

Manta Ray

Vernon, Nan

Did you?

In the land of Manta Ray
Floating above the city of curves
Wedding cake building are blushing
Looking beneath Antoinette's skirt

The city where liberty came from
But now the statue's gone
To the alternative priest from cologne
To whom the torso now belongs

Manta Ray
Manta Ray

Vatican bands have mobilized
In London, Rome and Paris
This world will be cannibalised
It's all over in Atlantis

Now the end is over
There was no sting in his tail
Paris puts on a pullover
As the Manta Ray sets sail

Manta Ray
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There were not tunnels of triumph
There was no bridge of sighs
There were no towers of science
Like blunt steeples in the sky
In the land of Manta Ray