

In The Backroom

John Cale

When Señoritas walk at night
Habañeros on the move
It's music to their ears in the backroom
If there's money to be made
And it's a hundred in the shade and in the backroom
She's sentimental like the last
Of the foreigners running past her to the backroom
And if things aren't sweet in Mecca
She'll be begging for forgiveness in the vacuum

They're taking pains with California
And they're guaranteeing boredom for the monsoon
And apart from what was offered
There were mothers buying orphans at the auction
You're much better off in Twos
If you're coming to see the carnage in the backroom
Doubled over on the table
I was concentrating harder in the backroom
Weaving in and out of consciousness
Hiding out behind the entrance to the backroom

It took longer than expected
They had difficulty swallowing capsules
We had a keener nose for trouble
Than the sniffer-dogs at Heathrow
You'd be trousers down in no time in the backroom
Almost nothing in the papers...
Told me it happened when they emptied out the backroom