

# Half Past France

John Cale

I suppose I'm glad I'm on this train and it's long  
Somewhere between Dunkirk and Paris  
Most people here are still asleep but I'm awake  
Looking out from here at half-past France Things are much different here than Norway, not so cold  
Wonder when we'll be in Dundee  
Old Hollweg knows his way around, he's no fool  
Wish I'd get to see my son again But from here on it's got to be  
A simple case of them or me  
If they're alive then I am dead  
Pray God and eat your daily bread  
Take your time We're so far away  
Floating in this bay  
We're so far away from home  
Where we belong I'm not afraid now of the dark anymore  
And many mountains now are molehills  
Back in Berlin they're all well fed, I don't care  
People always bored me anyway From here on it's got to be  
A simple case of them or me  
If they're alive then I am dead  
Pray God and eat your daily bread  
Take your time We're so far away  
Floating in this bay  
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