

## Verdi Cries

June Tabor

The man in 119 takes his tea all alone  
Mornings we all rise  
To while his Verdi cries  
I'm hearing opera through the door

Souls of men and women impassioned all  
Voices rise and fall  
Battle trumpets call  
I fill the bath and climb inside

Singing: lala la la lala la

He will not touch that pastry but every day they bring  
Him more  
Gold from the breakfast tray  
I steal them all away  
And go eat them on the shore  
Lala la la lala la  
Lala la la lala la

I draw a jackal-headed woman in the sand  
Sing of the lover's fate  
Ruled by jealous hate  
Then go wash my hands in the sea

In just a few days more  
I'd just about learned the entire score  
To Aida

Holidays must end as you work on  
All these memories  
I take them home with me  
The opera, the stolen tea,  
The sand drawings, the virgin sea  
Old years ago.