

# Bishop Allen, Like Castanets

This city is silver in the moon  
And mountains heaped with sugar spoons  
The click and clatter of my feet  
On lonely crooked cobbled streets  
Like castanets

Down past the window shutter tie  
The hollow of a haunted night  
It's raining now out on the beach  
The chit and chatter of my teeth  
Like Castanets

I'm following the coffee trail  
And drink it black and by the bail  
The pesos turn to paper cups  
My fingers tremble at the touch  
Like castanets

Santa Lucia  
...Bella vista

San Cristobal

La Moneda

And on the cable car I climb  
Up to the sacred virgin shrine  
This city's smothered in the smog  
The snippy snap of wild dogs  
Like Castanets

Tomorrow is Assumption Day  
I ask them what they celebrate  
Daniello says he can't explain  
But he'll be clappin' anyway  
Like Castanets

Ohh...Like Castanets