

Empty Frame

John Cale

So they rode the sea
It went on and on
They were years away
Though it seemed so long
But the captain never told them what he knew
As the poor ship laboured on through the endless blue

Oh, the storm was strong
And the ship was so frail
But they stumbled on
Raising broken sails
And they held the heavy sky on their open hands
And they dreamed of when their poor feet would touch the land

Baby, we're going round in circles
Where is this place we're going to?
Does anybody know we're out here on the waves?
And are any of our signals coming through?

We're going 'round in circles
We have no single point of view
And like the clouds that turn to every passing wind
We turn to any signal that comes through

At the edge of the sea
Were the signs of the dove
But the wrong way out
And the wrong way up
We pushed the empty frame of reason out the cabinet door
No we won't be needing reason anymore
Ooh oh oh oh oh oh, yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah