

Winter on the Americas
catch you in the snow winter's day
who would think fires burning out
would ever go to the same place,

but, the sadness
slightly of your face
I didn't mean it that way

A Humanesque is playing on tonight

Do you ever talk revolution? [You used to talk...]
Who would ever know, you'd have to see
Way down. Down the Tingo Marie
caught you all alone in their angry streets,

but, the sadness
who did you meet?
did they treat you that way

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Your eyes are liars
they paint the secrets you betray

Your Spanish men say that you cheat them everyday
they want to go and let you have your way
seems your rebels given up the cause
and even Oklahoma calls your name,

but, the magic
with which you held sway
has fallen decayed

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the magic
has since burned away
did they want it that way,

A Humanesque is playing on tonight