

## 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.