

# Verdi Cries

## 10,000 Maniacs

The man in 119 takes his tea all alone  
Mornings we all rise to wireless Verdi cries  
I'm hearing opera through the door  
The souls of men and women, impassioned all  
Their voices climb and fall, battle trumpets call  
I fill the bath and climb inside, singing He will not touch their pastry  
But every day they bring him more  
Gold from the breakfast tray, I steal them all away  
And then go, eat them on the shore I draw a jackal-headed woman in the sand  
Sing of a lover's fate sealed by jealous hate  
And wash my hand in the sea with just three days more  
I'd have just about learned the entire score to Aida Holidays must end as you know  
All is memory taken home with me  
The opera, the stolen tea, the sand drawing  
The verging sea all years ago

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