

In the Colosseum

Tom Waits

The women all control their men
With razors and with wrists
And the princess squeezes grape juice
On a torrid bloody kiss
What will you be wearing there
The lion or the raven hair?
The flesh will all be tearing
But the tail will be my own
In the colosseum tonight

This one's for the balcony
And this one's for the floor
As the senators decapitate
The presidential whore
The bald headed senators
Are splashing in the blood
The dogs are having someone
Who is screaming in the mud
In the colosseum tonight

Now it's raining and it's pouring
On the pillaging and goring
The constable is swinging
From the chains
For the dead there is no story
No memory no blame
Their families shout blue murder
But tomorrow it's the same
In the colosseum

A slowly acting poison
Will be given to the favorite one
The dark horse will bring glory
To the jailer and his men
It's always much more sporting
When there's families in the pit
And the madness of the crowd
Is an epileptic fit
In the colosseum

No justice here, no liberty
No reason, no blame
There's no cause to taint the sweetest taste of blood
And greetings from the nation
As we shake the hands of time
They're taking their ovations
The vultures stay behind
In the colosseum, in the colosseum
In the colosseum tonight