

Chorale

John Cale

Hold me down, hold me down
To the light in you room hold me down
Where the windows are broken around
And erosion of living is done
If your life is all broken and empty
Like the streets of New York in the dark
And you need just a friend to hold on to
I'll be there in the corner just for you
And the cold of the living
And the cold of the dead
Hand in hand from the beginning to the end
And the cold of the living
And the cold of the dead
Hand in hand from the beginning to the end