

## Experiment Number 1

John Cale

Well, the goodness of your heart, she's crying, "Let me out"  
Well, the goodness of your soul, you say "Goodbye"  
Well, there's only meat and dark of a vase  
That says, "Goodbye, hello, goodbye, hello, goodbye"  
(Come on, yell)

And we'll spell all the sweet talk that I hear from her  
And those voices come creeping out of the night  
What they do, will they know, what they know, when they don't k  
now nothing  
What they say that I hurt you once before

They lead a life apart from everybody, days in your mind  
They like to feel so different when you watch them fall like fl  
ies  
(G minor)  
When you feel the night (B flat) feel the night out of the day  
(Do it again)  
When you see the night, you see the night, she loves the day  
(G minor)  
(Go ahead, you figure a film, it's still solos)

Well, she talks too much to know much about everything  
Christmas comes, just like breakfast, once a year  
She does, seems just tired of living  
Like a wall broke around her spell

Give me somewhere else to hold for, to live for  
Give me something better to hope for  
They'll give me anything they can  
Give me anything you want us to hang onto  
Hold on, hold