

# John Cale, Strange Times In Casablanca

Strange times in Casablanca when people pull down their shades  
And its easy enough for us to look at each other and wonder why  
We were to blame  
Blame comes remorselessly transfixed  
Like the sound of slamming doors  
And doors have doors have doors have doors have doors  
Like companions have pets they sleep in each other's mattresses  
Like maggots in despair  
And bleed in each other's nests and make a mess of each other's snares  
Strange times in Casablanca  
Strange times  
They make some striking couples  
They make some frustration of the call  
And only those who are satisfied by friendship would even pay  
Attention to it all  
It comes like mail or telegrams  
It comes expectant as a widow in heat as a widow in the searing heat  
And that contentment of depression that delivers most of the time  
But cannot help the styling of the horns in the shape of gargoyle  
Broken prints savage fingers  
Undertaken catamaran  
Strange times in Casablanca  
We've turned our back on it once before  
And we can hear from across the waters what damage it will cause us  
And you can smash once more  
And they can smash once more  
But I don't think anybody wants to smash anymore