

# John Cale, Paris 1919

She makes me so unsure of myself  
Standing there but never talking sense  
Just a visitor you see  
So much wanting to be seen  
She'd open up the door and vaguely carry us away  
It's the customary thing to say or do  
To a disappointed proud man in his grief  
And on Fridays she'd be there  
And on Wednesday not at all  
Just casually appearing from the clock across the hall  
You're a ghost la la la  
You're a ghost  
I'm in the church and I've come  
To claim you with my iron drum  
la la la  
The Continent's just fallen in disgrace  
William William William Rogers put it in its place  
Blood and tears from old Japan  
Caravans and lots of jam and maids of honor  
singing crying singing tediously  
(Les Tuilleries -- instruments sans voix)

Efficiency efficiency they say  
Get to know the date and tell the time of day  
As the crowds begin complaining  
How the Beaujolais is raining  
Down on darkened meetings on Champs Elysee