Wilson Joliet

John Cale

She was so afraid of everything she said
Since her mother told her why once upon a time
There was no rhyme
Before the clock slammed another door
Of the weary hours we were facing a second hand shylock
Shylocked in, in on usI saw what it had taken
Playing back that old brigade of mine
Everything was dirty, everything was without rhyme
Everything was dirty, everything was without rhyme
Cause me and nigger marched
Yes, me and nigger blasted our way out
Of here just like yesterdayYesterday's streets were burnt down into shells
Mothers weep while children sleep
Like ancestors in the ground
The misery of nuns lie together like sons
Who do not have the taste for the battleWe are shuffled like a pack of cards in the dead of night
Like lovers below bataan, below the senses
Cause the senses smell of tears
While we and nigger marched
Blasted our way out of here
Close the door and let's have some private life

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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