

Hello It's Me

John Cale

Andy, it's me
Haven't seen you in a while
I wished I talked to you more
When you were alive
I thought you were self-assured
When you acted shy
Hello, it's me

I really miss you
I really miss your mind
I haven't heard ideas like that
For such a long, long time
I loved to watch you draw
And watch you paint
But when I saw you last
I turned away

When Billy Name was sick
And locked up in his room
You asked me for some speed
I thought it was for you
I'm sorry if I doubted your good heart
Things always seem to end before they start

Hello, it's me
There was a great gallery show
Your cow wallpaper
And your floating silver pillows
I wish I paid more attention
When they laughed at you
Hello, it's me

"Pop goes pop artist"
The headline said
"Is shooting a put-on?
Is Warhol really dead?"
You get less time for stealing a car
I remember thinking as I heard my own record in a bar

They really hated you
Now all that's changed
But I have some resentments
That can never be unmade
You hit me where it hurt, I didn't laugh
Your diaries are not a worthy epitaph

Oh, well, now Andy
I guess we've gotta go
I wish some way, somehow
You like this little show
I know this is late in coming
But it's the only way I know
Hello, it's me
Goodnight, Andy