

Dying on the Vine

[John Cale](#)

I've been chasing ghosts and I don't like it
I wish someone would show me where to draw the line
I'd lay down my sword if you would take it
And tell everyone back home I'm doing fine I was with you down in Acapulco
Trading clothing for some wine
Smelling like an old adobe woman
Or a William Burroughs playing for lost time I was thinking about my mother
I was thinking about what's mine
I was living my life like a Hollywood
But I was dying on the vine Who could sleep through all that noisy chatter
The troops, the celebrations in the sun
The authorities say my papers are all in order
And if I wasn't such a coward I would run I'll see you me when all the shooting's over
Meet me on the other side of town
Yes, you can bring all your friends along for protection
It's always nice to have them hanging around I was thinking about my mother
I was thinking about what's mine
I was living my life like a Hollywood
But I was dying, dying on the vine

Songwriters

JOHN CALE, LARRY SLOMAN Published by

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