Tropicalia

Tantra

Oh, when they beat upon a broken guitar
And all the streets, they reek of tropical charms
The embassies lie in hideous shards
Where tourists snore and decayWhen they dance in a reptile blaze
You wear a mask, an equatorial haze
Into the past, a colonial maze
Where there's no more confetti to throwYou wouldn't know what to say to yourself
Love is a poverty you couldn't sell
Misery waits in vague hotels
To be evictedYou're out of luck, you're singing funeral songs
To the studs, they're anabolic and bronze
They seem to strut in their millennial fogs
'Til they fall down and deflateYou wouldn't know what to say to yourself
Love is a poverty you couldn't sell
Misery waits in vague hotels
To be evictedOh, and now, you've had your fun
Under an air-conditioned sun
It's burned into your eyes
Leaves you plain and left behind
I'll see them rise and fall
Into the jaws of a pestilent loveYou wouldn't know what to say to yourself
Love is a poverty you couldn't sell
Misery waits in vague hotels
To be a victim

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