

Mummies

Toyah

(Willcox / Bogen / Bush / Francis)

We are the mummies of Mexico
We live in a glass house.

We are the mummies of Mexico.
We live in our glass house
Among Guanajuato,
Mexico, Mexico...

Forgive my begging lunacy,
We crave identity -
Forgive my begging lunacy,
We crave identity.

Our faces have grown so thin.
Our skins are cold to touch,
Our minds are twice as wise
As they have ever been.

My bones crave identity,
Our remains float on your memory,
Tormented voices through the skirting board of
Mexico, Mexico...

Forgive my begging lunacy,
We crave identity -
Forgive my begging lunacy,
We crave identity.

We are the mummies of Guanajuato,
We are all asleep.
Only Guanajuato knows what happened here.
Mexico!