# Twilight Zone

**John Cale**

Hanging with dictators in the south of France
Checking shipments to le Monde Arabe
Obsession with detail precision with terms
Remember you're speaking from the TZ

Your reputation precedes you now you're getting bored
No longer into the story of the antique road
The milk of human kindness has curdled in your cup
You see me staring at it and tell me to shut up
Chaucer was to Canterbury what you were to the zone
Instead of trying to solve it you left it alone
A hangout you could call home

Now you're out things aren't going to be the same
Now you're out of the Twilight Zone

You're feeling unreliable you don't like the same things
Manifestly different from where you chose to begin
The turnaround is brilliant the execution sublime
You found a way to move on leaving nothing behind

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