

Sparrows Will Sing

Marianne Faithfull

A child breaks the ice and peers into the hidden depths
I'm trying to decipher the horror of un-holiness
I have no doubt you'll figure it out someday
Calo, calo, cale

Then the sparrows will sing on the boulevards, again
And on the corridors of karma, where they walked on
Soft for a night
Me a sultan's embrace, but mythical peace will surely fade away
Calo, calo, cale
Calo, calo, cale

The young generation is eager to muster the helm
They cannot be seduced by this candy floss techno-hell
They put over the hell and the fresh breeze
They'll sustain
Calo, calo, cale
Calo, calo, cale
A child breaks the ice and peers into the hidden depths
To try to untangle the whole of this unholy mess
Well I have no doubt they will figure it out one day
Calo, calo, cale
Calo, calo, cale