Child's Christmas In Wales

John Cale

With mistletoe and candle green
To Halloween we go
Ten murdered oranges bled on board ship
Lend comedy to shameThe cattle graze bold uprightly
Seducing down the door
To saddle swords and meeting place
We have no place to goThen wearily the footsteps worked
The hallelujah crowds
Too late but wait, the long legged bait
Tripped uselessly aroundSebastopol Adrianapolis
The prayers of all combined
Take down the flags of ownership
The walls are falling down

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