

# John Cale, Bring It On Up

Everybody's praying for the rains to come  
And the snow is gonna fall, down on me  
Lost up in the desert with a gun in my hand  
And the locust gonna come to find me.  
Started long ago, in my paper cup saloon  
And the back-room boys still carrying that same old tune  
We've just one bottle left, standing on the shelf  
I'd better bring it on up, I'd better bring it on up  
Time to get the wagon, and in the back of the car  
With the sherriff and me, singing out of key  
Sooner then than later, I was up behind bars  
With that empty bowl laughing right at me  
Started long ago, in my paper cup saloon  
And the back-room boys still carrying that same old tune  
Just one bottle left, standing on the shelf  
I'd better bring it on up, I'd better bring it on up