

Waterhole

Fish

When the taxis gather in mock Solemnity
Funeral hearses court the death of virginity
Was it paradise lost or paradise found?
Did we gain respect or were we holding ground?
You had found true love, or so you believed
And the wide boys tattooed your hearts upon their sleeves

So when you think it's time to go
When you think it's time to go
Don't be surprised, the heroes never show

And the patter merchants selling false impressions
Tipping eyes at the waitress with American expressions
Tie angels to the bar with sweet Martini's and their charms
They're lying on every word and every arm
They're turning down their noses to the best lines
And the cheap wines

And the wide boys
They wear their love bites for their crimes