

John Cale, Charlemagne

The manager is waiting to be paid
Along with priests and deacons of his court
A quartermaster, quite a man, a mistress of the line
Has found a last cent avenue of pain
A Mardi Gras just passed this way a while ago
Making hungry people of us all
Along the Mississippi you can hear the fiddlers play
Fandangos and boleros to the lord
Many times, many tried,
Simple stories are the best
Keep in mind, the wishful kind,
Don't wanna be like all the rest.
My uncle was a vicar in the big parade
Selling fountain pens that never write
San Sebastian gamblers never cheat nor lie
They know good fences make good neighbours
I wish I knew what time of year it was What kind of people will be there When gruesome tales of tw