

# 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.