Bring It On Up

John Cale

Everybody's praying for the rains to come
And the snow is gonna fall, down on me
Lost up in the desert with a gun in my hand
And the locust gonna come to find meStarted long ago, in my paper cup saloon
And the back-room boys still carrying that same old tune
We've just one bottle left, standing on the shelf
I'd better bring it on up, I'd better bring it on up on meTime to get the wagon and in the back of the car
With the Sheriff and me, singing out of key
Sooner then than later, I was up behind bars
Oh, with that empty bottle laughing right at meStarted long ago, in my paper cup saloon
And the back-room boys still carrying that same old tune
Just one bottle left, standing on the shelf
I'd better bring it on up, I'd better bring it on up on me
I'd better bring it on up, I'd better bring it on up on me

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