

Dan Bern

"Toledo"

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Sitting in the Church Of the Holy McDonald's
I took off my shoes
Like the Buddhists told me to
And I make my sacred offering
And I dip my hands in Pepsi
Sailed off to Virginia
And expelled all the Jews

And maybe all the things
You thought you got coming to you
Ain't coming to you
Not in this life
And maybe all the promises
You thought were broken
Were never really made
Promises never made

You say the stars quit shining
Quit shining on your head
Even the moon stopped coming up
Some old streetlight instead
But standing in the fields
Beneath the universe, you hurt
'Cause as the Milky Way whirls over you
All you got is dirt
And don't worry 'bout the Jews
They'll do fine in Lithuania
And bring a picture of the Virgin Larry
To your cousin in Carolina

And maybe all the promises
You thought were broken
Were never really made
Promises never made

And I'm closer to God
Than I've ever been before
Walking the streets of Spain
Painting Karl Marx on every door
Groucho Marx on every door
Mark of the Beast on every door

Santa Maria
Gloria Padre
Holy candy wrapper
'Neath the foot of Sierra Madre
And there's no use even trying
To sing 'til after midnight
Let's start the day with music
And wake up everybody
That's fool enough to try sleeping
Before it's getting light out
It's summer in Toledo
And I saw three ships a-sailing

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