

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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