

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