

And If Venice Is Sinking

Spirit of the West

Jesus hangs behind the glass
Above Venetian doors
His window box boasts crimson flowers
Fresh cut the day before
And you couldn't find a smile
If you nailed it to his face
But Jesus Christ hangs his head with grace
And if Venice is sinking
I'm going under
'Cause beauty's religion
And its Christened me with wonder
They come in bent-backed
Creaking 'cross the floor all dressed in black
Candles, thick as pillars
You can buy one off the floor
And the ceiling's painted gold
Mary's hair is red
The old come here to kiss their dead
And if Venice is sinking
I'm going under
'Cause beauty's religion
And its Christened me with wonder
We made love upon a bed
That sagged down to the floor
In a room that had a postcard on the door
Of Marini's Little Man
With an erection on a horse
It always leaves me laughing
Leaves me feeling that of course if Venice is sinking
I'm going under
'Cause beauty's religion
And its Christened me with wonder
And if Venice is sinking
I'm going under
'Cause beauty's religion
And its Christened me with wonder

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