

Strange Times in Casablanca

John Cale

Strange times in Casablanca when people pull down their shades
And its easy enough for us to look at each other and wonder why
We were to blame
Blame comes remorselessly transfixed

Like the sound of slamming doors
And doors have doors have doors have doors have doors
Like companions have pets they sleep in each other's mattresses
Like maggots in despair

And bleed in each other's nests and make a mess of each other's
snares
Strange times in Casablanca
Strange times
They make some striking couples

They make some frustration of the call
And only those who are satisfied by friendship would even pay
Attention to it all
It comes like mail or telegrams

It comes expectant as a widow in heat as a widow in the searing
heat
And that contentment of depression that delivers most of the ti
me
But cannot help the styling of the horns in the shape of gargoy
le
Broken prints savage fingers

Undertaken catamaran
Strange times in Casablanca
We've turned our back on it once before
And we can hear from across the waters what damage it will caus
e us

And you can smash once more
And they can smash once more
But I don't think anybody wants to smash anymore