

Grey, Peasant Town

Down to the village under scorching sun.
To see the peasants provide us with fun.
To rape and pillage our pocket books.
We're taking pictures cause we like the looks
that surround, the peasant town.

She took my hand and led me through the door.
Told me secrets that I already know.
The tourists call her beautiful.
And pray for their daughters to look so, but
do they know.

From the roadhouse, Jim and I come.
Getting drinks underneath a parasol in the sun.
Getting drunk until the evening comes round.
Stumble out before the sheriff puts us out
of his town, dusty peasant town.

Jim is still there under the sun.
Now part of the sideshow presented for money
for fun.
I ask if he'd sit and have a drink that day.
He said he couldn't I knew they'd stole his
heart away