

# John Cale, Child's Christmas In Wales

With mistletoe and candle green  
To Halloween we go  
Ten murdered oranges bled on board ship  
Lends comedy to shame  
The cattle graze bold uprightly  
Seducing down the door  
To saddle swords and meeting place  
We have no place to go  
Then wearily the footsteps worked  
The hallelujah crowds  
Too late but wait the long legged bait  
Tripped uselessly around  
Sebastopol Adrianapolis  
The prayers of all combined  
Take down the flags of ownership  
The walls are falling down  
A belt to hold  
Columbus too, perimeters of nails  
Perceived the Mamma's golden touch  
Good neighbours were we all