

The Bulls

Marc Almond

On Sundays the bulls get so bored
When they're 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 time when grocery clerks
Become Don Juan
And all the ugly girls
Turn into swans
Who can say what he's found
That bull who turns and paws the ground
And suddenly he sees himself all nude
Who can say what he dreams
That bull who hears the silent screams
From the open mouths of multitudes
On Sundays the bulls get so bored
When they're asked to suffer for us
There are the picadors and the mobs revenge
There are the toreros and the mob's revenge,
there are the toreros - and the mob kneels for us
It's time when grocery clerks
become Garcia-Lorca
And the girls put the roses in their teeth
Like Carmen
On Sundays the bulls get so bored
When they're 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
It's time when grocery clerks
Become Nero
And the girls scream
And shout the name of their hero
And when finally they fell
Did the bulls dream of a hell
Where men and worn out matadors
Still burn
And perhaps with their last breath
Would they pardon us their death
Knowing what we did at
Carthage, Waterloo, Verdon, Stalingrad, Iwo Jima, Hiroshima, Saigon

Songwriters

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