

John Cale, Black Rose

Everybody melting but the heat just won't affect ya
Backlot Casanovas and Black Russian defectors
Are here to take your picture away
I know you don't have space left on your windowsill
Black rose - long thorn
White rose - still born
Standing on the corner just baying at the moon
Just another little Miss Too-much-far-too-soon
Dreamstreet romance is not the same as burning love
You can light a thousand candles, you can wear your satin glove
And you can dance, dance, dance from here to Sunday
You can dance, dance, dance from here to Sunday
Black rose - long thorn
White rose - still born
Standing on the corner howling at the moon
Just another Little Miss Too-much-far-too-soon