swimming merrily, logical atrophy, and I'm alone,
There's nobody here but me! '

'I line the shore like waning winter! There's salt in
My hair and no one is near...'