

# Hey Ray

John Cale

Hey, Ray  
You're drivin' me crazy  
Hey, Ray  
Hey, Ray  
You don't have to call  
Hey, Ray

Hey, Ray  
You're driving me crazy  
Hey, Ray  
I'm outta my mind...

1963 - on Lispenard Street  
1964 - Castro's up in Harlem  
1965 - they're having a riot  
1966 - the writing's on the wall  
1967 - it's the golden age  
1968 - and it's all over (it's all over)  
It's all over, Ray (it's all over)  
It's all over, Ray (it's all over)  
It's all over

The Russians are coming! - no, they're not!  
The Russians are coming! - no, they're not!  
The French are coming! - ooh la la  
The Italians are coming - whipee!  
The Americans are coming - aww, shit  
The French are coming - not again!

1963 - on Lispenard Street  
1964 - Castro's up in Harlem  
1965 - they're having a riot  
1966 - the writing's on the wall  
1967 - it's the golden age  
1968 - and it's all over (it's all over)  
It's all over, Ray (it's all over)  
It's all over, Ray (it's all over)  
It's all over

That's not why you stumble  
It's the way the cookie crumbles...

Hey, Ray  
You're driving me crazy (it's all over)  
Hey, Ray  
I'm outta my mind (it's all over)  
Hey, Ray, hey, Ray  
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