

# John Cale, Antarctica Starts Here

The paranoid great movie queen  
Sits idly fully armed  
The powder and mascara there  
A warning light for charm  
We see her every movie night  
The strong against the weak  
The lines come out and struggle with  
The empty voice that speaks  
Her heart is oh so tired now  
Of kindnesses gone by  
Like broken glasses in a drain  
Gone down but not well spent  
The road from Barbary to here  
She sold then stole right back  
The vanity, insanity her hungry heart forgave  
The fading bride's dull beauty grows  
Just begging to be seen  
Beneath the magic lights that reach from  
Barbary to here  
Her schoolhouse mind has windows now  
Where handsome creatures come to watch  
The anaesthetic wearing off  
Antarctica starts here