

## John Cale "Burned Out Affair"

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Everything was fine  
When all the girls were boys  
And singing  
Was the usual thing to do  
Nobody was sad  
But the kids  
The kids with the clumsy eyes

We burned and we looted  
And frightened ourselves  
Before we learned mothers  
Could haunt us with words  
Split milk and childishness  
Made scratches and cuts  
On the cheap polished charm  
Of the clumsy-eyed rats

So we stole magazines and some bikes for a ride  
Those dazzling devices for Superboy's bride  
We shot a few  
We stoned a few  
And someday survived  
To crouch back in corners  
Mind in mind's eye

Well I can't bring back  
I can't think back  
It's fading again  
The tin boys and young girls  
All melted away

Everything was fine  
When all the boys were girls  
And singing  
Was the natural thing to do  
But when men become women  
That old thrill's not there  
Just some tired old dolls  
With their burned out affairs

I can't bring back  
I can't think back

It's fading again  
The tin boys and young girls  
All fading away

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