Blood Wedding

Black 47

Carlita is waiting down on C & 9th
In mantilla and lace
And her lover's knife
Cries out for revenge
But she is silent like a stone
And beautiful in her widow's weeds
I wait in the darkness
Forever now alone
Too late for any tear shedding
While his bride waits down on C & 9th
For her blood wedding
Why did you have to go out tonight
With the full moon in scarlet
And his silver knife
Waiting for you
And the remains of your life
Ticking away like some pitiful clock
And I who could not even be called your wife
Safe and warm in your bedding
And you the bridegroom off on your way
To your blood weddingAnd the Ukranian ladies
Light candles in the street
Where his body lay bleeding
And the projects are silent
Bracing for the heat
That must come from his blood wedding
Carlita why do you hate me so much
I long for your body
I die for your touch
On my burning skin
And the smell of your perfume
Will always remain on my bed
But I died every time
You entered his room
I could not let him go on living
And now you wait down on C & 9th
Dying to celebrate my blood weddingI wait in the shadows of C & 9th
With my fingers caressing
His sacred knife
You loved my body
But he loved my soul
You thought you knew me

But what do men know
Except my lover whose shape is etched in chalk on the street
Soon to be washed away by the rain
While you wait in the darkness dreading
The shock of my knife
At your blood weddingI Won't Take You Home Again, Kathleen
I spent my whole life waiting for you
But just like the D train
You show up at the most unusual times
I can't take any more
You're driving me out of my mind.You come on like some beam of light
Straight from paradise
Or out of the arms of my best friend, Kevin,
Better to rule in hell than serve you in heavenNow the sun is blinding your eyes
I can't take any more of your disguises
I won't take you home again, KathleenNow the dawnlight gleams in your hair
I can't see anywhere left for us to go
I won't take you home again, KathleenAnd all those days out at Rockaway
You left me waiting like a spare at a wedding
Ah, it's too upsetting to think about
What you were up to with KevinBut let me touch your face one last time
Then I'm out of here or out of my mind
Kathleen, it's been a dream
But look out, your nightmare is comingOh, Kathleen, this scene
And the drinking's getting to me
But I'm out of here and running
'Cause I can see your nightmare comingIt's too late, it's too lateGo on, Kathleen, go back to Breezy where you belongIt's too late, girl, it's too late'Cause now the sun is blinding your eyesAnd I can't take any more of your disguises...

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