

Evidence

John Cale

This the morning after
The one's the night before
They're calling at your window
They're calling at you door
I wish I could remember what I did last night
If I was a good boy
Or if I started a fight

They're coming down for breakfast
The butcher and his wife
He's looking very angry
She's sitting very still
I hope to get it worked out soon
Of for sure I will
So much, so much for the evidence
So much, so much for the evidence

Well, something's at the the OK Coral
They're hanging Jesse James
The naked lady's vanished
The policemen are on parade
Then along comes Sherlock Holmes
That that lucky seven percent
He's just got back from Angola
Sniffing cocaine in the tent
So much, so much for the evidence