Ship Of Fools

John Cale

The Ship of Fools is coming in
Take me off I've got to eat
Same old stories same old thing
Letting out and pulling inMister, there's a caravan parked out back
Restless hoping for a Christian rider
The black book, a grappling hook
A hangman's noose on a burnt out tree
Guess we must be getting close to TombstoneThe last time we had eaten
Was when the flies were going for free
You could count the hardships by the open doors
But sandwiched in between
Were the fishermen who still
Wished they could sail from Tenessee to ArizonaSo hold on, won't be long
The call is on the line
Hold on, Sister's gone
South to give the signWe picked up Dracula in Memphis
It was just about the break of day
And then hastily prayed for out souls to be saved
There was something in the air that made us kind of wearyBy the time we got to Swansea it was getting dark
Tumble, jungles, bugles and the prize
The tides turned west at Amerforth
As if they didn't know what to do
But Garnant stood its ground and asked for moreAll the people seemed quite glad to see us
Shaking hands and smiling like the clock
Well we gave them all the message then
That the Ship of Fools was in
Make sure they get home for ChristmasSo hold on, won't be long
The call is on the line
So hold on, Sister's gone
South to give the sign

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