

Ghost Story

John Cale - Vintage Violence

I watch the western sky
The sun is sinking
The geese are flying south
It sets me thinking
I did not miss you much
I did not suffer
What did not kill me
Just made me tougher
I feel the winter come
His icy sinews,
Now in the firelight
The case continues
Another night in court
The same old trial
The same old questions asked
The same denial
The shadows closing round
Like jury members
I look for answers in
The fire's embers
Why was I missing then
That whole December?
I give my usual line,
I don't remember
Another winter comes
His icy fingers creep
Into these bones of mine
These memories never sleep
And all these differences
A cloak I borrowed
We kept our distances
Why should it follow that
I must have loved you?
What is the force that binds the stars?
I wore this mask to hide my scars
What is the power that pulls the tide?
Never could find a place to hide
What moves the earth around the sun?
What could I do but run and run and run?

Afraid to love, afraid to fail
A mast without a sail
The moon's a fingernail
And slowly sinking
Another day begins
And now I'm thinking
That this is indifference
Was my invention
When everything I did
Sought your attention
You were my compass star
You were my measure
You were a pirate's map
Of buried treasure
If this was all correct
The last thing I'd expect
The prosecution rests
It's time that I confessed
I must have loved you
I must have loved you

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