The Bulls (Les Toros)

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 usIt's time when grocery clerks
Become Don Juan
And all the ugly girls
Turn into swansWho 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 multitudesOn 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 usIt's time when grocery clerks
become Garcia-Lorca
And the girls put the roses in their teeth
Like CarmenOn 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 poor down
And turn the sand to mudIt's time when grocery clerks
Become Nero
And the girls scream
And shout the name of their heroAnd 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, Iwoa Jima , Hiroshima, Saigon

Songwriters
BREL, JACQUES ROMAN/CORTI, JEAN/JOUANNEST, GERARD/BLAU, ERIC/SHUMAN, MORTPublished by
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents

pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/