

Marble Arch

"The Bulls"

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On sundays the bulls get so bored
When theyre asked to show off for us
There is the sun, the sand, and the arena
There are the bulls ready to bleed for us

Its time when grocery clerks
Become don juan
And all the ugly girls
Turn into swans

Who can say what hes found
That bull who turns and paws the ground
And suddenly he sees himself all nude
Who can say what he dreams
That bull who hears the silent screams
From the open mouths of multitudes

On sundays the bulls get so bored
When theyre asked to suffer for us
There are the picadors and the mobs revenge
There are the toreros and the mobs revenge,
There are the toreros - and the mob kneels for us

Its time when grocery clerks
Become garcia-lorca
And the girls put the roses in their teeth
Like carmen

On sundays the bulls get so bored
When theyre asked to drop dead for us
The sword will plunge down
And the mob will drool
The blood will poor down
And turn the sand to mud

Its time when grocery clerks
Become nero
And the girls scream
And shout the name of their hero

And when finally they fell

Did the bulls dream of a hell
Where men and worn out matadors
Still burn
And perhaps with their last breath
Would they pardon us their death
Knowing what we did at
Carthage, waterloo, verdon, stalingrad, iwoa jima ,
hiroshima, saigon

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