When I find you listening And I find you sitting And I find you thinking I'll be waiting When I'm looking for you You'll see the difference You're caught in a web Pure deceit In the roar of the crowd For the work of the picador Roar of the crowd For the work of the picador Blood on sawdust Door slams shut Beast is bleeding You can't get enough I caught you laughing On the day you left There's a subtle difference That I could sense And the daylight comes And the streets lie empty In the roar of the crowd For the work of the picador And the daylight comes And the streets lie empty And the roar of the crowd For the work of the picador The train moves on Through the valley A whistle carries A long, long way To the beast on the mountain A long time ago We can still hear The whistle blow And the daylight comes And the streets lie empty And the roar of the crowd For the work of the picador And the daylight comes And the streets lie empty And the moon looks down On the work of the picador And the daylight comes And the streets lie empty And the roar of the crowd For the art of the picador And the daylight comes And the streets turn ugly And the moon smiles down On the art of the picador