

Myth

The Mekons

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