The Matador

Gretchen Peters

I threw a rose to the matador, not sure who I was cheering for
My aim was true, my heart was full, I loved the fighter and the bull
I loved like only a woman can, a very complicated man
I bound his wounds, I heard his cries, I gave him truth, I told him lies
His rage is made of many things: faithless women, wedding rings
Snakes and snails and alcohol, his daddy's fist thrown through the wall
Ah but he's beautiful when he's in the ring, the devil howls, the angels sing
Sparks fly from his fingertips and words like birds fly from his lipsSome man is lyin' in the dirt
Some woman's crying that he's hurt
But he's not alive without the thrill
Without the dance, without the kill
The lights go down, the people roar
They're cheering on the matador
And this is how the story goes
I knew it when I threw the roseI come to each and every show; the woman in the second row
I watch them in their ancient dance and I know I never stood a chance
Cause while other demons prance and clown, it's vanity that takes you down
I thought that I could be the one, but I'm just another hanger-on
Some man is bleedin' in the dirt
Some woman's crying that she's hurt
But who are we without the thrill
Without the dance, without the kill
And he is bull and matador
And I'm the mother and the whore
And this is how the story goes
I knew it when I threw the roseI threw a rose to the matador, not sure who I was cheering for
My aim was true, my heart was full; I loved the fighter and the bull
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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