

# Hotel Marquis De Sade

Momus

There were three of us always  
Walking abreast  
Towards a siesta  
In two single beds

The thrill of the bullring  
Was our thrill as well  
There was blood on the bell-pull  
In the hot hotel  
Mediterranean

The middle of the world  
Two middle-class English boys  
And a middle-class English girl  
But in the Hotel Marquis de Sade  
In the middle of a single bed  
The beast with three backs  
The beast with three backs  
The beast with three backs

And after siesta  
The table is set  
With a leg and a breast and a drumstick  
And we eat and forget

Then Colin loves Alice  
And Alice loves me  
And I love the stains on the ceiling  
And pump like the sea  
Mediterranean

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Two middle-class English boys  
And a middle-class English girl  
But in the Hotel Marquis de Sade  
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The beast with three backs  
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"Who is the third who walks always beside you?  
When I count, there are only you and I together  
But when I look ahead up the white road  
There is always another one walking beside you  
Gliding wrapt in a brown mantle, hooded  
I don't know whether a man or a woman  
But who is that on the other side of you?"