

## 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 oh oh, yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah