

Spinning Away

John Cale

Up on a hill, as the day dissolves
With my pencil turning moments into line
High above in the violet sky
A silent silver plane - it draws a golden chain

One by one, all the stars appear
As the great winds of the planet spiral in
Spinning away, like the night sky at Arles
In the million insect storm, the constellations form

On a hill, under a raven sky
I have no idea exactly what I've drawn
Some kind of change, some kind of spinning away
With every single line moving further out in time

And now as the pale moon rides (in the stars)
Her form in my pale blue lines (in the stars)

And there, as the world rolls round (in the stars)
I draw, but the lines move round (in the stars)

There, as the great wheels blaze (in the stars)
I draw, but my drawing fades (in the stars)

And now, as the old sun dies (in the stars)
I draw, and the four winds sigh (in the stars)