

## **Spirit Of The West**

### **"And If Venice Is Sinking"**

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Jesus hangs behind the glass above Venetian doors  
His window box boasts crimson flowers, fresh cut the  
day before  
And you couldn't find a smile if you nailed it to his face  
But Jesus Christ hangs his head with grace

And if Venice is sinking, I'm going under  
'Cause beauty's religion and it's christened me with  
wonder

They come in bent-backed, creeping 'cross the floor,  
all dressed in black  
Candles, thick as pillars, you can buy one off the floor  
And the ceiling's painted gold, Mary's hair is red  
The old come here to kiss their dead

And if Venice is sinking, I'm going under  
'Cause beauty's religion and it's Christened me with  
wonder

We made love upon a bed that sagged down to the  
floor  
In a room that had a postcard on the door of Marini's  
little man  
With an erection on a horse, it always leaves me  
laughing  
Leaves me feeling that of course if

Venice is sinking, I'm going under  
'Cause beauty's religion and it's christened me with  
wonder  
Venice is sinking, I'm going under  
'Cause beauty's religion and it's christened me with  
wonder

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