

# 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