

Toreador in the Rain

Marc Almond

Sad little boy of the street
Hands of a thief
With the mind of a dreamer
Dodging the puddles with feet
Of a torero in an arena
Sings an old andalucian song
Dancing along
Using his dirty red coat as a cape
Rain thundering down
Sounds like the applause from
Hundreds of people
He feels free as the wind
Free as the swifts
Around the cathedral
Kneels to acknowledge his fame
Forgets all his pain
Little toreador in the rain
Bathed in a rainbow of pink
Purple and blue outside la molina
The pavement reflecting the neon
Lights this torero in his arena
He looks down at his clothes
Imagining those
Worn of sequin, gold and brocade
He kneels and kisses the beast
Fearing the least
Knowing death will not find him
But maybe one day he will face
The horns of the devil
His childhood behind him
Brave young man from the streets
No more a thief
No longer a dreamer
Stands in front of the beast
A golden torero in an arena
It starts to thunder and rain
Remembering that day
He danced like a fool on the wing of a dream
Sand turning to mud
Soon where his blood will splatter and mingle
Free, free as an angel
Up with the swifts
Around the cathedral
Never to be seen again
Dreams all in vain
There lies the toreador in the rain
Little toreador in the rain
Little toreador in the rain