

Gazpacho

"Massive Illusion"

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St John got gunned down with a cold '38
Why don't we pin him to the sky
The rarest of the specimens are neatly locked away
It's all in my collection,
It's all in my collection,

You know that bird has flown
Can you forgive?
A bird you'll never own

And your love is a graveyard where the grasses grow
low
All the people that lie here knew just what you know
If your shovel is a shot glass and you drink your own
toast
You're living your life as a ghost, a ghost, a ghost

See the love is a playground where the grasses grow
low
All the people that lie here reap just what they sow
If your shovel is a shot glass and you drink your own
toast
You're living your life as a ghost, a ghost, a ghost

When your will is gone and dreams will erase
While you're hanging on by your fingernails
When your will is gone and dreams will erase
While you're hanging on by your fingernails
While you're hanging on..

Bring out your finest wines your holy shrines and let
them go
Freed from the chains of what has remained
of a life that you don't wanna know
The bass and the drums will hammer it home
with their marching band of the proud
Celebrate ages, all life stages, seas and the winds and
the clouds
The message's been written from your prison, see what
tomorrow will be
See what tomorrow will be

See what tomorrow..

Got every reason to believe that all must decide to
break free
Was it a tantrum when you said that all the laughs were
on me
Then I'll know my bet will win when the saints go
marching in
Then I'll know my bet will win when the saints go
marching in
Go marching in

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