

Verdi Cries

June Tabor

The man in 119 takes his tea all alone
Mornings we all rise
To while his Verdi cries
I'm hearing opera through the door

Souls of men and women impassioned all
Voices rise and fall
Battle trumpets call
I fill the bath and climb inside

Singing: lala la la lala la

He will not touch that pastry but every day they bring
Him more
Gold from the breakfast tray
I steal them all away
And go eat them on the shore
Lala la la lala la
Lala la la lala la

I draw a jackal-headed woman in the sand
Sing of the lover's fate
Ruled by jealous hate
Then go wash my hands in the sea

In just a few days more
I'd just about learned the entire score
To Aida

Holidays must end as you work on
All these memories
I take them home with me
The opera, the stolen tea,
The sand drawings, the virgin sea
Old years ago.