

## Caravan

John Cale

I'm slipping away from planet earth  
Hand in my pocket full of dirt  
Shaking all over  
Shaking all over with the funny stuff  
Climbing the fens in the Norfolk Broad  
Waiting for Godot and Niagara Falls  
Mustn't be late for the caravan  
Mustn't be early for the garbage man

I give you a host of reasons to go  
You come back marked address unknown  
Sandwiched between a question of honour  
In the quiet mark of a medicine man  
You're sitting alone at the traffic light  
The pain is real you're ghostly white