

Buffalo Ballet (Live, Zeche Bochum 06.03.1983)

John Cale

When Abilene was young and gay
And thunder storms filled up the day
The cattle roamed outside the townSleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sunThen tracks were lain across the plain
By broken old men in torrid rains
The towns grew up and the people were stillSleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sunWe all joined in and all joined hands
All joined in to help run this land
Then soldiers came, long long ago
Rode through the town and rode down those who wereSleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sunGold came and went, quickly spent
And the people broke down and often drowned
In the wealth and pain of old AbileneSleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun
Sleeping in the midday sun

Songwriters

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