

## John Cale

# "Rise, Sam And Rimsky Korsakov"

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I knew a guitar player once  
Who called the radio friendly  
He felt a kinship, not with the music  
So much as with the radio's voice

It's synthetic quality, it's voice as distinct  
From the voices coming through it  
It's ability to transmit the illusion  
Of people at a great distance

He slept with the radio  
He talked to the radio  
He disagreed with the radio  
He believed in a far away radio land

He believed he would never find this land  
So he reconciled himself to listening to it only  
He believed he had been banned from the radio land  
And was doomed to prowl the airwaves forever

Seeking some magical channel  
That would reinstate him to his long lost heritage

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