

Oh What a Circus

Antonio Banderas

(Che:)

Oh what a circus, oh what a show
Argentina has gone to town
Over the death of an actress called Eva Peron
We've all gone crazy
Mourning all day and mourning all night
Falling over ourselves 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 page 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? 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 (Crowd:)
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
Hail, oh queen, mother of mercy
Our life, sweetness, and hope
Hail, hail, oh queen
To you we cry, exiled sons of eve
To you we sigh, mourning and weeping
Oh clement, oh loving one (Che:)
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 Sing you fools, but you got it wrong
Enjoy your prayers because you haven't got long
Your queen is dead, your king is through
And she's not coming back to you Show business kept us all alive

Since seventeen October 1945
But the star has gone, the glamor's worn thin
That's a pretty bad state for a state to be in
Instead of government we had a stage
Instead of ideas, a prima donna's rage
Instead of help we were given a crowd
She didn't say much, but she said it loud
Sing you fools, but you got it wrong
Enjoy your prayers because you haven't got long
Your queen is dead, your king is through
She's not coming back to you
(Crowd:)
Salve regina mater misericordiae
Vita dulcedo et spes nostra
Salve salve regina peron
Ad te clamamus exules filii eva
Ad te suspiramus gementes et flentes
O clemens o pia
(Eva:)
Don't cry for me Argentina
For I am ordinary, unimportant
And undeserving of such attention
Unless we all are, I think we all are
So share my glory, so share my coffin
So share my glory, so share my coffin
(Che:)
It's our funeral too

Songwriters

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