

# Marc Almond, The Bulls

On Sundays the bulls get so bored  
When they're asked to show off for us  
There is the sun, the sand, and the arena  
There are the bulls ready to bleed for us  
It's time when grocery clerks  
Become Don Juan  
And all the ugly girls  
Turn into swans  
Who can say what he's found  
That bull who turns and paws the ground  
And suddenly he sees himself all nude  
Who can say what he dreams  
That bull who hears the silent screams  
From the open mouths of multitudes  
On Sundays the bulls get so bored  
When they're asked to suffer for us  
There are the picadors and the mobs revenge  
There are the toreros and the mob's revenge,  
there are the toreros - and the mob kneels for us  
It's time when grocery clerks  
become Garcia-Lorca  
And the girls put the roses in their teeth  
Like Carmen  
On Sundays the bulls get so bored  
When they're asked to drop dead for us  
The sword will plunge down  
And the mob will drool  
The blood will pour down  
And turn the sand to mud  
It's time when grocery clerks  
Become Nero  
And the girls scream  
And shout the name of their hero  
And when finally they fell  
Did the bulls dream of a hell  
Where men and worn out matadors  
Still burn  
And perhaps with their last breath  
Would they pardon us their death  
Knowing what we did at  
Carthage, Waterloo, Verdon, Stalingrad, Iwoa Jima , Hiroshima, Saigon