

# John Cale, Santies

She was so afraid  
Since her mother, white with time,  
Told her  
She was a failure  
She was so ashamed  
Of everything she said  
And everything she did  
For her mother, white with time  
Everything around her mother  
White with time  
And dirty  
Her mother was greedy with dirt  
Greedy  
Then she heard choirs of angels  
Singing choirs of angels  
Greedy angels  
Spitting glory on her failure  
That stardust of failure  
As if it was medicine that didn't work  
Any way  
Anyway  
The windows  
They were closed  
And the midwives had locked their doors  
They didn't understand  
And after all, what was there to understand?  
But the angels  
Sheer choirs of angels  
In a friendship  
No, more than a friendship  
It was a marriage  
A marriage made in the grave  
In the shivering night  
The searching of the river continued  
That bullet of searchlight  
That searchlight  
found her so cockleshell and sure  
Sick and tired of what she saw  
But cockleshell and sure  
Sure of what the world had offered a tired soul  
From Istanbul to Madrid  
From Reykjavik, to Bonn  
To Leipzig, to Leningrad  
To Shanghai, Pnom Penh  
All so that it would be a stronger world  
A strong, though loving, world  
To die in