

Ocean Life

John Cale

The sky is full of dirty, aching air, that's burning a greasy yellow and zooming slowly in on everyone
Untie these fighting sunsets that will not be fulfilled
The noise on her eyes is still there, even when the retina peels from the strain of the dull
Sacrilegious commandment of an eye for an eye or a tooth for a truth

Even the ocean is ghettoized now, another dirty alleyway that leads nobody home
When you're so young and full of expectations, you're looking for that perfect wave and when you'd like to ride 'em all
So I ask you from the bottom of my heart: is that any way to treat your mother?
Red, red, red river, bloody ocean of sorrowful memories carry me to the deep blue sea
I hear you, calling me

Is it true that virtue fell by the wayside?
Not even a mark
And who will lift the fog of bitterness, pull aside the tide of regret?
Who will avoid the undertow of sentimental drift?
Who can live long on poetry and wrath?
I don't have the patience, but what does it cost on the open market? And who can afford that?

I wanna be buried in the bottom of the ocean, like Shelly Winters in "The Night of the Hunter"
My hair billowing, being kissed by the fishes, Sushi for Shabu.
If fishes were wishes I'd have you. I'd have you

Ahh, I've never felt one, a tremor that is... greed, envy, lust, gluttony, anger, pride