

## **Marc Almond**

### **"The Bulls"**

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On Sundays the bulls get so bored  
When they're asked to show off for us  
There is the sun, the sand and the arena  
There are the bulls ready to bleed for us

It's time when grocery clerks  
Become Don Juan  
And all the ugly girls  
Turn into swans

Who can say what he's 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 they're asked to suffer for us  
There are the picadors and the mob's revenge  
There are the toreros and the mob's revenge  
There are the toreros and the mob kneels for us

It's 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 they're asked to drop dead for us  
The sword will plunge down  
And the mob will drool  
The blood will pour down  
And turn the sand to mud

It's 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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