

Oh! What a Circus

Michael Ball

Salve regina mater misericordiae
Vita dulcedo et spes nostra salve salve regina
Ad te clamamus exules filii Eva
Ad te suspiramus gementes et flentes o clemens o pia Oh what a circus, oh what a show, Argentina has gone to
town
Over the death of an actress called Eva Peron
They've all gone crazy, mourning all day and mourning all night
Falling over themselves to get all of the misery right Oh what an exit, that's how to go
When they're ringing your curtain down
Demand to be buried like Eva Peron It's quite a sunset and good
For the country in a roundabout way
We've made the front pages
Of all the world's papers today But who is this Santa Evita?
Why all this howling, hysterical sorrow?
What kind of goddess has lived among us?
How will we ever get by without her? Salve regina mater misericordiae
Vita dulcedo et spes nostra salve salve regina
Ad te clamamus exules filii Eva
Ad te suspiramus gementes et flentes o clemens o pia She had her moments, she had some style
The best show in town was the crowd
Outside the Casa Rosada crying, Eva Peron But that's all gone now
As soon as the smoke from the funeral clears
We're all gonna see and how, she did nothing for years You let down your people Evita
You were supposed to have been immortal
That's all they wanted, not much to ask for
But in the end you could not deliver Salve regina mater misericordiae
(Oh what a circus)
Vita dulcedo et spes nostra salve salve regina Peron
(Oh what a show)
Ad te clamamus exules filii Eva
(You've let down your people)
Ad te suspiramus gementes et flentes o clemens o pia
(Your people Evita, Evita) Salve regina mater misericordiae
Vita dulcedo et spes nostra salve salve regina
Ad te clamamus exules filii Eva
(You've let down your people)
Ad te suspiramus gementes et flentes o clemens o pia
(Your people Evita, Evita) Salve, salve regina

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