

Magritte

John Cale

I forgotten how often we saw Magritte
He's been much on my mind these days
Often we saw Magritte
Inside a canvas of blue saturated with beauty
In a web of glass
Pinned to the edges of vision

There's a car-horn in the street outside
And a museum with its windows open
Often we saw Magritte
Running with the legends of conspicuous men
And how often we forgot Magritte
How we remembered him then
And worshipped at his feet
Pinned to the edges of vision

Somebody's coming that hates us
Better watch the art
Upstairs there's a canvas stretched
For umbrellas and bowler hats
Everybody knows Rene did that
Often we saw Magritte
Pinned to the edges of vision
Often we saw Magritte
We all know Rene did that
Often we saw Magritte