

Fairweather Friend

John Cale

Board boy, board boy, rolling down the road board boy, board boy,
y, what have you been told

Do you wear your jeans of blue?
Oh that way is paved with gold
Board boy, board boy what have you been sold

Yes boy, no boy, you don't have to use your head
It's alright boy, you can use your feet instead

You don't have to worry about the french emissary
You don't have to dread
Board boy, board boy, just listen to what I have said

You can ask my poor old fairweather friend
If the hills are hard to find
If the misty mountain tops of may
That'll make us change their minds.

Board boy, board boy, rolling down the road
Board boy, board boy, what have you been told.

You can smell the means by which your secret signs do unfold
Board boy, board boy, rolling down the road.