

Nica Libres at Dusk

Ben Howard

Door is locked
My gums are bleeding
Outside she reads
Outside she's reading
The evacuation procedure out loud
Clothes are off
My health receding
Somewhere she dreams
Somewhere she's dreaming
The Caribbean
Nica Libres at dusk

While the faithful dispose of a generation
And all of the mountains whisper knowingly
I order a Colada
And sit, count my dollars
And watch eagles soar in circles
Perpetually

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While the faithful dispose of a generation
And all of the mountains rumble knowingly
I order a Colada
And sit, count my dollars
And watch eagles soar in circles
Perpetually

Forever, forever such a beautiful thing

Now I'm older
I don't look over my shoulder
I know what is there in front of me
Ten Marlboro cigarettes
The rolled butts into the bottles
Today I will stare at the sea
Till my eyes have had enough

Enough, is that enough?