Leaving It Up To You

John Cale

Looking for a friend, looking everywhere
Walked along the boulevard, the boulevard of friends
All those mild mannered friends I've gotThey're careless and they fall down
All over the place, all over town
I don't want them talking to me'Cause I'm leaving it, leaving it, leaving it up to you
Have to leave it, leave it, leave it up to youAll the buildings are breaking down
Like the whispering in your heart
And it's sordid how life goes onWhen I could take you apart
And if you give me half a chance
I'd do it now, I'd do it now, right now, you fascistI know we could all feel safe like Sharon Tate
We could give it all up, we could give, give, give it all up
And the newspapers, oh the newspapersThey'd be listening, listening to me giving it to you
And the radio, what about the radios?
They'd be listening to me giving it to youRight mama, damn right mamaI hear hissing, I hear hissing in the distance
I hear the tanks crawling
They're crawling over the hill, they're crawling over the hill
Like rattlesnakes in the desert sunThey're blistering up my spell, they're blistering it up
They're breaking it up, they're breaking up my spell
And what else is there, what else have I got?
What else have I got but that spell?Ah, leaving it, leaving it, I'm leaving it up to you
Leaving it, leaving it, leaving it up to you
Leaving it, leaving it, leaving it in the cloakroom for youI've got to give it up, I've got to give it up, give it up
Up, up, give it upI can't take it

Songwriters
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