

## Chorale

John Cale

Hold me down, hold me down  
To the light in you room hold me down  
Where the windows are broken around  
And erosion of living is done  
If your life is all broken and empty  
Like the streets of New York in the dark  
And you need just a friend to hold on to  
I'll be there in the corner just for you  
And the cold of the living  
And the cold of the dead  
Hand in hand from the beginning to the end  
And the cold of the living  
And the cold of the dead  
Hand in hand from the beginning to the end