

# The Church, Day Of The Dead

Day of the dead down in Mexico  
You ever been on a holiday?  
You ever thought that you been here before  
You ever been in a desperate way  
On the beach stands a donkey who is waiting for you  
He hee-haws, stamping his hoof  
A fine blue day as dreamed by the boys  
Nodding up on the roof

And in the meetings held in the darkness  
And in the darkness everyone's blind  
Venereal monsters stand there in velvet  
And you know you're falling behind

Drink in a bar down in Leap Motel  
I get involved with a prisoner  
She's got a skull like a seraphim  
I figure she is a messenger  
She's at the heart of the festival  
She's got the hands of a picador  
She asks the spirits for a romance  
She gets a ghost for a paramour

And in the weddings held in the darkness  
'Cause in the darkness the guests are all blind  
Great lumps are melting wrapped up in satin  
And I know you're falling behind

Day of the dead down in Mexico  
We read a book on the Alamo  
We filled the tank up with Texaco  
We buy a trinket for curio  
We walk big stuff through the marketplace  
Dripping smoke, dollars and aftershave  
I got the mind of an astronaut  
Emerging from the shell unscathed  
Climbing out of hell unchanged

But then the dealers deal in the darkness  
And in the darkness dealers are blind  
Jokers and aces, bruised and blackfren  
I know you're falling behind