

# Marianne Faithfull, Visions Of Johanna

Ain't it just like the night to play tricks when you're tryin' to be so quiet?  
We sit here stranded, though we're all doin' our best to deny it  
And Louise holds a handful of rain, temptin' you to defy it  
Lights flicker from the opposite loft  
In this room the heat pipes just cough  
The country music station plays soft  
But there's nothing, really nothing to turn off  
Just Louise and her lover so entwined  
And these visions of Johanna that conquer my mind.

Inside the museums, infinity goes up on trial  
Voices echo this is what salvation must be like after a while  
But Mona Lisa musta had the highway blues  
You can tell by the way she smiles  
See the primitive wallflower freeze  
When the jelly-faced women all sneeze  
Hear the one with the mustache say, "jeeze  
I can't find my knees"

Jewels and binoculars hang from the head of the mule  
But these visions of Johanna, they make it all seem so cruel.

The peddler now speaks to the countess who's pretending to care for him  
Sayin', "name me someone who's not a parasite and I'll go out and say a prayer for him"  
But like Louise always says  
"ya can't look at much, can ya man?"  
As she, herself, prepares for him  
And Madonna, she still hasn't showed  
We see the empty cage now corrode  
Where her cape of the stage once had flowed  
The fiddler, he now steps on the road  
He writes ev'rything's been returned which was owed  
On the back of the fish trucks that load  
While my conscience explodes  
The harmonicas play the skeleton keys and the rain  
And these visions of Johanna are now all that remain.