

John Cale, If You Were Still Around

If you were still around
I'd hold you
I'd hold you
I'd shake you by the knees
Blow hard in both ears
If you were still around
You could write like a panther
Whatever got into your veins
What kind of green blood
Swung you to your doom
To your doom
If you were still around
I'd tear unto your fear
Leave it hanging off you
In long streamers
Shreds of dread
If you were still around
I'd turn you facing the wind
Bend your spine on my knee
Chew the back of your head
Chew the back of your head
'Til you opened your mouth
To this life