

John Cale "Overture"

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Overture - a) a tourist - b) a contact - c) a prisoner

Excuse me, excuse me! can you show me the way out
of here?

Of course. this way. just pass the headless horsemen,
the café shabu.

And how far is that?

Not far. you're the tourist here, you should take it easy.
if you can trust a stranger, follow me.

I don't mind if I do. I'm a stranger here with a sense of
regret that I'd like to forget that I drank from a
paranoid glass. I come from a paranoid base. sure, I
spent time in prison. a prison o

Own devices, haven't we all? I'm a foreigner here and
I'm feeling just a little worn. I'm looking for points of
importance and historical interest, trapped by the
same rate of exchange of that i
Nning away from. and as we all know, we hate to
change. but change is a virtue, my friend. if you want to
escape, all you have to do is make up your mind.

But you're not a prisoner here, and I'm made to work
with my hands, part of my sentence for taking the
licence to think of impossible plans. working my fingers
to the bone, keeping my hands on t
Ngs of that ladder, that leads us out of the gutter to the
light.

It's all been a big mistake. I've done nothing wrong. I'm
just an innocent here. I'm just an innocent here. I'm just
an innocent here. I'm just an innocent here. I'm just an
innocent here. I'm j
N innocent ...

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