

## Billy Morgan (P. Simmonds)

Morgan, the man with no tan, comes in on the midday train  
Takes a room in the pensione down by the beach  
Unwraps his pistol, counts out the bullets beside it  
Four bullets, two men, it's certain with two bullets each

Down in the town the old men sit round by the harbour  
Watch as the tourists break all etiquette in the bars  
At twilight the festival starts with a feast in the plaza  
Followed by music and wine, fireworks and cigars

Twilight arrives, the streets come alive  
The Mayor and the Chief watch it begin  
A girl on a bike turns very businesslike  
Leave fifty grand and a pardon for the sin

Goodbye Billy Morgan  
Known from Amsterdam to Tripoli  
You can taste your death in every silent breath  
Fear the curse, thought the enemy

On Morgans cheap TV the Ministers agree at the summit  
In a room straight above there's a couple making love with a cheer  
Out across the water the statue of Christ throws a shadow  
It falls across the city to the window of the volunteer

On the Avenue de France a beggar does a dance  
Sells 'chocolate' to the marching band in masks  
The Gaudia Civil get a tip about a kill  
Morgan doubts but no-ones out to ask

The festivals begun, Morgan tucks the gun inside his jacket  
Walks towards the plaza singing 'Boys of the Old Brigade'  
Is followed by a rifle, confronted by the guards at the corner  
Lifts his hands like the statue and dies in the fusillade

Now the gunfire's heard, someone gives the word  
Fireworks crash, the marching band turns right  
Someone in a mask throws a bomb, does the task  
Rides off with the girl on the back of a motorbike