

## Thomas D. "Budapest By Blimp"

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On the corners of boulevards I call your name  
Now and again they play our tune  
In the grip of a tiny hand over a flame  
Pale as the phases of the moon ...  
In the cafes and shopping malls I see your face  
Turn into mist on evening dew  
But a book and a photograph just aren't the same  
There is a train that's leaving soon  
...Budapest by Blimp  
Over pillars and palaces I'll hold your hand  
Until the fog is lifted  
May be better you hold me close than understand  
How far away I've drifted  
In the face of a tragedy too bleak to know  
The death of some grand illusion  
All the treasure we pilloried, splendour we stole ...  
They never told you that in school  
KONNYEBB VOLNA TAN FELEDNI  
MINT TAVOZASOM ERTENI  
MULTBOL EGY KISZAK ITTOTT LAP  
EKODBOL INDUL EGY VONAT  
...Budapest by Blimp  
...Que je voudrais vous presenter, messieurs et dames  
Regardez bien, je vous en prie  
Here's a map and a diagram, a shrivelled page  
Ripped from the book of history  
See the priceless antiquity frozen in time  
Built on the ashes of the Jews  
And for your curiosity, beauty sublime  
Signed in the blood of Zulus  
Not really a goosestep, more of a limp

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