

# Leaving It Up To You

John Cale

Looking for a friend, looking everywhere  
Walked along the boulevard, the boulevard of friends  
All those mild mannered friends I've got

They're careless and they fall down  
All over the place, all over town  
I don't want them talking to me

'Cause I'm leaving it, leaving it, leaving it up to you  
Have to leave it, leave it, leave it up to you

All the buildings are breaking down  
Like the whispering in your heart  
And it's sordid how life goes on

When I could take you apart  
And if you give me half a chance  
I'd do it now, I'd do it now, right now, you fascist

I know we could all feel safe like Sharon Tate  
We could give it all up, we could give, give, give it all up  
And the newspapers, oh the newspapers

They'd be listening, listening to me giving it to you  
And the radio, what about the radios?  
They'd be listening to me giving it to you

Right mama, damn right mama

I hear hissing, I hear hissing in the distance  
I hear the tanks crawling  
They're crawling over the hill, they're crawling over the hill  
Like rattlesnakes in the desert sun

They're blistering up my spell, they're blistering it up  
They're breaking it up, they're breaking up my spell  
And what else is there, what else have I got?  
What else have I got but that spell?

Ah, leaving it, leaving it, I'm leaving it up to you  
Leaving it, leaving it, leaving it up to you  
Leaving it, leaving it, leaving it in the cloakroom for you

I've got to give it up, I've got to give it up, give it up  
Up, up, give it up

I can't take it