If You Were Still Around

John Cale

If you were still around
I'd hold you, I'd hold you
I'd shake you by the knees
Blow hard in both ears
If you were still aroundYou could write like a panther
Whatever got into your veins
What kind of green blood
Swung you to your doom
To your doomIf you were still around
I'd tear unto your fear
Leave it hanging off you
In long streamers, shreds of dread
If you were still aroundI'd turn you facing the wind
Bend your spine on my knee
Chew the back of your head
Chew the back of your head
'Till you opened your mouth to this life

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