

## John Cale "Riverbank"

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All along the riverbank nobody seems to know  
They heard nothing, saw even less of the hunger in  
their souls  
Safety first or safety last I wish I could have helped  
Those poor unfortunate widows standing waiting for  
their sailor boys

Madame nhu, yes madame knew  
Down they came to look around that riverbank  
For names or numbers or anything they could find  
written there  
On the wall

Cause somebody seemed to know but no one was  
prepared to tell  
Anything they'd learnt to love about long ago  
And the cold people getting colder  
Like babysitters in their graves

Satisfying heretic vicars passing on  
Send them running on ahead picking up the wendy  
trash instead  
Like foulmouth people openheart surgery creatures  
Crawling back inside of you

All along the riverbank nobody will ever know  
What fools and their monies sailors and their honeys  
Got stung one evening there  
Cause the stones around their necks are the stones on  
the riverbank

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