

# Ninth Avenue Reverie

## The Middle East

You say you want to be buried beneath the mango tree  
Where every northern summer you'll come back to life  
You say you want your ashes mixed up with your lover's salt  
Where every Sunday night he'll eat a little more of you  
You say you can't stop crying; it's just the power of the  
song  
Riding on the midnight bus again  
You say that you loved him but you were just too young  
You say that's why you still wear the ring  
You say a lot of things  
You say that your daddy was a painter of sorts  
But I never saw him paint a thing  
He just kept the tins underneath his bed  
And sniffed a different colour every night  
And dreamed of a place up in the sky  
Where everyone's a painter 'til they die  
You say you don't like flying on the aeroplanes  
That even the sea birds must get lonely out there  
You said you were quitting after your next pack  
And you said once that I was beautiful  
But for all the pretty ladies in Beijing  
I couldn't stop my drinking  
And you say a lot of  
You say a lot of  
You say you can't stop dreaming about your funeral day  
Where all your long-time friends will be crying for you  
I'd be up the back with a rose in my hand  
And I'd give to you in death what I could not in life

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