

The Cure, Lament

Today there was a tragedy
Underneath the bridge
A man walked
Cold and blue
Into La Ment
The sky coloured perfect
As the man slipped away
Waving with a last vanilla smile

Somewhere at a table
Two drowned fools
Smoking
Drinking water as they talked
Of how they loved our lady
And oh the smell as candles die

One more ice cream river body
Flowed underneath the bridge
Underneath the bridge