

Nice Day For A Funeral

Rough Silk

Sittin' in a streetcafe in Barcelona
watching my thoughts disappear
with all those people passin' by
and I ask myself : "What am I doin' here ?"
What the hell did I think as I gave you
my dreams and my golden steelbar
on the phone you said you knew I would miss you.
Who the hell do you think you are ?

And the Barcelona sun shines bright as bright could be.
Hasta luego - vaya con dios, but never again with me !!!

It's a nice day for a funeral
- nice day for an end !
The dice may roll `till yesterday
decides to be your friend.
Well, the sound of a breaking heart
can turn a soul in two
but it's a nice day for a funeral
- a nice day without you !!!!

An old man sits next to me for hours and hours
while the painters and the gamblers get their share.
Some hookers on the other side give me a smile.
I smile back - there's freedom in the air !
I get up and slowly walk back to my hotel
to get ready for tonight's early show.
After soundcheck I'll walk down to the beach and tonight
I'll be playin' every "f**k-you-song" I know !!

And the Barcelona sun.....