

John Cale And Terry Riley, The Soul Of Patrick L

Yes she found her footsteps failing
Falling falling from the sky
Down from Bangor with her eagles
Stepping out before her time
She did cry and she did fly
Round and round the swollen sky
Lightning for those mountain sides
And the miller never showed her
A face that didn't know

Then that concert sang a long way
Here and there to Swansea Bay
More and more the tides ran with it
Murder Mary come and gone
Folded arms and Christendom
Shields and molten falcon heads
And that miller never showed her
A face that didn't know

It's a long long time
It's a long time
It's a long long time to go

Then came Christmas moving slowly
Slowly crossing out the chimes
Shutting out her father's women
Broken women on her side
Give her, give, give her all she wants
Safely with her alphabet
On that morning she did leave
And he never would have shown her
A face that didn't know