

John Cale, Angel Of Death

Consternation on the dance-floor I can't take it anymore.

My ugly girl-friend has these big eyes, she's running out the door.

Get her back, the regulars cry.

All the bar-flies are going dry.

We need some business says the man reaching out with the greasy hand.

We need some business says the man with the broken heart.

Broken Hearts are good for business these days, broken hearts are good for business always.

Mass confusion on the turnpike, which way did the lady go?

Rumour has it she was flying through the toll-booth down the road.

Get her back, the troopers cry, all the judges need a boost, bad reviews in the daily news, and the chickens come home to roost.

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