Paris 1919 (string mix)

John Cale

She makes me so unsure of myself
Standing there but never talking sense
Just a visitor you see
So much wanting to be seen
She'd open up the door and vaguely carry us awayIt's the customary thing to say or do
To a disappointed proud man in his grief
And on Fridays she'd be there
And on Wednesday not at all
Just casually appearing from the clock across the hallYou're a ghost la la la
You're a ghost
I'm in the church and I've come
To claim you with my iron drum
La la laThe Continent's just fallen in disgrace
William William William Rogers put it in its place
Blood and tears from old Japan
Caravans and lots of jam and maids of honor
Singing crying singing tediously

Songwriters
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