

# Vaya Con Dios, At The Parallel

He stands by the doors of the Rex all night  
Chain-smoking Celtas  
His eyes trouble more than one woman  
His voice is heavy and deep  
There's dirt on the sidewalk  
And the newsboy yell  
Nothing ever changes at the Parallel  
Nothing ever changes at the Parallel  
There 's a girl at the Molino  
She wears a leather coat  
The dust of Barcelona  
Sticks to her heels as she walks  
Trough the door  
And he thinks: "What the hell  
does she come here for?  
Maybe she wants me, and that's  
her way to say it?  
Maybe she wants me, and that's  
her way to say it?  
Maybe she wants me, but who am I to tell?  
He bites his fingernails  
Scratches his eyebrows  
Lights another cigarette  
Watching the queens of the street  
Acting their parody of love  
And he feels like he stands by the gates of hell  
Nothing ever changes at the Parallel  
Nothing ever changes at the Parallel  
That girl from the Molino  
Who wears the leather coat  
Sits there rockin' slowly on a chair  
Gazing dreamly at the door  
And he thinks: "What the hell  
is she looking for?  
Maybe she wants me, and that's  
her way to say it?  
Maybe she wants me, and that's  
her way to say it?  
Maybe she wants me, but who am I to tell?"