

Sand and Foam

Donovan

The sun was going down behind a tattooed tree
And the simple act of an oar's stroke put diamonds in the sea
And all because of the phosphorus there in quantity
As I dug you diggin' me in Mexico.
There in the valley of Scorpio, beneath the cross of jade
Smoking on the seashell pipe the gypsies had made
We sat and we dreamed a while of smugglers bringing wine
In that crystal thought time in Mexico.
Sitting in a chair of bamboo, sipping grenadine,
Straining my eyes for a surfacing submarine.
Kingdoms of ants walk across my feet,
I'm a-shakin' in my seat in Mexico.
Grasshoppers creaking in the velvet jungle night,
Microscopic circles in the fluid of my sight,
Watching a black-eyed native girl cut and trim the lamp,
Valentino vamp in Mexico.
The sun was going down behind a tattooed tree
And the simple act of an oar's stroke put diamonds in the sea
And all because of the phosphorus there in quantity
I dug you diggin' me in Mexico.