

# David Essex, Oh What A Circus

Oh what a circus! Oh what a show!  
Argentina has gone to town  
Over the death of an actress called Eva Peron  
We've all gone crazy  
Mourning all day and mourning all night  
Falling over ourselves to get all of the misery right  
Oh what an exit! That's how to go!  
When they're ringing your curtain down  
Demand to be buried like Eva Peron  
It's quite a sunset  
And good for the country in a roundabout way  
We've made the front page of all the world's papers today  
But who is this Santa Evita?  
Why all this howling hysterical sorrow?  
What kind of goddess has lived among us?  
How will we ever get by without her?  
She had her moments--she had some style  
The best show in town was the crowd  
Outside the Casa Rosada crying, "Eva Peron";  
But that's all gone now  
As soon as the smoke from the funeral clears  
We're all going to see how she did nothing for years!

(Chorus)

Salve regina mater misericordiae  
Vita dulcedo et spes nostra  
Salve salve regina  
Ad te clamamus exules filii Eva  
Ad te suspiramus gementes et flentes  
O clemens o pia

You let down your people Evita  
You were supposed to have been immortal  
That's all they wanted  
Not much to ask for  
But in the end you could not deliver

(Chorus)

Salve regina mater misericordiae  
Vita dulcedo et spes nostra  
Salve salve regina Peron  
Ad te clamamus exules filii Eva  
Ad te suspiramus gementes et flentes  
O clemens o pia