

Charlemagne

John Cale

The manager is waiting to be paid
Along with priests and deacons of his court
A quartermaster, quite a man, a mistress of the line
Has found a last cent avenue of pain

A Mardi Gras just passed this way a while ago
Making hungry people of us all
Along the Mississippi you can hear the fiddlers play
Fandangos and boleros to the lord

Many times, many tried,
Simple stories are the best
Keep in mind, the wishful kind,
Don't want to be like all the rest.

My uncle was a vicar in the big parade
Selling fountain pens that never write
San Sebastian gamblers never cheat nor lie
They know good fences make good neighbours

I wish I knew what time of year it was
What kind of people will be there
When gruesome tales of two cities ran
Running all the way
Father might have heard his prayers were answered
Inhibitions all the way from home
Consider now, consider then before the deed is done
The blood of consolation runs so true
Many times, many tried,
Simple stories are the best
Keep in mind, the wishful kind,
Don't want to be like all the rest.