

## Paradise Nevada

John Cale

God knows how long she was waiting on the mountain, staring at the river, watching all her dreams go by. Every single morning she sang of crystal fountains, counting the days until she spread her wings and fly. She had her eye on a man, the hero of the valley. Born in an alley wearing felony-shoes. When it came to the ladies, that man became a legend, famous for his freedom, freed to pick and choose. Lay your money, lay your money down. Lay your money, lay your money down

It was a marriage made in heaven, meant for each other, natural born lovers want to sing each other's song. It was too good to be true, too good not to try, too soon to tell, it was too late to cry. There were shadows in [the kitchen], poison in the air. Secrets to be hidden, they were too much to care. It was lipstick for breakfast, and fine wine in a glass, resentments in the mirror, there was no way you can last. Lay your money, lay your money down. Lay your money, lay your money down

There was static on the juke box and murder on their minds, money on the table, there were [walls left to climb]. Lights across the water, and fireworks in the sky, Paradise Nevada on the fifth night of July. Twisting like a dancer she took everything he had. This side of Whiskey nothing cut in half is bad. There are losses, there are debts, there are winners to be found, there are wagers, there are bets, there are losers in the crowd. Lay your money, lay your money down. Lay your money, lay your money down