

Mambo Queen of the Sandstone City

New Model Army

I get lost in the maelstrom
I lose concentration
I see fish in the water
But too fast for me
So I go climbing up the long road
That leads out to the backstreets
And in a great walled garden
Is the place that I'm looking for
I've come to see...

The Mambo Queen of the Sandstone city
She sees things that I cannot see
Breaks it down like a true punk rocker
Because nothing is ever what it seems

She's got a puritan angel
She brought back from the Congo
He stands guard over the virgins
He stands watching in my dreams
She sculpts things in the garden
Where there are trees full of wind-chimes
They start ringing when she walks by
Like a wild weather warning

She's the Mambo Queen of the Sandstone city
She reads signs that I cannot see
Breaks it down like a true punk rocker
To splinters of mirror glass at my feet

And I have always loved her
I just didn't realise
It's a world full of curses
That we carry to the grave
But she knows all about that
She takes weight from my shoulders
She breathes fire on the deadwood
She breathes fire in my blood