

The Church, The Awful Ache

Esmerelda falls in love every Saturday
And on Sunday morning don't remember a thing
And the gringos are all saints of the latter day, that's the way
And it takes a little pain out of the sting

Holy water tastes as sweet as wine
Holy wine tastes just like blood
She's drinking for loss, for the man on the cross
She says no more, the awful ache

And in her bedroom there's a mirror there
Sometimes it don't reflect a thing
And from the street he sees her silhouette
And he can't forget

That her kisses are as sweet as wine
And her kisses taste like myrrh
Her love is lost, like the man on the cross
And no more, the awful ache

Esmerelda walks on down to the cemet'ry
And he's waiting for her in the shade
With the angels and the sad old trees, patiently
But she walks right past his grave

She's crying for loss, for the man on the cross
She says no more, the awful ache
She's crying for loss, and the man on the cross
She says no more, the awful ache