

## Massive Illusion

Gazpacho

St John got gunned down with a cold '38  
Why don't we pin him to the sky...  
The rarest of the specimens are neatly locked away  
It's all in my collection...  
It's all in my collection...

You know that bird has flown  
Can you forgive?  
A bird you'll never own

And your love is a graveyard  
Where the grasses grow low  
And the people that lie here  
Knew what you know  
Now your shovel's a shot glass and you drink your own  
toast  
You're living your life as a ghost

You see, love is a playground  
Where the grasses grow low  
And the people that play here  
Reap just what they sow  
And if your shovel's a shot glass and you drink your  
own toast  
You're living your life as a ghost, a ghost

When your will is gone your dreams will erase  
When you're hanging on by your fingernails...

Bring out your finest wines your holy shrines and let  
them go  
Freed from the chains of what has remained a life that  
you don't want to know  
The bass and the drums will hammer it home with their  
marching band of the proud  
Celebrate ages, all life stages, seas and the winds and  
the clouds  
The message's been written from your prison, see what  
tomorrow will be  
See what tomorrow will be

Got every reason to believe that all must decide to  
break free  
Was it a tantrum when you said that all the laughs were  
on me  
Then I'll know my bet will win when the saints go  
marching in  
Go marching in...