

John Cale, The Endless Plain Of Fortune

Old Taylor said
Old Taylor meant to cry -- oh my
Field Marshall meant
Field Marshall went away again
Watch out below; the tides
Lean heavily like wine
We are all innocent in spite of you and me
Then Martha went
Yes Martha went away again
Down in Transvaal
Where Crocodiles and men fight on
They would have played all night
Even with loaded dice
It's gold that eats the heart away and leaves
The bones -- to dry
Segovia watched
Gendarmerie and all that's all
The radio man
Amanda did you choose your tune
She walked away in time
She walked a crooked line
So gracefully she turned her head
And smiled -- away