

John Cale And Bob Neuwirth "Modern World"

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In the shadows of the night come the friends of fantasy
Dancing forward toward the dawn, wrapped in coats of
vanity
In the closets, in the home hang the toasts of days
gone by
Breaking every haunted scheme, confusing thoughts
with fantasy

This is the modern world
This is the modern world
This is the modern world

In the back rooms, where they wait, keeping time so
patiently
Playing cards and casting lots sit the last of
[Unverified]
In their confusion to deceive, they miss the point so
handily
Filling every secret need, they succeed perfectly

This is the modern world
This is the modern world
This is the modern world

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