

Jaromir Nohavica, The Wastrel

Last night a man was walking
He strolled a stream of broadways
Last night a man was walking
I saw him pass my doorway
And on a whistle he played a hymn
Like a chime in sacred domes
And the sorrow lied within
That everlasting tone
When I realized that it was him,
I should have known.
I should have known
In my bleak and brittle slumber
I ran out in the streets
In the garbage and the gutters
Audacious rats would feast
And the warm and cozy covers
Veiled motions over dreams
Where lovers and non-lovers
Shook portraits with family themes
And the answers to my question
Were never seen.
Never were seen.
I ran towards that stranger
I grabbed the coat he wore
And in that midnight danger
I sensed the chill he bore
And then he turned around
His eyes a cackling crow
And his scars, they marked a ground
For the wounds that they bestowed
When I realized that it was him
I should have known
I should have known
He was trembling from fear
When I walked along his side
And the whistle he held dear
Was once Hieronymus Bosch's pride
The moon stood above the night
Like silver in the rain
Like my conscience holding tight
Before it hurls down the drain
When I realized, it was my Wastrel
I sensed his pain
I sensed his pain
My Wastrel he was, vagabond
Of destiny and passion
Who wanders through my dreams,
But my days he can not fashion
My Wastrel he was, evil bliss
Tongue of poisoned berries
Who sells from door to door,
Needles and dictionaries
Last night a man was walking
He walked from door to door
Last night a man was walking
Blood was spilt he walks no more
On his whistle I played a hymn
Like a chime in sacred domes
And the sorrow lied within
That everlasting tone
When I realized that I was him,
You should have known
You should have known
Your Wastrel I am, vagabond

Of destiny and passion
Who wanders through your dreams,
But your days he can not fashion
Your Wastrel I am, evil bliss
Tongue of poisoned berries
Who he sells from door to door
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