Caribbean Sunset

John Cale

She said no, she meant maybe
She said she wasn't that type of girl
When she'd done wrong, she'd never admit it
And I had empty pockets to prove itShe was so much like a foreign language
That you've learned but never understood
She said words just didn't matter
But when she needed them, they always wouldCaribbean, Caribbean, Caribbean
Caribbean, Caribbean, Caribbean sunset
Caribbean, Caribbean sunset
Caribbean, Caribbean sunsetShe'd rather sleep in the streets at night
Or she'd rather not sleep at all
She's not so sure of her friends these days
Not sure of anything at all

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