

Overture: A Tourist / A Contact / A Prisoner

John Cale

Excuse me, excuse me! Can you show me the way out of here?

Of course. This way. Just pass The Headless Horsemen, the Café Shabu

And how far is that?

Not far. You're the tourist here, you should take it easy. If you can trust a stranger, follow me

I don't mind if I do. I'm a stranger here with a sense of regret that I'd like to forget that I drank from a paranoid glass. I come from a paranoid base. Sure, I spent time in prison. A prison of my own devices, haven't we all? I'm a foreigner here and I'm feeling just a little worn. I'm looking for points of importance and historical interest, trapped by the same rate of exchange of that I'm running away from. And as we all know, we hate to change. But Change is a virtue, my friend. If you want to escape, all you have to do is make up your mind

But you're not a prisoner here, and I'm made to work with my hands, part of my sentence for taking the license to think of impossible plans. Working my fingers to the bone, keeping my hands on the rungs of that ladder, that leads us out of the gutter to the light

It's all been a big mistake. I've done nothing wrong. I'm just an innocent here. I'm just an innocent here. I'm just an innocent here. I'm just an innocent here. I'm just an innocent here. I'm just an innocent...