

Fighting Bull

Sea Wolf

Well, there's something in my head
Like a waving of red
That propels me
Through the dust
Toward the sword

And there's a glitter to its flash
That would turn me into ash
Yet enchants me
Toward a distant
Foreign shore

Oh oh oh
I lay my body down
Upon her wedding gown
Oh oh oh
Well, I always pushed
When they told me I should pull
I'm a fighting bull

Well, the old man would never weep
But when he'd lay me down to sleep
I saw the scars
On his arms and his fists

He said, though I was small and quick
I'd better learn to wield the stick
And to cut first
And to be sure
To never miss

Oh oh oh
I lay my body down
Upon her wedding gown
Oh oh oh
Well, I always pushed
When they told me I should pull
I'm a fighting bull

I took my cursed way
Into a Spanish cafe
And the curtains
Were navy
Wool and wheat

And the light was dim and cool
Revealed a glittering of jewels
But the rubies
In her eyes
Were for me

Oh oh oh
I lay my body down
Upon her wedding gown
Oh oh oh
Well, I always pushed
When they told me I should pull

I'm a fighting bull