

John Cale "Broken Hearts"

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Consternation on the dance-floor I can't take it
anymore.
My ugly girl-friend has these big eyes, she's running
out the door.
Get her back, the regulars cry.
All the bar-flies are going dry.
We need some business says the man reaching out
with the greasy hand.
We need some business says the man with the broken
heart.

Broken hearts are good for business these days,
broken hearts are good for business always.

Mass confusion on the turnpike, which way did the lady
go?
Rumour has it she was flying through the toll-booth
down the road.
Get her back, the troopers cry, all the judges need a
boost, bad reviews in the daily news, and the
Chickens come home to roost.

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broken hearts are good for business always.

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