

John Cale

"Strange Times In Casablanca"

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Strange times in casablanca when people pull down
their shades

And it's easy enough for us to look at each other and
wonder why

We were to blame

Blame comes remorselessly transfixed

Like the sound of slamming doors

And doors have doors have doors have doors have
doors

Like companions have pets they sleep in each other's
mattresses

Like maggots in despair

And bleed in each other's nests and make a mess of
each other's snares

Strange times in casablanca

Strange times

They make some striking couples

They make some frustration of the call

And only those who are satisfied by friendship would
even pay

Attention to it all

It comes like mail or telegrams

It comes expectant as a widow in heat as a widow in the
searing heat

And that contentment of depression that delivers most
of the time

But cannot help the styling of the horns in the shape of
gargoyle

Broken prints savage fingers

Undertaken catamaran

Strange times in casablanca

We've turned our back on it once before

And we can hear from across the waters what damage
it will cause us

And you can smash once more

And they can smash once more

But I don't think anybody wants to smash anymore

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