

John Cale, I Heard Her Call My Name

Lady Godiva, hair dressed so demurely
Pats the head of another curly-haired boy
Just another toy
Sick with silence she weeps sincerely
Saying words that have all so clearly been said
So long ago
Draperies wrapped gently 'round her shoulders
Life has made her that much bolder now
That she found out how
Dressed in silk, clad in lace and envy
Pride and joy of the latest penny fair
Pretty passing care
Her hair today now are dipped in the water
Making love to every poor daughter's son
Isn't it fun?
Now today, propping grace with envy
Lady Godiva peers to see if anyone's there
And hasn't a care
The doctor's coming, the nurse thinks SWEETLY
Turning on the machines that NEATLY pump air
The body lies bare
Shaved and hairless, what once was SCREAMING
now lies silent and almost SLEEPING
the brain must have gone away
Strapped securely to the white table
Ether causes the body to wither and writhe
underneath the White Light
The doctor arrives, knife and baggage
sees the growth as just so much cabbage
that now
must be cut away
Now comes the moment of Great! Great! Decision!
The doctor is making his first incision
One goes here - one goes there
The ether tube's leaking says someone who's sloppy
Patient it seems is not so well sleeping
The screams echo up the hall
Don't panic someone give him pentathol instantly
Doctor removes his blade
Cagily so from the brain
By my count of ten -
The head won't move!