

John Cale, Fairweather Friend

Words and music: Garland Jeffreys

Board boy, board boy, rolling down the road Board boy, board boy, what have you been told

Do you wear your jeans of blue?

Oh that way is paved with gold

Board boy, board boy what have you been sold

Yes boy, no boy, you don't have to use your head

It's alright boy, you can use your feet instead

You don't have to worry about the French emissary

You don't have to dread

Board boy, board boy, just listen to what I have said

You can ask my poor old fairweather friend

If the hills are hard to find

If the misty mountain tops of May

That'll make us change their minds.

Board boy, board boy, rolling down the road

Board boy, board boy, what have you been told.

You can smell the means by which your secret signs do unfold

Board boy, board boy, rolling down the road.