

Barcelona

The Builders and The Butchers

Wear a suit of red and white
And each light and raise a candle
And we covered walls with the colors and with oils
And we put our bare feet upon the red rock soil
When the sun goes down on southern Barcelona
Every child will turn to stone
And when the sun goes down on southern Barcelona
Everything will turn to gold
We will sing out to the damned
From the tops of haciendas
Now the Rio is on fire
And a call to join us sings the midnight wire
When the sun goes down on southern Barcelona
Every child will turn to stone
And when the sun goes down on southern Barcelona
Everything will turn to gold
And your brother placed his hands upon your hands
Cleaned your pockets
And closed your eyes
And a white cloud drifts across the dirty sky
And you're breathing
But you're going to die
La de da da da da da da da da da
Paint your front door red and white
Fill your pockets with lead and silver
Now the sea will rise and boil
When we give our bodies to the red rock soil
When the sun goes down on southern Barcelona
Every child will turn to stone
And when the sun goes down on southern Barcelona
Everything will turn to gold
All you see will turn to gold
Everything will turn to gold

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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