

# John Cale, Guts

The bugger in the short sleeves fucked my wife  
Did it quick and split  
Back home, fresh as a daisy to Maisy, oh Maisy  
And the twelve-bore it stood in the corner  
Quite operatic in its self disgust  
It blew him all over the living room floor  
Like parrot shit, parrot spit, parrot shit was shot  
Now suppose it was someone familiar  
Someone we all would know  
Embarrassing denouement, ne c'est pas?  
Familiar hyperbole  
And there would go the secret plot  
The piss had missed the hole in the pot  
Like that ancient teenage dream  
From soul to poison soul to poison soul  
Guts, guts, got no guts  
And stitches don't help at all  
Guts, guts, got no guts  
Holes in the body, holes in the legs  
Holes in the forehead, holes in the head  
Holes in the body, holes in the legs  
There should never be holes at all  
There should never be holes at all  
So: kill all you want or more  
Make sure, do it right  
Dead is dead, and door nails forget  
And then you'll notice  
How the waster and the wasted  
Get to look like one another  
In the end, in the end  
In the end, in the end  
In the end, in the end  
In the end, in the end