

The Church, Tristesse

Here in this desert, beneath the sun and stars
Still troubled by the rumblings of a million distant cars
Please be good to me tonight, let me find my way
The air has some command in it I cannot disobey
A gunfight in Dodge City, a murder in Bombay
All these deeds and worldly needs I must shrug off today
All my life spent searching for prowess
Left me lying here with you, tristesse

I was working in an orchard that grew the strangest fruit
It wasn't Mother Nature that made those trees take root
Your children cannot hear you, they only want your loot
You hold on to their essence like a parachute
They never believed you were in distress
Now you've gone and left them with tristesse

Oh, waters inflamed
Ah, fires burning out
Ah, ice melting down
Ah, fires burnt out

A hotel suite in a rich man's town, a hut in Botany Bay
A prisoner by my own device, a mountain in my way
I'm gonna have to alter my address
"Cause I can't stay much longer with tristesse
And they call this carnival progress
Invited by our queen tonight, tristesse