

The Fatima Mansions

"Smiling"

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The jet plane draws a jagged wound along the
dimming autumn sky
His breath steams on ahead of him as through the
tenement he does stride
to knock upon some doors
The boy who asked for more

and who hid his real fears so the people just saw...
they saw him smiling
They only ever saw him smiling

He breathes the air of the barber's shop
The steam, smoke and cheap cologne
He says, "Old man, tell this razor blade
how much you want to be left alone."
Over the mirror to the left
A postcard girl with naked breasts
brings us greetings from Crete to this ugly man's street
just by smiling
Look, she's all smiling

Yeah, she pouts and acts hot with James Bond on his
yacht
His arching eyebrow, his martini seed
while in her village in Milan starving people stole cans
and [bad] silver or the loser will bleed

In a few more years the cruel boy makes his way
up to where the real power is
until a bomb in his car blows him all over a wall
and his comrades shake their fists
We see the biggest killers of all who say they are
appalled
They say, "Our rage is extreme," but you know what
they mean
Upstairs they're smiling
Still scared and smiling

