

Caravan

John Cale

I'm slipping away from planet earth
Hand in my pocket full of dirt
Shaking all over
Shaking all over with the funny stuff
Climbing the fens in the Norfolk Broad
Waiting for Godot and Niagara Falls
Mustn't be late for the caravan
Mustn't be early for the garbage man

I give you a host of reasons to go
You come back marked address unknown
Sandwiched between a question of honour
In the quiet mark of a medicine man
You're sitting alone at the traffic light
The pain is real you're ghostly white