

# Tom Waits, In The Colosseum

The women all control their men  
With razors and with wrists  
And the princess squeezes grape juice  
On a torrid bloody kiss  
What will you be wearing there  
The lion or the raven hair?  
The flesh will all be tearing  
But the tail will be my own

In the colosseum, in the colosseum  
In the colosseum tonight  
In the colosseum, in the colosseum  
In the colosseum tonight

This one's for the balcony  
And this one's for the floor  
As the senators decapitate  
The presidential whore  
The bald headed senators  
Are splashing in the blood  
The dogs are having someone  
WHO is screaming in the mud

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Now it's raining and it's pouring  
On the pillaging and goring  
The constable is swinging  
From the chains  
For the dead there is no story  
No memory no blame  
Their families shout blue murder  
But tomorrow it's the same

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A slowly acting poison  
Will be given to the favorite one  
The dark horse will bring glory  
To the jailer and his men  
It's always much more sporting  
When there's families in the pit  
And the madness of the crowd  
Is an epileptic fit

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No justice here, no liberty  
No reason, no blame  
There's no cause to taint the sweetest taste of blood  
And greetings from the nation  
As we shake the hands of time  
They're taking their ovations  
The vultures stay behind

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