

There Will Be No River

John Cale

The thunderstorms are gone
Beaming me down, Scotty
Again and again
The words failed to come
No, no, no

I've seen it come
And I've seen it go
Who would've thought we were done?
We've been here so many times before

But there was something you'd see
Or something you'd hear
That made you come back again
There was to be no river
With me floating in the water
Like a magical piece of code