

# Mambo Queen of the Sandstone City

New Model Army

I get lost in the maelstrom  
I lose concentration  
I see fish in the water  
But too fast for me  
So I go climbing up the long road  
That leads out to the backstreets  
And in a great walled garden  
Is the place that I'm looking for  
I've come to see...

The Mambo Queen of the Sandstone city  
She sees things that I cannot see  
Breaks it down like a true punk rocker  
Because nothing is ever what it seems

She's got a puritan angel  
She brought back from the Congo  
He stands guard over the virgins  
He stands watching in my dreams  
She sculpts things in the garden  
Where there are trees full of wind-chimes  
They start ringing when she walks by  
Like a wild weather warning

She's the Mambo Queen of the Sandstone city  
She reads signs that I cannot see  
Breaks it down like a true punk rocker  
To splinters of mirror glass at my feet

And I have always loved her  
I just didn't realise  
It's a world full of curses  
That we carry to the grave  
But she knows all about that  
She takes weight from my shoulders  
She breathes fire on the deadwood  
She breathes fire in my blood