

Modern World

John Cale

In the shadows of the night
Come the friends of fantasy
Dancing forward toward the dawn
Wrapped in coats of vanity
In the closets in the home
Hang the toasts of days gone by
Breaking every haunted scheme
Confusing thoughts with fantasy

This is the modern world
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In the backrooms where they wait
Keeping time so patiently
Playing cards and casting lots
Sit the last of judgement's all
In their confusion to deceive
They miss the point so handily
Filling every secret need
They succeed perfectly

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