

The Residents, The Vultures Of Bombay

On a chilly evening in the act of keeping warm
Intuition told the prince of some impending harm
And so he told his men what he had learned
Using slickly coated wings that beat without a hum
The vultures of Bombay are leaving today from a city - one by one
And now I know they're flying straight to us
A storm had ended and the early morning work was done
The men were standing in the sand and looking at the sun
Mesmerized by something up above
The vultures came without a warning but without surprise
The prince was playing on an organ - sadness in his eyes
And once again he wondered what he'd done
They followed us to Cairo
They followed us to Rome
My friends we need an ending
Let us live at home
Like a crippled dancer picking roses in the sun
The prince of wayward men is singing singing to no one
And of course no one is there to hear him sing
I'd like to go to Cairo
I'd like to go to Rome
But traveling is just a bore
If you are all alone
sallysally@lyrics.ch