Charlemagne

John Cale

The manager is waiting to be paid
Along with priests and deacons of his court
A quartermaster, quite a man, a mistress of the line
Has found a last cent avenue of painA mardi gras just passed this way a while ago
Making hungry people of us all
Along the mississippi you can hear the fiddlers play
Fandangos and boleros to the lordMany times, many tried,
Simple stories are the best
Keep in mind, the wishful kind,
Don't wanna be like all the rest.My uncle was a vicar in the big parade
Selling fountain pens that never write
San sebastian gamblers never cheat nor lie
They know good fences make good neighbours

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