

Verdi Cries

10,000 Maniacs

The man in 119 takes his tea all alone
Mornings we all rise to wireless Verdi cries
I'm hearing opera through the door
The souls of men and women, impassioned all
Their voices climb and fall, battle trumpets call
I fill the bath and climb inside, singing He will not touch their pastry
But every day they bring him more
Gold from the breakfast tray, I steal them all away
And then go, eat them on the shore I draw a jackal-headed woman in the sand
Sing of a lover's fate sealed by jealous hate
And wash my hand in the sea with just three days more
I'd have just about learned the entire score to Aida Holidays must end as you know
All is memory taken home with me
The opera, the stolen tea, the sand drawing
The verging sea all years ago

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