

# Rheostatics, Majorca

Dave Bidini

Majorca... up the straight of Juan Defuca.  
I want to look again into blue oceanic eyes.

Though your temperature is chilly,  
It's your greenery that kills me.  
Fleeting possibility of Orca's passing by.

When the road becomes an ending  
Under water weeds are bending.  
All succumb, surrendering to the rhythm of the tide.

Majorca... only the boredest get to know you,  
To reach the craft ashore you.  
On the beaches of Majorca.

Talk to me... I am an ocean sailor.  
I've travelled to Majorca across the Java sea.  
No wind to take me, no taxi waiting.  
I feel the ponsome of your red, red coffee tree.

Majorca... only the lonliest adore you.  
We never reap rewards there  
On the beaches of Majorca.

Majorca... rising sun of Coast of Orca.  
Running bleach-blast wee gents  
Playing golf and spilling their wine.

Pour de garcia. Pour non brea pour brea.  
Comment y'en t'aime que faber fe non mal.

Majorca.. only the richest can afford you,  
But the poorest ones adore you,  
And the tourists try to spoil you.  
I will forever toil for you,  
The beaches of Majorca. My my...