

Antarctica Starts Here

John Cale

The paranoid great movie queen
Sits idly fully armed
The powder and mascara there
A warning light for charm
We see her every movie night
The strong against the weak
The lines come out and struggle with
The empty voice that speaks

Her heart is oh so tired now
Of kindnesses gone by
Like broken glasses in a drain
Gone down but not well spent
The road from Barbary to here
She sold then stole right back
The vanity, insanity her hungry heart forgave
The fading bride's dull beauty grows
Just begging to be seen
Beneath the magic lights that reach from
Barbary to here

Her schoolhouse mind has windows now
Where handsome creatures come to watch
The anaesthetic wearing off
Antarctica starts here