

Letter from Abroad

John Cale

It's a squalid little town with a tenuous beauty
The cool wet mornings are so appealing
People waking up suddenly in the night
Very disappointed

At the water's edge fishermen smashing their boats -
taking nothing for granted
In a few hours the heat will hang over town as the
northeast monsoon comes roaring in
Can you feel it?

Afghanistan Afghanistan whatever happened to you
I don't really care but I thought I'd ask in case it
mattered to you - let me hear it

They're cutting their heads off in the soccer field
Stretching their necks in the goal
Taking them out in the elephant grass feeding them to the
hyena's
Don't you hear it

Everybody's lips are thin - eventually eyes are empty
This a letter from abroad life is cheaper back home
Let me hear it

You learn from novels living out there rainfall is
followed by thunder
You hear a man's voice soothing and calm - 'I understand
no problem'