

John Cale, Song Of The Valley

I roamed the world for love and glory
Full-time ambassador of mirth
I never thought that I'd be sorry
To squander most of my true worth
The sun beats down on the valley
The waves crash on the shore
I was a soldier of the alley
I cannot fight there anymore
So now I just wait for the hour
Lips parted like a kiss
I just assume there is a power
Who can deliver me from this
The sun beats down on the valley
The waves crash on the shore
I was a soldier of the alley
I cannot fight there anymore
They say that love is like a flower
That bows so graceful to the light
But I've seen most true love go sour
Then blossom in the dead of night
I can't be certain of the hour
Or who will bear that final kiss
I must assume there is a power
Who can deliver me from this
The sun beats down on the valley
The waves crash on the shore
I was a soldier of the alley
I cannot fight there anymore
To roam the world for love and glory
To roam the world at all
Who would have thought that I'd be sorry
To squander it all
The sun beats down on the valley
The waves push up against the shore
I was a soldier on the alley
I cannot fight there anymore