

The Bulls (Les taureaux)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living In Paris

On Sundays the bulls get so bored
When they are asked to show off for us
There is the sun, the sand, and the arena
There are the bulls ready to bleed for us
It's the time when grocery clerks become Don Juan
It's the time when all ugly girls
Turn into swans, aaahh.

Who can say of what he's found
That bull who turns and paws the ground
And suddenly he sees himself all nude, aaahh.

Who can say of what he dreams
That bull who hears the silent screams
From the open mouths of multitudes
Ol!

On Sundays the bulls get so bored
When they are asked to suffer for us
There are the picadors and the mobs revenge
There are the toreros, and the mob kneels for us
It's the time when grocery clerks become Garca Lorca
And the girls put roses in their teeth like Carmen

On Sundays the bulls get so bored
When they are asked to drop dead for us
The sword will plunge down and the mob will drool
The blood will pour down and turn the sand to mud.
Ol, ol!

The moment of triumph when grocery clerks become Nero
The moment of triumph when the girls scream and shout
The name of their hero, aaahh.

And when finally they fell
Did not the bulls dream of some hell
Where men and worn-out matadors still burn, aaahh.

Or perhaps with their last breaths
Would not they pardon us their deaths
Knowing what we did at
Carthage--ol!--Waterloo--ol!--Verdun--ol!
Stalingrad--ol!--Iwo Jima--ol!--Hiroshima--ol!--Saigon!

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