November Tale

The Waterboys

Her communique arrived with its expression of her feeling
I swear I had no idea she'd been holding and concealing
Such a storm of words unsaid
Though absurd as it appears
Had been blowing in her head
For twenty-seven years
I knew I had to face her so I grabbed my Davey Crockett
Threw a scarf around my neck
And twenty dollars in my pocket
Found her in the same old place
Pamphlet in her fist
When she saw my windblown face
She said, "well look at who it is "

Meet me on the mad parade
When the midnight bells are chiming
We'll dress up as the harlequin and the clown
Pile up all the wonders that we've made
In a tower too tall for climbing
And we'll burn the damn thing down

In the great November lake she was older, still alluring
Her hair grey and longer than it ever had been during
The days we loved and slept
In her bed of faded wood
In the little place she kept
In a crumbling neighbourhood
We walked along a while
Like we were old companions
But I could feel the gulf between us
Yawning like a canyon
She with her church and code
Her extravagant believes
Me a creature of the road
A child of dust and grief

She smoked a cigarette and blew smoke rings at the ceiling
Said if you're problem is long standing man
Why don't you try kneeling

Now your face I see you're still a sinner in the mist
Setting up your little will
Is king in place of His
I said I've heard about sin
Down the long wheels of ages
I cracked books of lies
With a thousand twisted pages
Then I looked her in the eye
And asked her clear and plane
If your religion was a lie
Then what would remain

She said if God looked beaten hard
To loving hands to heal it
There's nothing in my day that I ain't got strength to deal me
I said darling I confess
The same things applies to me
As for all the rest
We agreed to disagree

Yes we'll burn the damn thing down

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