

At the Parallel

Vaya Con Dios

He stands by the doors of the Rex all night
Chain-smoking Celtas
His eyes trouble more than one woman
His voice is heavy and deep
There's dirt on the sidewalk
And the newsboy yell
Nothing ever changes at the Parallel
Nothing ever changes at the Parallel
There 's a girl at the Molino
She wears a leather coat
The dust of Barcelona
Sticks to her heels as she walks
Trough the door
And he thinks: "What the hell
does she come here for?
Maybe she wants me, and that's
her way to say it?
Maybe she wants me, and that's
her way to say it?
Maybe she wants me, but who am I to tell?
He bites his fingernails
Scratches his eyebrows
Lights another cigarette
Watching the queens of the street
Acting their parody of love
And he feels like he stands by the gates of hell
Nothing ever changes at the Parallel
Nothing ever changes at the Parallel
That girl from the Molino
Who wears the leather coat
Sits there rockin' slowly on a chair
Gazing dreamly at the door
And he thinks: "What the hell
is she looking for?
Maybe she wants me, and that's
her way to say it?
Maybe she wants me, and that's
her way to say it?
Maybe she wants me, but who am I to tell?"

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