

John Cale, Please

Won't you help me please,
I'm growing old
A million years ago
Won't you help me sneeze,
I've caught a cold
Another way to go
Just hold on tightly
This shows on my breed
They speak so very slow
It gets so hard to follow
Slowly in the mist of captive eyes
To carry you from home
Hansom cab again from dawn till dusk
My power amphibious bride
I'll just leave you here like this
I'm sure you won't be missed
Before this night is done
These words won't seem so wrong.
Oh it can't be that bad
Back up in Trinidad
Come down and see me soon
When you get back from the moon.