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 youYou 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 ringYou say a lot of thingsYou 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 nightAnd dreamed of a place up in the sky
Where everyone's a painter 'til they dieYou 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 beautifulBut for all the pretty ladies in Beijing
I couldn't stop my drinkingAnd you say a lot of
You say a lot of
You say a lot of thingsYou 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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