

# Toledo

## Dan Bern

Sitting in the Church Of the Holy McDonald's  
I took off my shoes  
Like the Buddhists told me to  
And I make my sacred offering  
And I dip my hands in Pepsi  
Sailed off to Virginia  
And expelled all the Jews And maybe all the things  
You thought you got coming to you  
Ain't coming to you  
Not in this life  
And maybe all the promises  
You thought were broken  
Were never really made  
Promises never made You say the stars quit shining  
Quit shining on your head  
Even the moon stopped coming up  
Some old streetlight instead  
But standing in the fields  
Beneath the universe, you hurt  
'Cause as the Milky Way whirls over you  
All you got is dirt  
And don't worry 'bout the Jews  
They'll do fine in Lithuania  
And bring a picture of the Virgin Larry  
To your cousin in Carolina And maybe all the promises  
You thought were broken  
Were never really made  
Promises never made And I'm closer to God  
Than I've ever been before  
Walking the streets of Spain  
Painting Karl Marx on every door  
Groucho Marx on every door  
Mark of the Beast on every door Santa Maria  
Gloria Padre  
Holy candy wrapper  
'Neath the foot of Sierra Madre  
And there's no use even trying  
To sing 'til after midnight  
Let's start the day with music

And wake up everybody  
That's fool enough to try sleeping  
Before it's getting light out  
It's summer in Toledo  
And I saw three ships a-sailing And maybe all the things  
You thought you got coming to you  
Ain't coming to you  
Not in this life  
And maybe all the promises  
You thought were broken  
Were never really made  
Promises never made

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