

John Cale And Bob Neuwirth "Ocean Life"

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The sky is full of dirty, aching air
That's burning a greasy yellow
And zooming slowly in on everyone
Untie these fighting sunsets that will not be fulfilled

The noise on her eyes is still there
Even when the retina peels from the strain of the dull
Sacriligious commandment
Of an eye for an eye or a tooth for a truth

Even the ocean is ghettoized now
Another dirty alleyway that leads nobody home
When you're so young and full of expectations
You're looking for that perfect wave
And when you'd like to ride 'em all

So I ask you from the bottom of my heart
Is that any way to treat your mother?
Red, red, red river, bloody ocean of sorrowful
memories
Carry me to the deep blue sea, I hear you calling me

Is it true that virtue fell by the wayside, not even a
mark?
And who will lift the fog of bitterness, pull aside the
tide of regret?
Who will avoid the undertow of sentimental drift?
Who can live long on poetry and wrath?

I don't have the patience
But what does it cost on the open market?
And who can afford that?

I wanna be buried in the bottom of the ocean
Like Shelly Winters in 'The night of the hunter'
My hair billowing, being kissed by the fishes, Sushi for
Shabu
If fishes were wishes, I'd have you, I'd have you

Ah, I've never felt one, a tremor that is
Greed, envy, lust, gluttony, anger, pride

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