

Company Commander

John Cale

There is a company commander
Smoking old dope
He would like to make you sick
Make your skin crawl

We'll see you in the morning
And we'll smell him all night
Don't you love it don't you love it
And don't you love it tonight
You're killing the constables
Every night

Dragging out the modules
Freedom in the darkness
Sincere, sincere, sincere
Who'd have ever thought it was sincere

And their company commander
He is smoking old dope
Trying to be different
It's all in his head

Give him give him all he wants
Give him give him everything
Give him give him all he wants

The right wingers burning their libraries down
Giving us the benefits and the doubt
Where did we lose of control of things
Was it Sunday when the circus came to town