

Spirit Of The West, And If Venice Is Sinking

Jesus hangs behind the glass
Above venitian doors
His window box boasts crimson flowers
Fresh cut the day before

And you couldn't find a smile
If you nailed it to his face
But Jesus Christ hangs his head with grace

And if Venice is sinking
I'm going under
'Cause beauty's religion
And its Christened me with wonder

They come in bent-backed
Creeping 'cross the floor all dressed in black
Candles, thick as pillars
You can buy one off the floor
And the ceiling's painted gold
Mary's hair is red
The old come here to kiss their dead

And if Venice is sinking
I'm going under
'Cause beauty's religion
And its Christened me with wonder

We made love upon a bed
That sagged down to the floor
In a room that had a postcard on the door
Of Marini's Little Man
With an erection on a horse
It always leaves me laughing
Leaves me feeling that of course if

Venice is sinking
I'm going under
'Cause beauty's religion
And its Christened me with wonder

(repeat chorus)