

Calling You Out

John Cale

I'm calling, calling
I'm calling you out (calling)
I'm calling, calling
I'm calling you out (calling)

Falling, falling
Falling, for you

I want to hear the footsteps climb
Lifting all their weight
Trying to make a shrinking world
As strong and just as safe

There's always room for change, my friend
I want you to explode
The last of any memory
Five six seven or more

It's been a kind of gift, my friend
To have you here at all
Among the broken promises
We ran into in the hall

I'm calling, calling
I'm calling you out (calling)
I'm calling, calling
I'm calling you out (calling)