E Is Missing

John Cale

E is missing
He's not in his room
Rome is no longer behind him

The gris-gris heard there was water on Mars
And he's on his way to fix it
His fingernails are missing, one through ten
And there's ink all over the place

Nowhere was not here
Nowhere's not there
Nowhere is nowhere

His soul's in the corner
Very uptight
It's ugly
But it's not meant to be

A derelict lighthouse
Signalling men
In shipwrecks under the ocean

Secret bruises from a writing machine
Dismantled in a winter landscape
His fingernails are missing, one through ten
And there's ink all over the place

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