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!