

# John Cale, Ship Of Fools

The Ship of Fools is coming in  
Take me off I've got to eat  
Same old stories same old thing  
Letting out and pulling in  
Mister, there's a caravan parked out back  
Restless hoping for a Christian rider  
The black book, a grappling hook  
A hangman's noose on a burnt out tree  
Guess we must be getting close to Tombstone  
The last time we had eaten  
Was when the flies were going for free  
You could count the hardships by the open doors  
But sandwiched in between  
Were the fishermen who still  
Wished they could sail from Tennessee to Arizona  
So hold on, won't be long  
The call is on the line  
Hold on, Sister's gone  
South to give the sign  
We picked up Dracula in Memphis  
It was just about the break of day  
And then hastily prayed for our souls to be saved  
There was something in the air that made us kind of weary  
By the time we got to Swansea it was getting dark  
Tumble, jungles, bugles and the prize  
The tides turned west at Amerforth  
As if they didn't know what to do  
But Garnant stood its ground and asked for more  
All the people seemed quite glad to see us  
Shaking hands and smiling like the clock  
Well we gave them all the message then  
That the Ship of Fools was in  
Make sure they get home for Christmas  
So hold on, won't be long  
The call is on the line  
So hold on, Sister's gone  
South to give the sign