

# John Cale, Everytime The Dogs Bark

If you wanna be the heart of midnight  
You've gotta be either cynical or dead  
All those you hold in estimation  
You can no longer count among your friends  
Your friends look to surprise you  
As friends they always will  
So hold on to the extraordinary - hold on to the skill  
And start the easy listening, we're coming home again  
Stab the back of hell and heroes until we meet again  
Listen for the slamming doors  
Listen on the ship to shore  
Listen hard  
Everytime the dogs bark  
Like a milk-cow servant turning over in his grave  
Turn off your headlights  
Show me you're gonna be the sheriff of my heart  
Heartbreaker, heartbreaker  
The harder the woman  
The colder the heart of the man  
The harder the woman  
The colder the heart of the man  
Listen for the slamming doors  
Listen on the ship to shore  
Listen hard  
Everytime the dogs bark  
They're cowards of the moment who often miss their mark  
They're so resentful of the wisemen with a hunger for the dark  
So start the easy listening, we're coming home again  
Stab the back of hell and heroes until we meet again