

Bishop Allen, Like Castanets

This city is silver in the moon
And mountains heaped with sugar spoons
The click and clatter of my feet
On lonely crooked cobbled streets
Like castanets

Down past the window shutter tie
The hollow of a haunted night
It's raining now out on the beach
The chit and chatter of my teeth
Like Castanets

I'm following the coffee trail
And drink it black and by the bail
The pesos turn to paper cups
My fingers tremble at the touch
Like castanets

Santa Lucia
...Bella vista

San Cristobal

La Moneda

And on the cable car I climb
Up to the sacred virgin shrine
This city's smothered in the smog
The snippy snap of wild dogs
Like Castanets

Tomorrow is Assumption Day
I ask them what they celebrate
Daniello says he can't explain
But he'll be clappin' anyway
Like Castanets

Ohh...Like Castanets