

John Cale, Ocean Life

The sky's full of dirty, aching air, that's burning a greasy yellow and zooming slowly in on everyone, [untie] these fighting sunsets that will not be fulfilled. The noise on her eyes is still there, even when the retina yields in the strain of the dull, sacreligious commandment of an eye for an eye or a tooth for a truth. Even the ocean is ghettoized now, another dirty alleyway that leads nobody home. When you're so young and full of expectations, you're looking for that perfect wave and when you'd like to ride them all/on. So I ask you from the bottom of my heart, is that any way to treat your mother? Red, red, red river, bloody ocean of sorrowful memories carry me to the deep blue sea. I hear you. Call me. Is it true that virtue fell by the wayside? Not even a mark. And who will lift the fog of bitterness, who [will sigh] the tide of regret? Who'll avoid the undertow of sentimental drift? Who can live long on poetry and rats? I don't have the patience, but what does it cost on the open market? And who can afford that? I wanna be buried in the bottom of the ocean, like Shelly Winters in "The Night of the Hunter". My hair abillowing, being kissed by the fishes, Sushi for Shabu. If fishes were wishes I'd have you. I'd have you. Ahh, I've never [felt one tremor] that is greed, envy, lust, gluttony, anger, pride.