

I remember his hat tilted forward
His glasses are folded in his vest
And he seems like the kind of man who beats his horses
Or the dancers who work at a bar
We saw on the screen his face for a moment
No time to plead or even ask why
Jack Ruby appears from out of nowhere
Then disappears in broad daylight
'Cause he's a friend of that cloven-hoofed gangster the devil
He's been seen with the sheriff and the police
Drinking whiskey and water after hours, saying
"Let's do business, boys. The drinks are on me."
So draw the box along quickly
Avert your eyes with shame
Let us stand and speak of the weather
And pretend nothing ever happened on that day
Grant us the luxury, 'cause all our heroes are bastards
Grant us the luxury, 'cause all our heroes are thieves
Of the innocence of the afternoons
Now we think it's a virtue to simply survive
But it feels like this calm it's decaying
It's collapsing under its own weight
And I think it's your friend the hangman coming
Choking back a laugh, a drunkard swaggering to your door
Now do you feel that cold, icy presence ?
In the morning with coffee and with bread
Do you feel it in the movement of traffic
And days are terrible, simply forget