Carmelita

A.S. Fanning

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We will drown

Like zombies in the burial grounds

Like vultures in the sky

Watch a dying man

In the right city right on the wrong side of town

Like ghosts, we donâ€™t make a sound

I kept quiet

I didn't care to feel your life

I'm with the black Madonna as my guide

With the wild demon Jesus running by my side

I didn't care to feel your life

Oh Carmelita

Hold me tighter

Does Mary pray for us

When we are all strung out on heroin

Sitting down at the back of the bus

Feel no pain

Everything is right as rain

This city seems to know my name

She opens up her legs

And I opening a vein

Shines a light for me again

Feel no more

I do not care to fight that war

In a sordid leather jacket

Kneeling on the floor

For forty minutes dying

And forty years more

I do not care to fight that war

Oh Carmelita!

Hold me tighter

Does Mary pray for us

When we are all strung out on heroin

Sitting down at the back of the bus

These pretty girls

On the Boardwalk tonight

Pick up your Kansas side

The boys line up to the ride

They hitch up their skirts, sail

Drink till they fight

And I won't look away

All alone divided we stand

With the marks of carelessness

Blackened in our hands

I don't know,

No, I don't understand

But I won't walk away

Feel no more

I do not care to fight that war

In a sordid leather jacket

Kneeling on the floor

For forty minutes dying

Forty fucking years more

With the rats in the road

And the leeches at the door

At 8 am the moment

Man, I can up his score

I do not care fight this war

Oh Carmelita

Hold me tighter

Does Mary pray for us

When we're all strung out on heroin

Sitting down at the back of the bus

Oh Carmelita

Hold me tighter

Does Mary pray for us

When we're all strung out on heroin

Sitting down at the back of the bus

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