

# John Cale, Dying On The Vine

I've been chasing ghosts and I don't like it  
I wish someone would show me where to draw the line  
I'd lay down my sword if you would take it  
And tell everyone back home I'm doing fine  
I was with you down in Acapulco  
trading clothing for some wine  
Smelling like an old adobe woman  
Or a William Burroughs playing for lost time  
I was thinking about my mother  
I was thinking about what's mine  
I was living my life like a holy war  
But I was dying on the vine  
Who could sleep through all that noisy chatter  
The troops, the celebrations in the sun  
The authorities say my papers are all in order  
If I wasn't such a coward, I would run  
Meet me when all the shooting's over  
Meet me on the other side of town  
Yes you can bring all your friends for protection  
It's always nice to have them all hanging around  
I was thinking about my mother  
I was thinking about what's mine  
I was living my life like a holy war  
But I was dying, dying on the vine