

# Black 47, Blood Wedding

Carlita is waiting down on C & 9th  
In mantilla and lace  
And her lover's knife  
Cries out for revenge  
But she is silent like a stone  
And beautiful in her widow's weeds  
I wait in the darkness  
Forever now alone  
Too late for any tear shedding  
While his bride waits down on C & 9th  
For her blood wedding

Why did you have to go out tonight  
With the full moon in scarlet  
And his silver knife  
Waiting for you  
And the remains of your life  
Ticking away like some pitiful clock  
And I who could not even be called your wife  
Safe and warm in your bedding  
And you the bridegroom off on your way  
To your blood wedding

And the Ukranian ladies  
Light candles in the street  
Where his body lay bleeding  
And the projects are silent  
Bracing for the heat  
That must come from his blood wedding

Carlita why do you hate me so much  
I long for your body  
I die for your touch  
On my burning skin  
And the smell of your perfume  
Will always remain on my bed  
But I died every time  
You entered his room  
I could not let him go on living  
And now you wait down on C & 9th  
Dying to celebrate my blood wedding

I wait in the shadows of C & 9th  
With my fingers caressing  
His sacred knife  
You loved my body  
But he loved my soul  
You thought you knew me  
But what do men know  
Except my lover whose shape is etched in chalk on the street  
Soon to be washed away by the rain  
While you wait in the darkness dreading  
The shock of my knife  
At your blood wedding

I Won't Take You Home Again, Kathleen  
I spent my whole life waiting for you  
But just like the D train  
You show up at the most unusual times  
I can't take any more  
You're driving me out of my mind.

You come on like some beam of light  
Straight from paradise

Or out of the arms of my best friend, Kevin,  
Better to rule in hell than serve you in heaven

Now the sun is blinding your eyes  
I can't take any more of your disguises  
I won't take you home again, Kathleen

Now the dawnlight gleams in your hair  
I can't see anywhere left for us to go  
I won't take you home again, Kathleen

And all those days out at Rockaway  
You left me waiting like a spare at a wedding  
Ah, it's too upsetting to think about  
What you were up to with Kevin

But let me touch your face one last time  
Then I'm out of here or out of my mind  
Kathleen, it's been a dream  
But look out, your nightmare is coming

Oh, Kathleen, this scene  
And the drinking's getting to me  
But I'm out of here and running  
'Cause I can see your nightmare coming

It's too late, it's too late

Go on, Kathleen, go back to Breezy where you belong

It's too late, girl, it's too late

'Cause now the sun is blinding your eyes

And I can't take any more of your disguises...