

Aaron Thompson

"Sad Mona Lisa"

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Sad Mona Lisa
Left in the street to
Feed on the passions of men
With the devil in her eyes
And god in her smile
Innocence in the myth of a sin

Sad Mona Lisa
I know she don't mean to
But she pulls us apart like vines
She works through the night
In a town painted white
In the morning she leaves with the tide

And when she cried
There was a hurricane

She'll never know our names
And she beats the walls in vain
Only to return tomorrow

Our wives, they all chased her
Down Bourbon to St. Peter
They caught her at Dauphine and Anne
They dragged her down the 'Maine
Past the Voodoo Museum
And left her for dead at the station

Well, I am the attendant
And I saw her in the distance
I helped her to my place by the theatre
She drank all my wine,
Smoked holes in my sheets
She cried and I took her to bed

When she closed her eyes
Down came the rain

She'll never know my name
Because our faces are all the same
But I will return tomorrow

Oh Mona please tell me
Do you mean those words you say?
Will you love me 'til the end
Or will you call me a friend?

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