

Mexico City

Balkan Beat Box

Jack and Edie lying across my bed
Flying high like the spirits of the dead
The living and the dead, the living and the dead
Our Lady of Sorrows and the long dark night
How many candles could I light
For the living and the dead, the living and the dead
What's that black smoke rising Jack, is the world on fire?
What's that distant singing, is it a heavenly choir?
Of the living and the dead, the living and the dead
I think about you Jack watching the TV
And drinking booze, shame on you, shame on me
But how can we help it there was no where else to go
I sent Julie and Billy out on that long hard road
On that long hard road, on that long hard road
I'm just back from Mexico city
I came back north to Texas to rest my weary head
My true love is fresh from the battle field
Sewing up the dying and carting off the dead
My baby don't stand no fighting amongst the living or the dead
What's that black smoke rising Jack, is the world
on fire?
What's that distant singing, is it a heavenly choir?
Of the living and the dead, the living and the dead
The living and the dead, the living and the dead
The living and the dead, the living and the dead

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