

Eric Margan & The Red Lions

"Bay Of Naples"

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We are the Bay of Naples,
and the horses in Vesuvian stables,
or the curves in a long cobblestone road.

We are the tales and the fables
told by Romans at their gathering tables,
or the ghost of a love lost long ago.

So bury this city in ashes,
we'll speak and breathe with dirt.
Our bodies and the air between them
preserved, dead in earth.

We got away with murder.
We took our dreams and sealed them with mortar.
They're awake in a time that they don't know.

They took a day for granted
and now they found a place to be stranded.
Just waiting for their mothers,
waiting for a quiet ride home.

So bury this city in ashes,
we'll speak and breathe with dirt.
Our bodies and the air between them
preserved, dead in earth.

You don't know what you're lookin' for,
and you don't care what you find.
Is there something that makes you believe
that you will someday have peace of mind?

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