

Continuing on our way through Sicily  
We came upon this site  
Where now stands the city of Syracuse  
There we made our sacrifice

And Heracles cried  
At the scene of the crime

We carried on through die Lower East Side  
Where Bobby came upon his bride  
Sleeping in her evening gown  
On the men's room floor

I saw two magpies flying  
It was a cold wet day

I saw you cross the road this morning  
To get to the other side  
I waved but no one saw me  
it's okay, we'll meet on Tuesday

And Hetracles smiled  
At the first light of dawn