

# Memorial Day

## Tristan Park

It should have been so soft, this morning as we left  
But the valley was infected, by a different kind of beauty  
And the Indians they knew, it was a devil's sanctuary.  
Out of this unholy dawn, a car came stirring up the sand  
And a woman from a passion play  
Held up the limousine that brought me  
All this way today. And I didn't need to turn around  
So strong was the message, and the man who planned her life  
Commanded all that followed: Well they bellowed, and they hollered  
And they threw each other down, down in this valley  
This cruel and lovely valley, Oh it should have been an alley  
In some low down part of town  
As the lights came up, there was no sun  
And brandy splattered all over the ground  
As this woman with her head held high  
Yelled love and why oh why, you're killing me oh follow me-  
As I watched safe and clean, from the frosted windows of that limousine  
  
Well they bellowed and they hollered, and they threw each other down  
Down in this valley, this cruel and lovely valley  
Oh it should have been an alley, in some low down part of town  
Before he'd been so funny, imagining the best:  
That he'd escaper recrimination, for abandoning the nest  
He'd been joking and stoned, while he was entertaining me  
But then turned and was stunned, by her panic and her misery  
And I was in the get-away car  
Giving him a chance, to get away  
Get away, get away  
And how the valley smoked, as he crossed Route 25  
With his cymbals and his shattered crown, leaving all alone  
His eyes fixed on the ground. And he didn't even turn around  
So strong was the message, and he fell into the shallow sky  
And was swallowed.  
Well they bellowed and they hollered, and they threw each other down  
Down in this valley, this cruel and lovely valley  
Well it should have been an alley, In some low down part of town

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