

John Cale

"Barracuda"

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Dark woman in the water drowning
Sinking in a funny way
Black footing full of faces floating
Mimicking our final days

The ocean will have us all
The ocean will have us all

Dark woman in a cupboard burning
Oh, what have they done
Dark woman like a feather breathing
Oh, what can be done

The ocean will have us all

Cold cost is the death of nothing
Slipping just like nothing did
Prince and the one was joking
Smoking in the summer mis

Barracuda, barracuda
Won't you lay down your life to me?
Won't you love me barracuda?
If you always need to bring out the worst in me

Ten mourners with their whiskers blowing
Howling like a winter gale
Dark woman like a crawler growing
Growing for the carry meat

The ocean will have us all

Dead forest with the moon arising
Smiling at you out of reach
Cracked window in a chapel dreaming
Hoping while they drain 'em each

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