

John Cale, Half Past France

I suppose I'm glad I'm on this train
And it's long
Somewhere between Dunkirk an Paris
Most people here are still asleep
But I'm awake
Looking out from here -- at half-past France
Things are much different here than Norway
Not so cold
Wonder when we'll be in Dundee
Old Hollweg knows his way around
He's no fool
Wish I'd get to see my son again
From here on it's got to be
A simple case of them or me
If they're alive then I am dead
Pray God and eat your daily bread
Take your time
We're so far away
Floating in this bay
We're so far away from home
Where we belong
I'm not afraid now of the dark anymore
And many mountains now are molehills
Back in Berlin they're all well fed
I don't care
People always bored me anyway