

Pieta

Wire

Doubting Thomas parks his car in his Sunday best
Taps his wallet, straightens tie, lights a cigarette
Pilgrim's progress, no journey's end
Which way Michael?
Through the door he scans the bar, then a space appears
His drink is poured, for he is numb, the service it starts here
He sees it in the barmaid's face, a winning smile's caress
A million eyes in public stalk, the queue up to confess
Lost causes, loves, hates and shames, old battles fought and won
Bad debts, bad tips, the graveyard song, the dreamers talk in tongues
Haloes swarm, the air is thin, thick smoke in tights of blue
Elvis has a wooden heart, eyes dart across the room
Empty heads and stomachs full, the ashtrays overflow
Drinks are raised and voices praise good deeds of long ago
He drains his glass and makes a sign, the Virgin Queen appears
The Prince King needs a tender touch, his sacred heart knows no fear
Upon a cloud on optic shrine, he can't control his tears
On his knees, hands held in prayer, a practice lapsed for years
The altar clears, the light grows dim, the sanctus bell is rung
A miracle at closing time, our lady holds her son
The faithful come to celebrate the vision Thomas saw
A rail now stands around the spot where Thomas kissed the floor
Amen