

John Cale "Paradise Nevada"

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God knows how long she was waiting on the mountain,
staring at the river, watching all her dreams go by.
every single morning she sang of crystal fountains,
counting the days until she spread her
legs and fly. she had her eye on a man, the hero of the
valley. born in an alley wearing felony-shoes. when it
came to the ladies, that man became a legend, famous
for his freedom, freed to pick a
pooze. lay your money, lay your money down. lay your
money, lay your money down.

It was a marriage made in heaven, meant for each
other, natural born lovers want to sing each other's
song. it was too good to be true, too good not to try,
too soon to tell, it was too late to
There were shadows in [the kitchen], poison in the air.
secrets to be hidden, they were too much to care. it
was lipstick for breakfast, and fine wine in a glass,
resentments in the mirror, there
No way you can last. lay your money, lay your money
down. lay your money, lay your money down.

There was static on the juke box and murder on their
minds, money on the table, there were [walls left to
climb]. lights across the water, and fireworks in the
sky, paradise nevada on the fifth
of july. twisting like a dancer she took everything he
had. this side of whiskey nothing cut in half is bad.
there are losses, there are debts, there are winners to
be found, there are wagers,
Are bets, there are losers in the crowd. lay your money,
lay your money down. lay your money, lay your money
down.

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