

The Fatima Mansions

"Valley of the dead cars"

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A box full of groceries
Rotten clothes, she's torn her knees
In the main street chill
She sleeps at night in broke-down cars
Squirts the dreams into her arms

She says, "Junkie-man, have your fill."

Well, she had friends that went abroad and do not
write
She says the hardest ones are those who stay behind

CHORUS:

In the valley of the dead cars
they would end it all if they could start
They sent out their kids to wander the world
Now they can rest at last

You're out scootin' by the graveyard
and you're looking for a brave heart
Could've been your lover but you said you never gave
You have to be home early
or you'll get smacked 'round the head till bedtime
Now you hike the roads on your half-shod feet
You hump the devil, you hump the police
Criss-cross Harlem playing hide-and-seek with death

And now she lurches off as haughty as a queen
to take the waters in old Skibbereen--CHORUS

So I took her back with me to my own true place
which was a mildewed and disintegrating cottage
overlooking a disused waterfall
and we lay there in silence, fruitless silence
until just before dawn when she rolled over onto me

They come withal in their Japanese cars
They know where the good meal bargains are
and they spy by the side of the road
in the twilight, rain and storm
She juts her thumb in futile haste

Contempt to her is sweet to taste
The nuns told her, "Do not waste sensation."

When the towns are all just smoking empty shells
she will still be here doing what she does well

In the valley of the dead cars
at the mouth of a flooded mine
I will embrace you hard
and we'll wait for the sun to shine
in the valley of the dead cars
The valley of the dead cars

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