

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