If You Were Still Around

John Cale

If you were still around I'd hold you, I'd hold you I'd shake you by the knees Blow hard in both ears
If you were still around

You could write like a panther Whatever got into your veins What kind of green blood Swung you to your doom To your doom

If you were still around
I'd tear unto your fear
Leave it hanging off you
In long streamers, shreds of dread
If you were still around

I'd turn you facing the wind
Bend your spine on my knee
Chew the back of your head
Chew the back of your head
'Till you opened your mouth to this life