

John Cale, Riverbank

All along the riverbank nobody seems to know
They heard nothing, saw even less of the hunger in their souls
Safety first or safety last I wish I could have helped
Those poor unfortunate widows standing waiting for their sailor boys
Madame Nhu, yes madame knew
Down they came to look around that riverbank
For names or numbers or anything they could find written there
On the wall
Cause somebody seemed to know but no one was prepared to tell
Anything they'd learnt to love about long ago
And the cold people getting colder
Like babysitters in their graves
Satisfying heretic vicars passing on
Send them running on ahead picking up the wendy trash instead
Like foulmouth people openheart surgery creatures
Crawling back inside of you
All along the riverbank nobody will ever know
What fools and their monies sailors and their honeys
Got stung one evening there
Cause the stones around their necks are the stones on the Riverbank