

## Secret Corrida

John Cale

When I find you listening  
And I find you sitting  
And I find you thinking  
I'll be waiting  
When I'm looking for you  
You'll see the difference  
You're caught in a web  
Pure deceit  
In the roar of the crowd  
For the work of the picador  
Roar of the crowd  
For the work of the picador  
Blood on sawdust  
Door slams shut  
Beast is bleeding  
You can't get enough  
I caught you laughing  
On the day you left  
There's a subtle difference  
That I could sense  
And the daylight comes  
And the streets lie empty  
In the roar of the crowd  
For the work of the picador  
And the daylight comes  
And the streets lie empty  
And the roar of the crowd  
For the work of the picador  
The train moves on  
Through the valley  
A whistle carries  
A long, long way  
To the beast on the mountain  
A long time ago  
We can still hear  
The whistle blow  
And the daylight comes  
And the streets lie empty  
And the roar of the crowd  
For the work of the picador  
And the daylight comes  
And the streets lie empty  
And the moon looks down  
On the work of the picador  
And the daylight comes  
And the streets lie empty  
And the roar of the crowd  
For the art of the picador  
And the daylight comes  
And the streets turn ugly  
And the moon smiles down  
On the art of the picador