

Caribbean Sunset

John Cale

She said no, she meant maybe
She said she wasn't that type of girl
When she'd done wrong, she'd never admit it
And I had empty pockets to prove it

She was so much like a foreign language
That you've learned but never understood
She said words just didn't matter
But when she needed them they always would

Caribbean, caribbean, caribbean
Caribbean, caribbean, caribbean sunset
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She'd rather sleep in the streets at night
Or she'd rather not sleep at all
She's not so sure of her friends these days
Not sure of anything at all