

# Kate Bush, The Empty Bullring

Disappears through a window.  
Out of my mind  
Trying to keep him at home.  
Out into Rome  
In the early hours,  
Leaving me here  
Like Tamblaine in her Tower.  
You are going  
To the empty bullring,  
Taking your red cloak  
To regain something.  
Oh, you rolling matador,  
Kill in your eyes  
For the toro  
That shut the door  
To glory and gore.  
The throw of the rose--  
It's all you lived for,  
But you've lost it all.  
Your red streak  
On the plot where many feet  
Left it incomplete.  
But you kept the meaning.  
You feel him charge again,  
And you feel him cut you down  
Right on the spot  
Where you thought  
You were ground for good.  
These flights of fantasy  
Make your wounds more sore,  
But you've every right  
To even grab at the last straw.  
Oh, Lord...  
Oh, you rolling matador,  
Kill in your eyes  
For the toro  
That shut the door  
To glory and gore.  
The throw of the rose--  
It's all you lived for,  
But you've lost it all.