

Castro Halloween

Chuck Prophet

When the shots rang out and two men died
You took off your mask just to see me cry
Did I dream you up or did you dream me
Is there any place else you would rather be Halloween was here but now it's gone
Men in skirts and heels are marching on
Halloween is gone Is the pain all yours, is the pleasure mine
Don't you think it fair that we trade sometime
(Think about it, baby)
When the merchants hose the sidewalks down
Will the leaves on the trees turn gold or brown
(I don't know) Halloween was here but now it's gone
Men in skirts and heels are marching on
Halloween is gone

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