

John Cale And Bob Neuwirth "Cafe Shabu"

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Welcome to the CafÃ© Shabu
Permit me to introduce you to some of our regulars
Starting on my immediate left, ladies and gentlemen
Here in CafÃ© Shabu

You'll note a poet, a man of words by trade
And yes, that's a refugee from an unnamed political
philosophy
Come here to spread his message of joy and peace
amongst us
Thank you very much, sir

Over here, next to him, we see a lady
Who has traded in, a lifestyle of the rich and famous
For work with underprivileged and exceptional children
Which I am sure, makes her very pleased with herself

Ladies and gentlemen, sitting next to her
A man of letters, and words, and moods
A man who spent most of his life, deceiving himself
And now, finds himself facing six years in rehabilitation

Prison, and a death sentence on the outside
Sitting next to him, on a banquette, a ballerina
She's had two grapes, a raisin, and a chicklet, and
she's full
In fact, she's been stuffed for years

Next to her, are two spinsters
Knitting their way, in and out of various predicaments
Coloured by the excesses of their ancestors

And close by them, some surreal painter's
Brooding over the very over-emphasis of colour-
violence
Violence on the blue end of the scale

Next to them, two off-duty detectives
Checking each other out, next door to the sugarholics
See them shivering, see them staring into the distance
See them growing, oh, see them go comatose, Insulin
please, MaÃ©tre D'

On my immediate right, several politicians, smiling
lizard-like
See them assure themselves that their status is indeed
quo
Rip up the cheques, said the Maître D', see if I
care
I do this for the company, I've got no-one to trust any
secrets to but myself

In the basement, in the vault, in the attic on the walls
Are the pictures I take in part-payment for my time
And the waitress reminds you that in the back room
bathed in red

Glowing with the speed of light
That reflects the demands of the living for the dead,
are our angels
A host at your service to meet your every need
So, order up, the waitress said, our great café
serves everything

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