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DA CAPO PRESS A Member of the Perseus Books Group

ALBUM COVER CREDITS

Legendary Hearts, Mistrial New Sensations, Metal Machine Music, Sally Can't Dance, Lou Reed, Berlin, transformer, Coney Island Baby, courtesy of The RCA Records Label

VU, 1969 Velvet Underground Live, Another View, courtesy of Universal Music Group

The Velvet Underground & Nico, The Velvet Underground, White Light/White Heat, courtesy of Polygram Records, Inc.

Street Hassle, Rock and Roll Heart, Growing Up in Public, The Bells, The Blue Mask, courtesy of Arista Records, Inc.

Loaded, courtesy of Rhino

Songs for Drella, 1990 Sire Records Company for the US

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Time Rocker, Robert Wilson 1996

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ISBN: 978-0-306-81630-7 Library of Congress Control Number: 2008926332

First Da Capo Press edition 2008 Originally published by Hyperion Reprinted by arrangement with The Wylie Agency

Published by Da Capo Press

For L.A.

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Andrew Wylie for making it happen, Stefan Sagmeister for his enduring brilliance and fun, Karin Greenfield-Sanders, Beth Groubert, Roger Moenks, Mike Rathke, Tom Sarig, and Ben Schafer for the meat and potatoes hard stuff. This page intentionally left blank

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Brando in *Waterfront* in the car doing the "I coulda been somebody" speech. Put it to a guitar. The same for Blanche in *Streetcar*. The "kindness of strangers" recitation. Can't you hear it sung? This page intentionally left blank

Preface to the Da Capo Press Edition

At a certain point, if one is lucky, you have a collection. Not the "Best Of," but everything, from the very beginning to now. It is interesting, as the writer, to see these lyrics, to proofread them and resist the impulse to redo them all. Translators ask for explanations of words, phrases that cannot be provided. Some things are unknown. Some questions cannot be answered. And sometimes the writing was just the rhythm and the sound and made up words with no meaning other than feeling. I have tried to remain true to all my songs. There are no favorites. I'm amazed that I can write them at all and I have no profound understanding of the process other than when I can do it it is relatively easy and when I can't I might as well take a car engine apart.

My teacher Delmore Schwartz showed me the beauty of the simple phrase and I have tried to do that my whole writing life. Andy Warhol was pretty good with words as well and from him I learned a work ethic and the value of repetition. But I'd also learned that long ago from rock and roll and blues. I wanted to do these great monologues to a drum and guitar. I wanted to act the song. I wanted to write the play with the music of my heart. I love the New York accents. The psychology of the streets. And now as I am older the terrain of meditation, the lessons to be learned. And most of all: what to write about now.

-Lou Reed

Pass thru Fire

The exact line is "... Pass thru Fire licking at your lips. . . ." My other favorite line is " . . . there's a door up ahead not a wall." There are many favorite lines of mine that run through the album "Magic and Loss." It was originally intended to be about Magic, real magic, the ability to make oneself disappear. I had heard stories of magicians in Mexico with strange powers. I thought if I put out songs about magic they would get in touch with me and tell me their secrets. After all, people are always telling me their secrets, and I often put them in song as though they happened to me. Unfortunately two friends died of a virulent cancer within one year of each other while I was writing and so "Magic" became "Magic and Loss." I wished for a magical way to deal with grief and disappearance. I wanted to create a music that helped with loss. It seemed we are always starting over, given a chance to deal with things again.

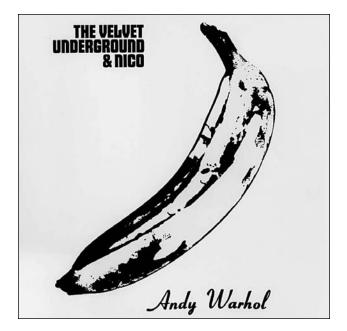
In the "New York" album I'm struck again by the interest in outside forces. "Caught between the twisted stars...." The stars are twisted, the map is faulty. Romeo Rodriguez loses his soul in someone's rented car. A bleak environment to start out in. But predictable enough if you believe the dictum of one of my earliest songs, "I'll Be Your Mirror," where the singer offers to ". . . reflect what you are, in case you don't know." That was a love song, but the ability and desire to reflect can go other places, and show us other rooms and conditions within and about us.

I have always thought my lyrics went beyond reportage and took emotional albeit nonmoral stances. In the early lyrics this was often seen as a celebration or glorification of what was commonly seen as sin. Sinful behavior and actions going unpunished. That this occurred in a recording was of itself thought sinful. A recorded cauldron of sin. This plus the backing of Andy Warhol made for an incendiary brew. I came back to these times in "Songs for Drella," which was an attempt to give you a feeling for the times and the man and the position of respect he held in our eyes as an artist. It's wonderful to this day to see how he manipulated and handled the press, his extreme work ethic, his attempts to stay relevant in a world geared to the latest whatever. The new generation looks to define itself and the first thing it does is throw away the prior, the old.

In *Time Rocker*, a play that I did with Robert Wilson, we were interested in transcending time, passing through it and its various boundaries and worlds. This type of travel meant something to me being a form of magic. We didn't have a rented car but a time traveling fish. It brings me back to the desire in "Trade In" from "Set the Twilight Reeling" to transcend oneself to trade your very soul the very same soul that was "... up for sale ... " in "Coney Island Baby." The same Average Guy in "The Blue Mask" who put "... pins through the nipples in his chest and thought he was a saint." Love and the desire for transcendence run through these songs. "The Proposition"; "Make Up My Mind"; "Wild Side" for that matter. The characters in these songs are always moving toward something, there is conflict and they try to deal with it. In "Some Kind of Love" he "... put(s) jelly on your shoulder." While later trying to "Hang on to Your Emotion" so that you can "Set the Twilight Reeling" as the "... moon and stars sit set before my window." The actresses relate because they're acting. They understand the desire to see "The Bells," to hear the announcement of transcendence and freedom. And that's what all the lyrics are about.

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I



Pass Thru Fire

Sunday Morning

Sunday morning Brings the dawn in It's just a restless feeling by my side Early dawning Sunday morning It's just the wasted years so close behind Watch out the world's behind you There's always someone around you who will call It's nothing at all

Sunday morning And I'm falling I've got a feeling I don't want to know Early dawning Sunday morning It's all the streets you crossed not so long ago Watch out the world's behind you There's always someone around you who will call It's nothing at all

Sunday morning

I'm Waiting for the Man

I'm waiting for my man Twentysix dollars in my hand Up to Lexington 1-2-5 Feeling sick and dirty more dead than alive I'm waiting for my man

Hey white boy, what you doin' uptown Hey white boy, you chasin' our women around Oh pardon me sir, it's furthest from my mind I'm just lookin' for a dear dear friend of mine I'm waiting for my man

Here he comes, he's all dressed in black PR shoes and a big straw hat He's never early, he's always late First thing you learn is that you always gotta to wait I'm waiting for my man Up to a brownstone, up three flights of stairs Everybody's pinned you but nobody cares He's got the works gives you sweet taste Then you gotta split because you got no time to waste I'm waiting for my man

Baby don't you holler, darlin' don't you ball and shout I'm feeling good, you know I'm gonna work it on out I'm feeling good, I'm feeling oh so fine Until tomorrow but that's just some other time I'm waiting for my man

Femme Fatale

Here she comes You'd better watch your step She's going to break your heart in two, it's true It's not hard to realize Just look into her false-colored eyes She'll build you up to just put you down What a clown

'Cause everybody knows The things she does to please She's just a little tease See the way she walks Hear the way she talks

You're written in her book You're number 37, have a look She's going to smile to make you frown, what a clown Little boy, she's from the street Before you start you're already beat She's going to play you for a fool, yes it's true

'Cause everybody knows The things she does to please She's just a little tease See the way she walks Hear the way she talks

She's a femme fatale

Venus in Furs

Shiny shiny, shiny boots of leather Whiplash girlchild in the dark Comes in bells, your servant, don't forsake him Strike dear mistress and cure his heart

Downy sins of streetlight fancies Chase the costumes she shall wear Ermine furs adorn imperious Severin Severin awaits you there

I am tired, I am weary I could sleep for a thousand years A thousand dreams that would awake me Different colors made of tears

Kiss the boot of shiny shiny leather Shiny leather in the dark Tongue the thongs, the belt that does await you Strike dear mistress and cure his heart

Severin, Severin, speak so slightly Severin, down on your bended knee Taste the whip, in love not given lightly Taste the whip, now bleed for me

Shiny shiny, shiny boots of leather Whiplash girlchild in the dark Severin your servant, comes in bells, please don't forsake him Strike dear mistress and cure his heart

Run Run Run

Teenage Mary said to Uncle Dave I sold my soul, must be saved Gonna take a walk down Union Square You never know who you gonna find there

You gotta run run run run run Gypsy death and you Tell you what to do

Margarita Passion I had to get her fixed She wasn't well, she's getting sick Went to sell her soul, she wasn't high Didn't know things she could buy

Seasick Sarah had a golden nose Hard-nailed boots, wrapped around her toes When she turned blue, all the angels screamed They didn't know, they couldn't make the scene Beardless Harry, what a waste Couldn't even get a small-town taste Rode the trolleys, down to Forty-Seven Figured if he was good, he'd get himself to heaven

We gotta run run run run run Take a drag or two Run run run run run Gypsy death and you Tell you what to do

All Tomorrow's Parties

And what costume shall the poor girl wear To all tomorrow's parties A hand-me-down dress from who knows where To all tomorrow's parties And where will she go, and what shall she do When midnight comes around She'll turn once more to Sunday's clown and cry behind the door

And what costume shall the poor girl wear To all tomorrow's parties Why silks and linens of yesterday's gowns To all tomorrow's parties And what will she do with Thursday's rags When Monday comes around She'll turn once more to Sunday's clown and cry behind the door

And what costume shall the poor girl wear To all tomorrow's parties For Thursday's child is Sunday's clown For whom none will go mourning

A blackened shroud A hand-me-down gown Of rags and silks—a costume Fit for one who sits and cries For all tomorrow's parties

Heroin

I don't know just where I'm going But I'm gonna try for the kingdom if I can 'Cause it makes me feel like I'm a man When I put a spike into my vein Then I tell you things aren't quite the same When I'm rushin' on my run And I feel just like Jesus' son And I guess that I just don't know And I guess that I just don't know

I have made a big decision I'm gonna try to nullify my life 'Cause when the blood begins to flow When it shoots up the dropper's neck When I'm closing in on death You can't help me, not you guys Or all you sweet girls with all your sweet talk You can all go take a walk And I guess that I just don't know And I guess that I just don't know

I wish that I was born a thousand years ago I wish that I'd sailed the darkened seas On a great big clipper ship Going from this land here to that Ah, in a sailor's suit and cap Away from the big city Where a man cannot be free Of all the evils of this town And of himself and those around And I guess that I just don't know And I guess that I just don't know

Heroin, be the death of me Heroin, it's my wife and it's my life Because a mainer to my vein Leads to a center in my head And then I'm better off than dead Because when the smack begins to flow I really don't care any more About all the Jim-Jims in this town And all the politicians making crazy sounds And everybody putting everybody else down And all the dead bodies piled up in mounds

'Cause when the smack begins to flow Then I really don't care any more Ah when that heroin is in my blood And that blood is in my head Man thank God I'm good as dead And thank God that I im not aware And thank God that I just don't care And I guess that I just don't know Oh and I guess that I just don't know

There She Goes Again

There she goes again She's out on the streets again She's down on her knees my friend But you know she'll never ask you please again Now take a look, there's no tears in her eyes She won't take it from just any guy What can you do You see her walking on down the street Look at all your friends that she's gonna meet You'd better hit her

There she goes again She's knocked out on her feet again She's down on her knees my friend You know she'll never ask you please again Now take a look, there's no tears in her eyes Like a bird, you know she will fly What can you do You see her walking on down the street Look at all your friends that she's gonna meet (there she goes) You'd better hit her

I'll Be Your Mirror

I'll be your mirror, reflect what you are In case you don't know I'll be the wind, the rain, and the sunset The light on your door To show that you're home

When you think the night has seen your mind That inside you're twisted and unkind Let me stand to show that you are blind Please put down your hands 'Cause I see you

I find it hard To believe you don't know The beauty you are But if you don't, Let me be your eyes A hand to your darkness So you won't be afraid

When you think the night has seen your mind That inside you're twisted and unkind Let me stand to show that you are blind Please put down your hands 'Cause I see you

I'll be your mirror

Black Angel's Death Song

The myriad choices of his fate set themselves out upon A plate for him to choose, what had he to lose Not a ghost-bloodied country all covered with sleep Where the black angel did weep Not an old city street in the east Gone to choose

And wandering's brother walked on through the night With his hair In his face Long a long splintered cut from the knife of G.T.

The Rally Man's patter ran on through the dawn Until we said so long to his skull Shrill yell

Shining brightly, red-rimmed and red-lined with the time Effused with the choice of the mind on ice skates scraping chunks From the bells

Cut mouth bleeding razors forget in the pain Antiseptic remains coo goodbye So you fly To the cozy brown snow of the east Gone to choose, choose again

Sacrificials remain make it hard to forget Where you come from The stools of your eyes serve to realize pain Choose again Roberman's refrain of the sacrilege recluse For the loss of a horse Went the bowels in the tail of a rat Come again, choose to go

And if epiphanies terror reduced you to shame Have your head bobbed and weaved Choose a side To be on

If the stone glances off split didactics in two Lay the colour of mouse trails all's green try between If you choose If you choose Try to lose For the loss of remain come and start Start the game I Chi–Chi Chi Chi I Chi Chi I Chi Chi Ka–Ta–Ko Choose to choose Choose to choose Choose to go

European Son

You killed your European Son You spit on those under twenty-one But now your blue clouds have gone You'd better say so long Hey hey, bye bye bye

You made your wallpapers green You want to make love to the scene Your European Son is gone You'd better say so long Your clouds driftin' good-bye This page intentionally left blank



White Light/White Heat

White Light Goin' messin' up my mind White Light Don't you know it's gonna make me go blind White Heat White Heat It tickle me down to my toes White Light Lord have mercy White Light have it goodness knows White Light White Light Goin' messin' up my brain White Light Oh, White Light It's gonna drive me insane White Heat White Heat it tickle me down to my toes White Light Oh, White Light I said now, goodness knows, do it White Light Oh, I surely do love to watch that stuff drip itself in White Light Watch that side, watch that side Don't you know gonna be dead and dried White Heat Yeah foxy momma watchin' me walkin' down the street White Light Come upside your head, gonna make you dead hang on your street White Light Movin' me between my brain White Light Gonna make you go insane White Heat Oh, White Heat it tickles me down to my toes White Light Oh White Light, I said now, goodness knows White Light Oh, White Light it lightens up my eyes White Light Don't you know it fills me up with surprise White Heat Oh, White Heat tickle me down to my toes White Light Oh, White Light, I'll tell you now, goodness knows, now work it White Light Oh, she surely do move speed Watch that speedfreak, watch that speedfreak Yeah we're gonna go and make it every week White Heat Oh, sputter mutter, everybody's gonna go and kill their mother

White Light Here she comes, here she comes Everybody get it gonna make me run Do it

The Gift

Waldo Jeffers had reached his limit. It was now mid-August, which meant he had been separated from Marsha for more than two months. Two months, and all he had to show were three dog-eared letters and two very expensive long-distance phone calls. True, when school had ended and she'd returned to Wisconsin and he to Locust, Pennsylvania, she had sworn to maintain a certain fidelity. She would date occasionally, but merely as amusement. She would remain faithful.

But lately, Waldo had begun to worry. He had trouble sleeping at night, and when he did, he had horrible dreams. He lay awake at night, tossing and turning underneath his pleated quilt protector, tears welling in his eyes as he pictured Marsha, her sworn vows overcome by liquor and the smooth soothing of some Neanderthal, finally submitting to the final caresses of sexual oblivion. It was more than the human mind could bear.

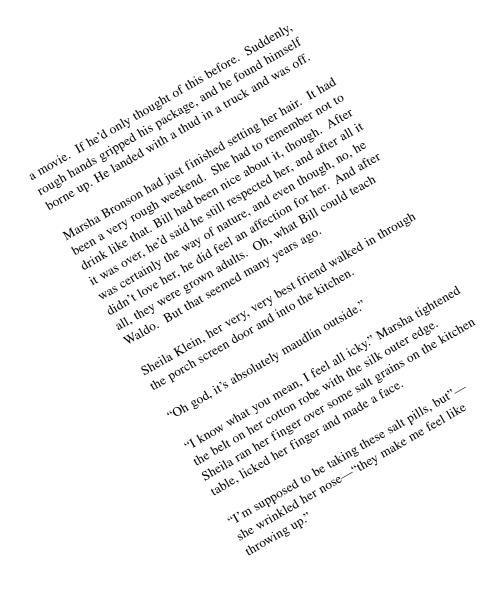
Visions of Marsha's faithlessness haunted him. Daytime fantasies of sexual abandon permeated his thoughts, and the thing was, they wouldn't understand how she really was. He, Waldo, alone understood this. He had intuitively grasped every nook and cranny of her psyche. He had made her smile—she needed him, and he wasn't there.

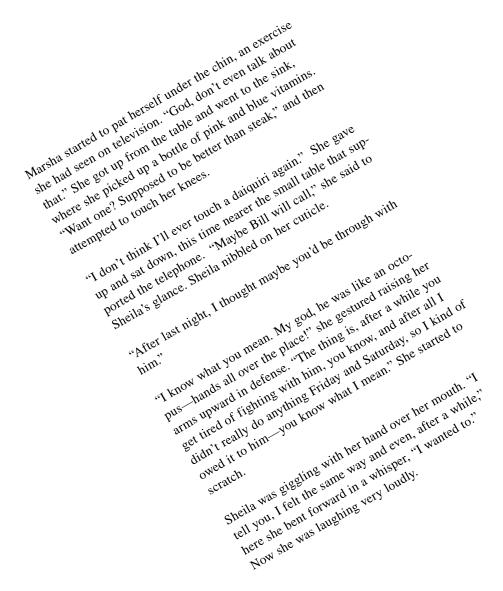
(ahh....) The idea came to him on the Thursday before the Mummers' parade was scheduled to appear. He'd just finished mowing and edging the Edison's lawn for a dollar fifty and then checked the mailbox to see if there was at least a word from Marsha. There was nothing but a circular from the Amalgamated Aluminum Company of America inquiring into his awning needs. At least they cared enough to write. It was a New York company. You could go anywhere in the mails.

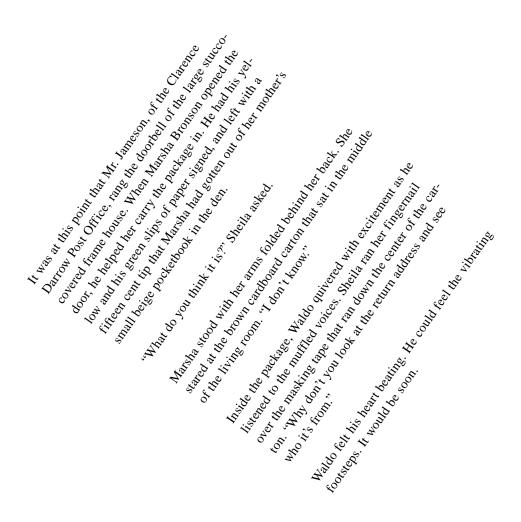
Then it struck him. He didn't have enough money to go to Wisconsin in the accepted fashion, true, but why not mail himself? It was absurdly simple. He would ship himself, parcel-post special delivery. The next day Waldo went to the supermarket to purchase the necessary equipment. He bought masking tape, a staple-gun, and a medium sized cardboard box, just right for a person of his build. He judged that with a minimum of jostling, he could ride quite comfortably. A few airholes, some water, and perhaps midnight snacks, and it would probably be as

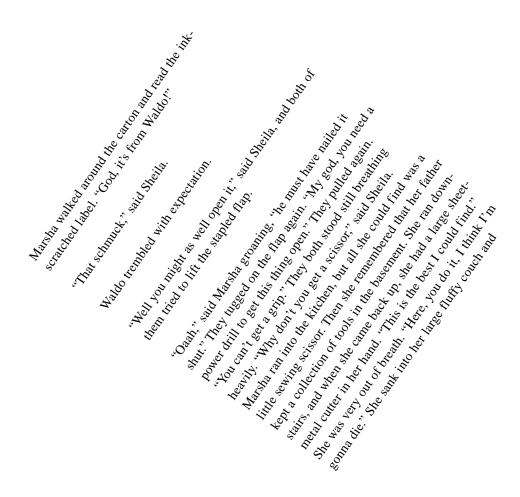
good as going tourist.

By Friday afternoon, Waldo was set. He was thoroughly packed and the post office had agreed to pick him up at three o'clock. He had marked the package "fragile" and as he sat curled up inside, resting on the foam-rubber cushioning he'd thoughtfully included, he tried to picture the look of awe and happiness on Marsha's face, as she opened her door, saw the package, tipped the deliverer, and then opened it to see her Waldo finally there in person. She would kiss him, and then maybe they could see









exhaled noisily. Sheila tried to make a slit between the masking tape and the end of the cardboard flap, but the blade was too big and there wasn't enough room. "Goddamn this thing," she said feeling very exasperated. Then, smiling, "I got an idea." "What?" said Marsha. "Just watch," said Sheila, touching her finger to her head.

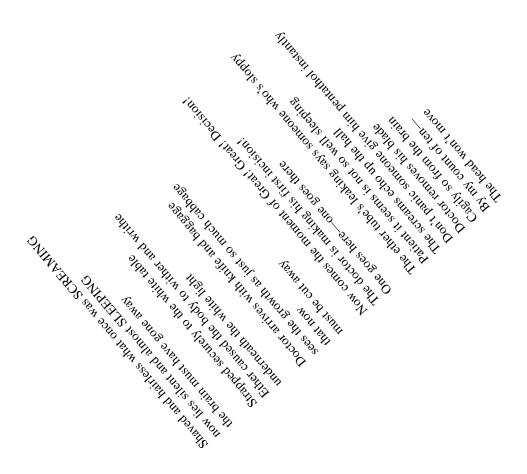
Inside the package, Waldo was so transfixed with excitement that he could barely breathe. His skin felt prickly from the heat and he could feel his heart beating in his throat. It would be soon.

Sheila stood quite upright and walked around to the other side of the package. Then she sank down to her knees, grasped the cutter by both handles, took a deep breath, and plunged the long blade through the middle of the package, through the masking tape, through the cardboard, through the cushioning, and right through the center of waldo Jeffers' head, which split slightly and caused little whythmic arcs of red to pulsate gently in the morning sun-

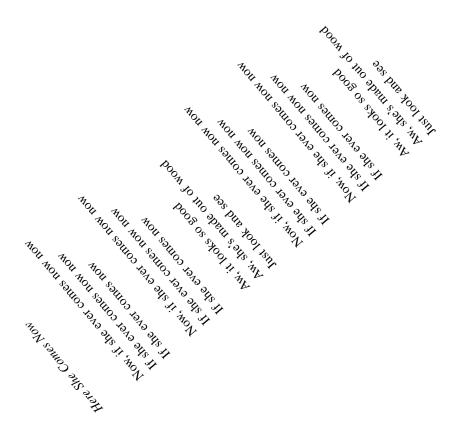
Lady Godiva dressed so demurely Pats the head of another curly-haired boy Just another toy Sick with silence she weeps sincerely Saying words that have oh so clearly been said So long ago	Draperies wrapped gently 'round ner success Life has made her that much bolder now That she found out how
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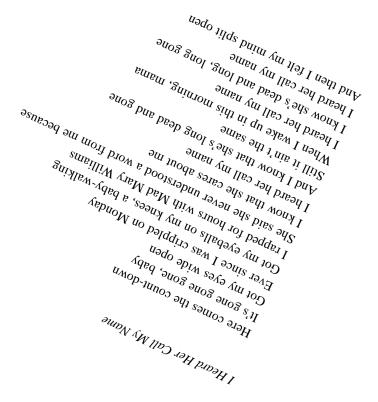
Dressed in silk, Latin lace and envy Pride and joy of the latest penny feire Pretty passing care Hair today now dipped in the water Making love to every poor daughter's son Isn't it fun Now today propping grace with envy Lady Godiva peers to see if anyone's there And hasn't a care

Doctor is coming the nurse thinks SWEETLY Turning on the machines that NEATLY pump air The body lies bare



The Collected Lyrics





Shools him down dead on the floor He cocks and shoots it between three and four isin ob i ubluous vol int He aims it at the sailor Cecil's got his new piece All Just like Sister Ray Said SARANOPIS IL INI I UPINOS I PIRS I I couldn't hit it sideways ho it vala He wants to know a way to earn a dollar I'm searchin' for my mainer Who's drinking drossed in pink and leather He's just here from Alabama They ie busy waitin for her sailor She said she didn't like the Weather Who just got back from Carolina They ie busy waitin for her booster Rosie and Miss Ravon All Just like Sister Ray Said Stemp I contain this is side ways SARANOPIS II INI I UPINOD I PIRS I Nhip it on I'm searchin' for my mainline Who's busy lickin, up her pigpen Who's startin at Miss Rayon They're cookin for the down five Duck and Sally inside Sister Ray

Imil om no ti qidW

I'm searchin' for my mainline I couldn't hit it sideways I couldn't hit it sideways Now just like, oh just like aw, just like Sister Ray said

Now who is that knocking? Who's knocking at my chamber door Could it be the police Oh but I haven't got the time-time Hey, hey, hey she's busy sucking on my ding-dong She's busy sucking on my ding-dong Aw now do it just like Sister Ray says

I am searchin' for my mainline I said I c-c-couldn't hit it sideways I c-c-c-c-couldn't hit it sideways Oh, do it, do it, aw just just just just like Sister Ray said

> Don't you know you'll stain the carpet Now don't you know you'll stain the carpet And by the way have you got a dollar Oh, no man, I haven't got the time-time Too busy sucking on my ding-dong Mw, she does just like Sister Ray says

The Collected Lyrics

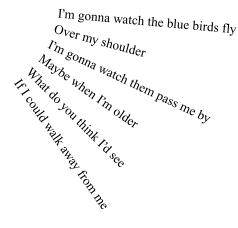
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Candy Says

Candy says I've come to hate my body And all that it requires in this world Candy says I'd like to know completely What others so discreetly talk about

Candy says I hate the quiet places That cause the smallest taste of what will be Candy says I hate the big decisions That cause endless revisions in my mind



What Goes On What goes on here in your mind I think that I am falling down What goes on here in your mind Lady, be good and do what you should I think that I am upside down Lady, be good and do what you should You know it'll work alright You know it'll be alright I'm goin up and I'm goin' down I'm gonna fly from side to side See the bells up in the sky Somebody's cut the string in two Lady, be good and do what you should Lady, be good and do what you should You know it'll work alright You know it'll be it alright One minute one one minute two One minute up and one minute down What goes on here in your mind I think that I am falling down Lady, be good do what you should You know it'll work alright Lady, be good do what you should You know it'll be alright

Some Kinda Love

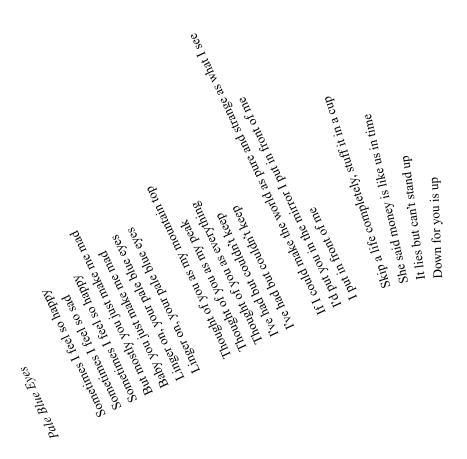
Some kinda love Marguerita told Tom Between thought and expression lies a lifetime Situations arise because of the weather And no kinds of love Are better than others

Some kinds of love Marguerita told Tom Like a dirty French novel Combines the absurd with the vulgar And some kinds of love The possibilities are endless And for me to miss one Would seem to be groundless

I heard what you said Marguerita heard Tom And of course you're a bore But in that you're not charmless 'Cause a bore is a straight line 'Cause a bore is a straight line That finds a wealth in division That finds a of love And some kinds of love Are mistaken for vision The Collected Lyrics

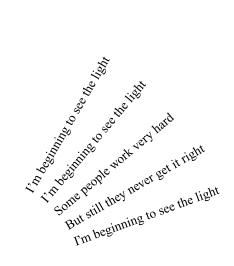
Put jelly on your shoulder Let us do what you fear most That from which you recoil But which still makes your eyes moist Put jelly on your shoulder, baby Lie down upon the carpet Between thought and expression Let us now kiss the culprit

> I don't know just what it's all about Put on your red pajamas and find out



The Collected Lyrics





I'm beginning to see the light Now I'm beginning to see the light Wine in the morning and some breakfast at night I'm beginning to see the light

Here we go again Playing the fool again Here we go again Acting hard again

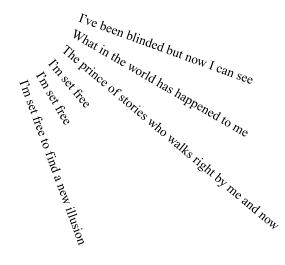
I'm beginning to see the light I'm beginning to see the light I wore my teeth in my hands So I could mess the hair of the night Well I'm beginning to see the light

I met myself in a dream And I just wanted to tell you—everything was all right I'm beginning to see the light

Here comes two of you Which one will you choose? One is black and one is blue Don't know just what to do I'm beginning to see the light I'm beginning to see the light Some people work very hard But still they never get it right Well I'm beginning to see the light There are problems in these times But none of them are mine Baby, I'm beginning to see the light Here we go again I thought that you were my friend Here we go again I thought that you were my friend How does it feel to be loved?

I'm Set Free

I've been set free and I've been bound To the memories of yesterday's clowns I've been set free and I've been bound and now I'm set free I'm set free I'm set free to find a new illusion



I've been set free and I've been bound Let me tell you people what I've found I saw my head laughing, rolling on the ground and now I'm set free I'm set free I'm set free to find a new illusion That's the Story of My Life

That's the story of my life That's the difference between wrong and right But Billy said, both those words are dead That's the story of my life

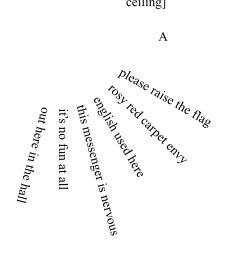
The Murder Mystery

А

candy screen wrappers of silkscreen fantastic, requiring memories, both lovely and guilt-free, lurid and lovely with twilight of ages, luscious and lovely and filthy with laughter, laconic giggles, ennui for the passion, in order to justify most spurious desires, rectify moments, most serious and urgent, to hail upon the face of most odious time, requiring replies most facile and vacuous, with words nearly singed, with the heartbeat of passions, spew forth with the grace of a tart going under, subject of great concern, noble origin

В

[denigrate obtuse and active verbs pronouns, skewer the sieve of the optical sewer, release the handle that holds all the gates up, puncture the eyeballs, that seep all the muck up, read all the books and the people worth reading and still see the muck on the sky of the ceiling]



B

[mister moonlight succulent smooth and gorgeous Isn't it nice? We're number one and so forth Isn't it sweet being unique?]

А

for screeching and yelling and various offenses, lower the queen and bend her over the tub, against the state, the country, the committee, hold her head under the water please for an hour, for groveling and spewing and various offenses, puncture that bloat with the wing of a sparrow, the inverse, the obverse, the converse, the reverse, the sharpening wing of the edge of a sparrow, for suitable reckonings too numerous to mention, as the queen is fat she is devoured by rats, there is one way to skin a cat or poison a rat it is here to four hear to three forthrightly stated Put down that rag simpering, callow and morose ^{who} let you in? if I knew, then I could get out the murder you see

is a mystery to me

В

[relent and obverse and inverse and perverse and reverse the inverse of perverse and reverse and reverse and reverse and reverse and chop it and pluck it and cut it and spit it and sew it to joy on the edge of a cyclops and spinet it to rage on the edge of a cylindrical minute]

[dear Mister Muse fellow of wit and gentry medieval ruse filling the shallow and empty, fools that duel w neuvrauw and vowant, w peanwo and neuvrauw, up to the stand sanctimonious sycophants stir in the bushes, up to the stand to Rembrandt and Oswald, to peanuts and ketchup, sancumonious sycophians sur in me ousnes, up to me stand the stand of and constantly with your foot on the bible as king I must order and the out the out of and the stand of a stand stand duel in pools] WILL YOUR INCLUDE UNITE as KUINE I HUNST OUTLET AUTU CONSTANT WILL YOUR INCLUDE ON THE AS KUINE I HUNST OUTLET AUTU CONSTANT arouses if YOU SWEAR to catch up and throw on a constant of the c arouse, if you swear to caute up and upon up and up of virgin and kiss me and spin it, excuse me to and king full of virgin and kiss me and spin it. KING IUN ON VINEM AND KINS INC AND SPILL IN CAUSE INC IN WILLOW and Wander dark wonders, divest me of robes-suture Willow and wander dark the factor of a robins poster band or com WHUW AND WARDER UAR WORDERS, UNCSUME OF I HE OF I WORSSMUTE WHUW AND WARDER UAR WORDERS, UNCSUME OF I ARTION, FESTS hard on your Harry and pig meat, the fate of a nation, fests hard down his word down his to the fate of a nation of the fate of th Harry and Jug uncate the late of a many in constraint on a constraint of interest on a city of the second of the s ussums, we king on us would, puts us name wown us rouce, the torture of inverse and silk screen and Harry, and set the tongue squeating the reverse and inverse

(tantalize poets with visions of grandeur, their faces turn blue Liautaute poets will visions of grander to retain the living try hard to retain with the reek of the compost, as the living try hard to retain the test of the compost, as the decidence from the test with decidence from the test of test of the test of tes what the dead lost, with double dead sickness from writing at what the dead lost, with a writer or a second business and b Wild use used 105% Will use used 510KHE55 HUH WILLING and reverse what cost and business and business and reverse and reverse what cost the brain realing the inverse and remarked what cost and ous and recting the inverse and perversel and set the brain recting the inverse and perversel A

objections suffice apelike and tactile bassoon oboeing me cordon the virus' section off to the left

is what is not right

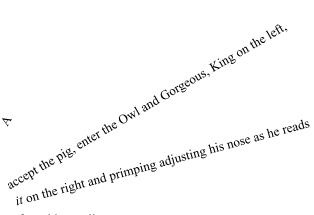
В

[English arcane tantamount here to frenzy passing for me lascivious elder passion corpulent filth disguised as silk]

А

contempt, contempt, and contempt for the boredom, I shall poison the city and sink it with fire, for Cordless and Harry and Apepig and Scissor, the messenger's wig seems fraught with desire, for blueberry picnics, and pince-nez and magpies, the messenger's skirt, would you please hook it higher, for children and adults all those under 90, how truly disgusting! would you please put it down? A stray in this fray is no condom worth saving, as king I'm quite just, but it's just quite impossible, a robe and a robe and a robe and a bat, no double class inverse could make lying worth dying

[with cheap simian melodies, hillbilly outgush, for illiterate ramblings for cheap understandings, for mass understanding the simple the inverse, the compost, the reverse, the obtuse and stupid, and business, and business, and cheap, stupid lyrics, and simple mass reverse while the real thing is dying]



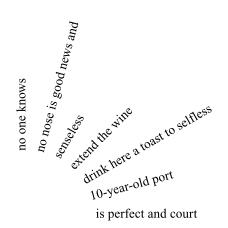
from his scroll

off with his head, take his head from his neck off, requiring memories both lovely and guilt-free, put out his eyes, then cut his nose off, sanctimonious synchophants stir in the bushes, scoop out his brain, put a string where his ears were, all the king's horses and all the king's men, swing the whole mess at the end of the wire, scratch out his eyes with the tip of a razor, let the wire extend from the tip of a rose, Caroline, Caroline, Caroline, Oh! but retain the remnants of what once was a nose, pass me my robe, fill my bath up with water

В

[folksy knockwurst peel back the skin of French and what do you find? follicles intertwining, succulent prose wrapped up in robes]

[jumpsuit and pig meat and making his fortune, while making them happy with the inverse and obverse and making them happy and making them happy with the coy and the stupid, just another dumb lackey, who puts out the one thing, while singing the other, but the real thing's alone and it is no man's brother]







A Casbah and Cascade and Rosehip and Feeling, Cascade and Cyanide, Rachmaninoff, Beethoven-skull silly wagon and iustice and perverse and reverse the inverse and inverse and inverse, blueberry catalog, questionable earnings, hustler's lament and the rest will in due cry, to battle and scramble and browbeat and hurt while chewing on minstrels and ehoking on dirt, disease please seems the order of the day, please the king, please the king, please the king day, Casbah and Cascade and Rosehip and Feeling, point of order return the kings here to the ceiling

> razzamatazz, there's nothing on my shoulder, lust is a must, shaving my head's made me bolder, will you kindly read what it was I brought thee

В

[oh, not to be whistled or studied or hummed or remembered at nights, when the I is alone, but to skewer and ravage and savage and split with the grace of a diamond and bellicose wit, to stun and to stagger with words as such stone, that those who do hear cannot again return home]

[hello to Ray hello to Godiva and Angel who let you in? ^{isn't} it nice, the party? aren't the lights pretty at night?] 53

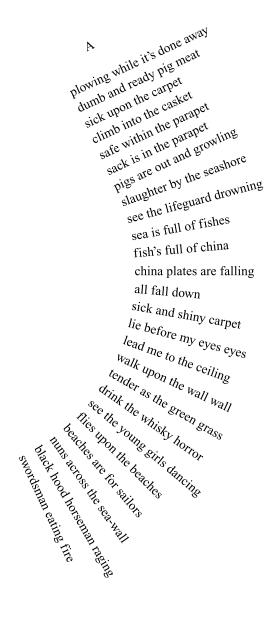
A

sick leaf and sorrow and pincers net-scissors, regard and refrain from the daughters of marriage, regards for the elders and youngest in carriage, regard and regard for the inverse and perverse and obverse, and diverse, of reverse and reverse, regard from the sick, the dumb, and the camel from pump's storing water, like brain is to marrow to x-ray and filthy and cutting and peeling to skin and to skin and to bone into structure to livid and pallid and turgid and structured and structured and structured and structured and regard and refrain and regard and refrain, the sick, and the dumb, inverse, reverse and perverse

В

[contempt, contempt, and contempt for the seething, for writhing and reeling and two-bit reportage, for sick with the body and sinister holy, the drowned burst blue babies now dead on the seashore, the valorous horsemen, who hang from the ceiling, the pig on the carpet, the dusty pale jissom, that has no effect for the sick with the see-saw, the inverse, obverse, converse, reverse of reverse the diverse and converse of reverse and perverse and sweet pyrotechnics, and let's have another of inverse, converse, diverse, perverse, and reverse,

and hell's graveyard is damned as they chew on their brains, the slick and the scum, reverse, inverse and perverse]

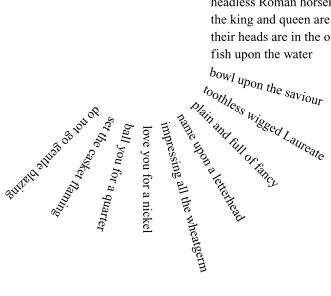


В

[sick upon the staircase sick upon the carpet blood upon the pillow climb into the parapet see the church bells gleaming knife that scrapes a sick plate dentures full of air holes the tailor couldn't mend straight shoot her full of air holes climbing up the casket take me to the casket teeth upon her red throat screw me in the daisies rip apart her holler snip the seas fantastic full and free and returns treat her like a sailor outo make his fortune either hor in good head the sick y of the train the side teach to hee to holler Counted nor a sing canel

A

fire on the carpet set the house ablazing seize and bring it flaming gently to the ground ground Dizzy Bell Miss Fortune fat and full of love-juice drip it on the carpet down below the fire hose weep and whisky fortune sail me to the moon, dear drunken dungeon sailors headless Roman horsemen the king and queen are empty their heads are in the outhouse fish upon the water



В

[tickle polyester sick within the parapet screwing for a dollar sucking on a fire-hose chewing on a rubber line tied to chairs and rare bits pay another player oh you're such a good lad here's another dollar tie him to the bedpost sick with witches' covens craving for a raw meat bones upon the metal sick upon the circle down upon the carpet down below the parapet waiting for your bidding pig upon the carpet tumescent railroad neuro-anaesthesia analog ready for a good look drooling at the birches swinging from the birches succulent Nebraska]

58

After Hours

If you close the door, the night could last forever Leave the sunshine out and say hello to never All the people are dancing and they're having such fun I wish it could happen to me But if you close the door, I'd never have to see the day again

If you close the door, the night could last forever Leave the wine glass out and drink a toast to never Oh, someday I know someone will look into my eyes And say hello—you're my very special one— But if you close the door I'd never have to see the day again

Dark party bars Shiny Cadillac cars And the people on subways and trains Looking gray in the rain As they stand disarrayed Oh but people look well in the dark

And if you close the door the night could last forever Leave the sunshine out and say hello to never All the people are dancing and they're having such fun

I wish it could happen to me 1 w. Fd never have to see the day again

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Sweet Jane (Prototype)

Anyone who ever had a heart Wouldn't turn around and break it And anyone who's ever played a part Wouldn't turn around and hate it

Sweet Jane

Waiting for Jimmy down by the alley Waitin' there for him to come home Waitin' down on another corner Figurin' ways to get back home

Sweet Jane

Anyone who ever had a dream Anyone who's ever played a part Anyone who's gonna live lonely Anyone who's ever split apart

Sweet Jane

Heavenly wine and roses Seem to whisper to me When you smile

Sweet Jane

New Age (Prototype)

Waiting for the phone to ring Diamond necklace on my shoulder Waiting for the phone to ring Lipstick on my neck and shoulder It seems to be my fancy To make it with Frank and Nancy when Over the bridge we go, looking for love Over the bridge we go Looking for love I'll come running to you Hey baby, if you want me I'll come running to you Baby, if you want me

Looking at my hands today Looked to me that they're made of ivory Had a funny call today Someone died and someone's married You know that it's my fancy To make it with Frank and Nancy when Over the bridge they go, looking for love Over the bridge we go Looking for love

I'll come running to you Hey baby, if you want me I'll come running to you Baby, if you want me Something's got a hold on me And I don't know what Something's got a hold on me And I don't know what

It's the beginning of a new age

Over You

Here I go again Just gonna play it like a fool again Here I go again Over you, over you

I'm just like a bell again You know I'm starting to ring again Here I go again Over you, over you

Typically when I had it Treated it like dirt Now naturally, when I don't have it I am chasing less and less rainbows This page intentionally left blank



Who Loves the Sun

Who loves the sun, who cares that it makes plants grow Who cares what it does since you broke my heart Who loves the wind, who cares that it makes breezes Who cares what it does since you broke my heart Who loves the sun Who loves the sun Not everyone Who loves the sun Who loves the rain Who cares that it makes flowers Who cares that it makes showers since you broke my heart Who loves the sun Who cares that it is shining Who cares what it does since you broke my heart Who loves the sun Not everyone Not just anyone

Who loves the sun

Sweet Jane (Final Version)

Standin' on the corner Suitcase in my hand Jack is in his corset, Jane is in her vest And me, I'm in a rock 'n' roll band Ri**din'** in a Stutz Bear Cat, Jim You know those were different times All the poets they studied rules of verse And those ladies they rolled their eyes

Jack, he is a banker And Jane, she is a clerk And both of them save their monies And when they come home from work Sittin' down by the fire The radio does play A little classical music there, Jim "The March of the Wooden Soldiers" All you protest kids You can hear Jack say Some people they like to go out dancin' And other peoples they have to work And there's even some evil mothers Well they're gonna tell you that everything is just dirt You know that women never really faint And that villians always blink their eyes That children are the only ones who blush And that life is just to die But anyone who ever had a heart They wouldn't turn around and break it And anyone whoever played a part They wouldn't turn around and hate it

Sweet Jane, sweet Jane

Rock 'n' Roll

Jenny said when she was just five years old There was nothing happenin' at all Every time she puts on a radio There was nothin' goin' down at all Then one fine mornin' she puts on a New York station You know she don't believe what she heard at all She started shakin' to that fine fine music You know her life was saved by rock 'n' roll Despite all the amputations you know you could just go out and Dance to the rock 'n' roll station

Jenny said when she was just about five years old You know my parents are gonna be the death of us all Two TV sets and two Cadillac cars— Ain't gonna help me at all Then one fine mornin' She turns on a New York station She don't believe what she heard at all She started dancin' to that **fine** fine music You know her life was saved by rock 'n' roll Despite **a**ll the computations You could just dance to that rock 'n' roll station

And it was alright It's alright now

Cool It Down

Somebody took the papers And somebody's got the key And somebody's nailed the door shut And says, hey Whatcha think that you **see**? But me I'm down around the corner You know I'm lookin for Miss Linda Lee Because she's got the power to love me by the hour Gives me W-L-O-V-E If you want it so fast Don't you know that it ain't gonna last Of course you know it makes no difference to me

Somebody's got the time time Somebody's got the right All of the other people Tryin' to use up the night But **now** me, I'm out on the corner You **know** I'**m loo**kin' for Miss Linda Lee Because she's got the power to love me by the hour Gives me W-L-O-V-E If you want it to last Don't you know honey you can get it so fast But of course You know it makes no **diffe**rence to me You better cool it down

New Age (Final Version)

Can I have your autograph He said to the fat blonde actress You know I've seen every movie you've been in From "**Paths** of Pain" to "Jewels of Glory" And when you kissed Robert Mitchum Gee, but I thought you'd never catch him

Over the hill right now And you're looking for love You're over the hill right now And looking for love I'll come runnin' to you Honey when you want me I'll come runnin' to you Honey when you want me

Can I have your autograph He said to the fat blonde actress You know I know everything you've done Anyway I hate divorces To the left is a marble shower It was fun even for an hour, but You're over the hill right now And lookin' for love You're over the hill right now And you're lookin' for love I'll come runnin' to you Honey when you want me I'll come runnin' to you Honey when you want me Something's got a hold on me and I don't know what Something's got a hold on me and I don't know what

It's the beginning of a new age

Head Held High

Momma told me Ever since I was seven Hold your head up high My parents told me Ever since I was eleven Hold your head up high They said the answer Was to become a dancer Hold your head up high Oh just like I figured They all was **disf**igured With their head up high

Now I am older I'm getting so much bolder With my head up high As I figured Just like I figured Set your heads up high Just like I figured You know they was disfigured Hold your head high You know they says the answer Was to become a dancer Hold your head up high boy Ever since I was a baby On my momma's knee Oh just listening To what everybody told me But still the answer Was to become a dancer Hold your head up high But just like I figured They all was disfigured Hold your heads up high

Lonesome Cowboy Bill

Lonesome Cowboy Bill rides the rodeo Lonesome Cowboy Bill you gotta see him yodel-e-eo

Lonesome Cowboy Bill rides the rodeo Ever since he was a little lad rode the rodeo Buckin' **broncs** and sippin' wine Got to **see him go** And all the **ten-gall**on girls love to hear him yodel-e-eo Lonesome **Cowboy** Bill rides the rodeo Lonesome Cowboy Bill you gotta see him yodel-e-eo

Lonesome Cowboy Bill, still rides the rodeo Up round Colorado shores, down by the Ohio Sometimes even New Orleans down by Mardi Gras And all the ten-gallon girls love to hear him yodel-e-eo Lonesome Cowboy Bill rides the rodeo Lonesome Cowboy Bill you gotta see him yodel-e-eo

You gotta to see him in the rodeo When he's ridin' goin' too darn fast You gotta to hear the people scream and shout They call him Lonesome Cowboy Bill

I Found a Reason

I found a reason to keep living, and the reason dear is you I found a reason to keep singing, and the reason dear is you Oh, I do believe, if you don't like things you leave For someplace you've never gone before

Honey, I found a reason to keep living You know the reason dear it's you I've walked down life's lonely highways Hand in hand with myself And I realize how many paths have crossed between us

Oh I do believe you are what you perceive What comes is better than what came before

And you'd better come Come come come to me Come come come to me You'd better come Come come come to me

Train Round the Bend

Train round the bend Takin' me away from the country I'm sick of trees, take me to the city Train goin' round the bend Train comin' round the bend

Been in the country much too long Trying to be a farmer But nothing that I planted ever seemed to grow Train comin' round the bend Train comin' round the bend

I am just a city boy I'm really not the country kind I miss the city streets and the neon lights See the train comin' round the bend The train comin' round the bend

Once, she's goin' twice She's gonna do it all up and down She's goin' once, she's goin' twice She's goin', train's comin' round the bend You know the train's comin' round the bend

Hey, up and down, out of nowhere Taking me back where I belong I've been here once and I don't dig it tonight The train's coming round the bend

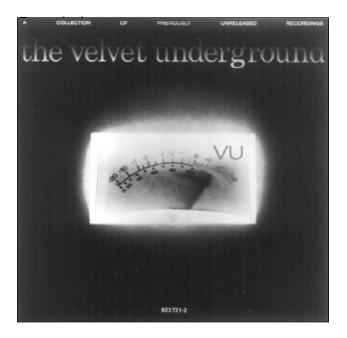
Oh! Sweet Nothing

Say a word for Jimmy Brown, he ain't got nothing at all Not **the** shirt right off his back, he ain't got nothing at all Say a word for Ginger Brown Walks with his head down to the ground Took the shoes right off his feet And threw the **po**or boy right out in the street And this is what he said Oh sweet nothing, she ain't got nothing at all Oh sweet nothing, she ain't got nothing at all

Say a word for Pearly Mae She can't tell the night from the day They threw her out in the **stre**et Just like a cat she landed on her feet

And say a word **for** Joanie Love She ain't got nothing at all Every day she falls in love And every night she falls And when she does she sa**ys** Oh sweet nothing, ain't got nothing at all Oh sweet nothing, ain't got nothing at all The Collected Lyrics

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Stephanie Says

Stephanie says That she wants to know Why she's given half her life To people she hates now

Stephanic says (Stephanic says) When answering the phone (answering the phone) What country shall I say is calling From across the world

But she's not afraid to die The people all call her Alaska Between worlds, so the people ask her 'Cause it's all her mind It's all in her mind

Stephanie says (Stephanie says) That she wants to know (she wants to know) Why it is, though she's the door She can't leave the room Stephanie says (Stephanie says) But doesn't hang up the phone (hang up the phone) What sea shell say is call ing From across the world

But she's not afraid to die The people all call $h_{0r} \wedge Laska$ Between worlds, so the people ask her 'Cause it's all in her minch It's all in her mind

They're asking is it good or bad It's such an icy feeling It's so cold in Alaska (Stephanie says) It's so cold in Alaska (Stephanie says) It's so cold in Alaska (Stephanie says)

Temptation Inside Your Heart

I know where temptation lies, inside of your heart I know where the evil lies, inside of your heart If you're gonna try to make it right You're surely gonna end up wrong

I know where the mirror's edge is inside of your heart I know where the razor's edge is inside of your heart Well, if you're gonna make it right You're surely gonna end up wrong (Electricity comes from other planets)

I know where temptation lies, inside of your heart I know where the evil lies, inside of your heart Well, ir you're gonna try to make it right You're surely gonna end up wrong (The po pe in the silver castle) One of These Days

One of these days, ain't it peculiar You're gonna look for me e And baby, I'll be gone

One of these days, and i t won't be long Oh darling, gonna call n y name And I'll be far gone

I'm gonna tell you some thing That I ain't told no one before That is iffn I can stop damoncing And get my poor self of this ballroom floor

One of these days, ain't	it peculiar
Babe, you're gonna call You know that I'll be go	my name ne, bye bye baby

I'm gonna tell you some thing That I ain't told no one before That is iffn I can stop de concing And get my poor self of this ballroom floor

One of these days, and i twon't be long You're going to call my name And I'll be gone You're going to call my name And I'll be gone You're going to call my name child And I'll be gone I'm Sticking with You

I ^{¬m} sticking with you 'Cause I'm made out of glue A_nything that you might do I'm gonna do too

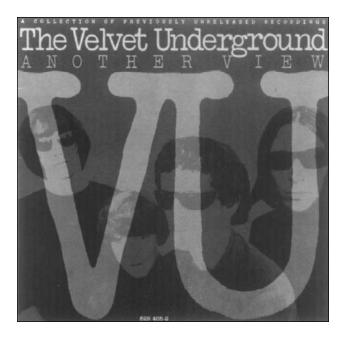
Y=ou held up a stagecoach in the rain A_nd I'm doing the same S=aw you hanging from a tree A_nd I made believe it was me

P m sticking with you Cause I'm made out of glue A_nything that you might do P m gonna do, too

Non people going to the stratosphere Soldiers fighting with the Con.g B ut with you by my side I can do anything When we swing, we hang past right and wrong

P[™]I do anything for you A_nything you'd want me to P[™]I do anything for you I' m sticking with you This page intentionally left blank

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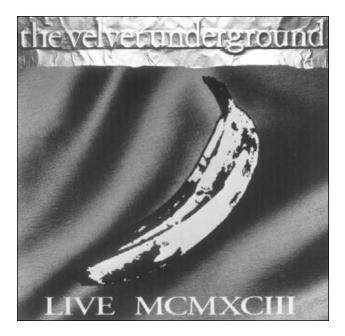
Hey Mr. Rain

Mr. Rain ain'tcha follow me down Hey Mr. Rain ain'tcha follow me down I been working baby oh so hard starin' up at the sky Hey Mr. Rain ain'tcha follow me down

Mr. Rain ain'tcha gonna come down Hey Mr. Rain ain'tcha gonna come down I been working baby oh so hard staring up at the sky Hey Mr. Rain gonna come down

Ferryboat Bill

Ferryboat Bill, won't you please come home? You know your wife has married a midget's son And that's the short and long of it This page intentionally left blank



Velvet Nursery Rhyme

We're the Velvet Underground and we have come to play / It's been 28 years since we've been here to the day / There's Maureen she's on the drums she's having a lotta fun / Let's hear it for Moe Tucker hit those skins for everyone / There is Sterling Morrison he's playing the guitar / He's a guitar hero kick their asses really far

Now you got here John and me / We want no part of this /That's because we think it is / Real pretentious SHIT

Coyote

Coyote

goes to the top of the hill / Doing the things that coyotes will / Staring at the sky at the moon / You know he starts to howl // Covote goes to the mountaintop / Looks over down at the river / says what a drop / No tame dog is gonna take my bone // Coyote at the top of the hill / Doing the things coyotes will / You gotta cast the first stone / Cast the first stone // Jackal goes to the top of the hill / Doing the things that jackals will / Staring at the moon / You know he starts to howl // Wild dog up on a mountaintop / Blood in his jaws, the bone he drops / No tame dog is ever ever gonna take my bone // Jackal up on top of the hill / Doing the things that jackals will / Cast the first stone / Cast the first stone // Coyote on top of the hill / Doing the things that coyotes will / Staring at the sky he looks at the moon he starts to howl // Coyote up on the mountaintop / Blood in his jaws the bone he drops / Says no tame dog is ever ever gonna take this bone // Coyote up on a mountaintop / Says what a drop / You've gotta cast the first stone / Cast the first stone

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Lou Reed

Pass Thru Fire

Chelsea Girls

Here's Room 506 It's enough to make you sick Brigid's all wrapped up in foil You wonder if she can uncoil Here they come now See them run now Here they come now Chelsea Girls Here's Room 115 Filled with S&M queens Magic marker row You wonder just how high they go Here's Pope dear Ondine Rona's treated him so mean She wants another scene She wants to be a human being

Pepper she's having fun She thinks she's some man's son Her perfect loves don't last Her future died in someone's past

Dear Ingrid's found her lick She's turned another trick Her treats and times revolve She's got problems to be solved

99

The Collected Lyrics

Poor Mary, she's uptight she can't turn out her light She rolled Susan in a ball And now she can't see her at all

> Dropout, she's in a fix Amphetamine has made her sick White powder in the air She's got no bones and can't be scared

Here comes Johnny Bore He collapsed on the floor They shot him up with milk And when he died, sold him for silk Here they come now See them run now Here they come now Chelsea Girls

100

Lou Reed

Pass Thru Fire

Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams

Wrap your troubles in dreams Send them all away Put them in a bottle And across the seas they'll stay

Speak not of misfortune Speak not of your woes Just steel yourself for holy death Crouching by the door Writhe and sway to music's pain Searing with asides Caress death with a lover's touch For it shall be your bride

Slash the golden whip it snaps 'Cross the lovers' sides The earth trembles without remorse

Pass Thru Fire

Preparing for to die Salty ocean waves and sprays Come crashing to the shore Bullies kick and kill young loves Down on barroom floors

Violence echoes through the land And heart of every man The knife stabs existent wounds Pus runs through matted hair

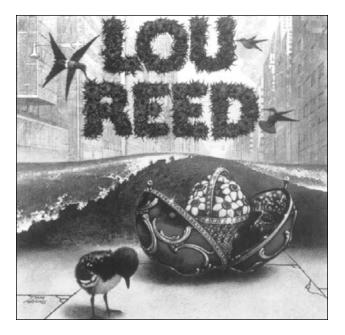
The gleaming knife cuts early Through the midnight air Cutting entrails in its path Blood runs without care

Excrement filters through the brain Hatred bends the spine Filth covers the body pores To be cleansed by dying time

Wrap your troubles in dreams send them all away Put them in a bottle And across the seas they'll stay

Lou Reed

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I Can't Stand It

It's hard being a man Living in a garbage pail My landlady called me up She tried to hit me with a mop

I can't stand it any more more But if Candy would just come back it'd be all right

I live with thirteen dead cats A purple dog that wears spats They're all out living in the hall And I can't stand it anymore

I'm tired of living all alone Nobody ever calls me on the phone But when things start getting bad I just play my music louder

I can't stand it any more more

Going Down

When you're in a dream And you think you got your problems all nailed down Pieces of the scheme seem to rattle up and then to rattle down And when you start to fall And those footsteps They start to fade Well, then you know you're going down Yeah, you're falling all around And you know you're going down for the last time

When you're in the air And you're thinking You'll drift off into the west Your friend's polite, advise, Hey, look you're pushing too hard And perhaps you need a rest And when you start to fall And all those footsteps they start to fade Then you know you're going down Yeah, you're crashing upside down And you know you're going down for the last

Time's not what it seems it just seems longer When you're lonely in this world Everything it seems Would be brighter If your nights were spent with some girl Yeah, you're falling all around Yeah, you're crashing upside down And you know you're going down for the last time

Walk and Talk It

I got hearts in my looney tunes I got dreams and you do, too I got ten-wheel drive to pick you up, up to your ears I got refined carbon in my eyelids, dear I've got no one to love and no one to fear You better walk it and talk it less you lose that beat

You better lose yourself mama And knock yourself right off of your feet You're moving too fast don't you want it to last You better walk it talk it You better walk it as you talk it less you lose that beat

I've got dimes in my shoes real nice I've got bells that are laid on ice I've got dreams, let me mix it with a little gin I got cool when I'm cold and warm when I'm hot But me is the one thing baby you ain't got You got to walk it and talk it less you lose that beat Lisa Says

Lisa says, on a night like this It'd be so nice if you gave me a great *big* kiss And Lisa says, hey honey, for just one little smile I'll sing and play for you for the longest while

Lisa says, Lisa says Lisa says, oh no Lisa says

Lisa says, honey, you must think I'm some kinda California fool The way you treat me just like some kind of tool Lisa says, hey baby, if you stick your tongue in my ear Then the scene around here will become very clear

Lisa says, oh no Lisa says Hey, don't you be a little baby Lisa says, oh no Lisa says

Hey, if you're looking for a good time Charlie Well, that's not really what I am You know, some good time Charlie, always out having his fun But if you're looking for some good good lovin' Then sit yourself right over here You know that those good, those good times They just seem to pass me by just like pie in the sky And Lisa says, on a night like this It'd be so nice if you gave me a great big kiss And Lisa says, hey baby, for just one little smile I'll sing and play for you for the longest while Why am I so shy Why am I so shy Jeez, you know that those good good times They just seem to pass me by Why am I so shy First time I saw you, I was talking to myself I says, hey you got those pretty, pretty eyes (such pretty eyes) Now that you are next to me, I just get so upset Hey Lisa, will you tell me, why am I so shy

Berlin

In Berlin, by the wall You were five foot ten inches tall It was very nice Candlelightand Dubonnet on ice We were *in* a small café You could hear the guitars play It was very nice It was paradise

You're right and I'm wrong You know Um gonna miss you Nowthat You're gone One weet day

In a small small café We could hear the guitars play It was very nice Candlelight and Dubonnet on ice Don't forget, hire a vet He basn't had that much fun yet It Was very nice Hey hovey, it was paradise

I Love You

When I think of all the things I've done And I know that it's only just begun Those smilling faces, you know I just can't forget 'em But I love you

When I think of all the things I've seen And I know that it's only the beginning You know those smiling faces, Jjust can't forget 'em But for now I love you

Just for *a little* while Oh baby, just to seeyou smile Just for a little while

When I think of all those things I've done And I Know that it's only just begun Smiling Smiling faces, Jesus, you know I can't forget them But for now Ilove you Right this minute, baby New, I love you At least for now I love you

Wild Child

I was talking to Chuck in his Ghengis Khan suit And his wizard's hat He spoke of his movie and how he was making a new soundtrack And the movie and how he was making a new soundtrack And there we spoke of kids on the coast And different types of organic soap And the waysuicides don't leave notes Then we spoke of Lorraine, always back to Lorraine I was speaking to Bill Who was given to pills and small racing cars He had given them up since his last crack-up Had carried him too far Then we spoke of movies and verse and the way an actress held her purse And the way life a times could get worse Then we spoke of Lorraine, always back to Lorraine I was how they made her ill

I was taking to Betty about her auditions, how they made her ill The life of the theater is certainly fraught With Many spills and chills But she calmed down after some wine Which is what happens most of the time Then we sat and both spoke in rhyme Till we spoke of Lorraine, ah, it's always back to Lorraine I was talking to Ed who'd been reported dead by a mutual friend He hought it was funny that I had no money to spend on him Sowe both shared a pite of sweet cheese And sang of our lives and our dreams And how things can come apart at the seams And how things can come apart at the seams And we talked of Lorraine, always back to Lorraine She's awild child and nobody can get at her She's a wild child and nobody can get at her She's a wild child and nobody can get to her Sleeping out on the street Living all alone Without a house of a home And then she asksyou please Hey, baby can I have some spare thange

Now can I break your hear? She's a wild child, she's a wild child Love Makes You Feel

Life isn't what it seems I'm forever drifting into dreams Such a sad affair To always be drifting into air

But it's not what you say or you do That makes mefeel like I am falling It's things that we've both been through That makes mefeel like I am upside down And love makes you feel ten foot tall Yes, love makes you feel ten foot tall

Just a funny thing I'm forever drifting into dreams Just not the proper thing To always be drifting into dreams

But it's not what $y_{0'}$ say or do That makes me free *I* is an falling It's things that $w^{e've}$ both been through That makes me feel like I am upside down And love makes you feel ten foot tall yes, love make you feel ten foot tall

And it sounds like this

Ride Into the Sun

Looking for another chance For someone else to be Looking for another place To ide into the sun

Ride into the sun Ride into the sun Ride i_{0} the sun Ride into the sun

The Sun where everything seems so pretty But if you're tired and y_{00} is sick of the city Remember that it's just a flower made out of clay

The City

Where everything seems so dity But if you're tired and you're filled with self-pity Remember that you're just one more person who's there

It's hard to live in the city

Ocean

Here comes the ocean and the waves downby the sea Here comes the ocean and the waves where have they been

Don't swim tonight my love The seais mad my love It's known to drive men crazy

Malcolm $\log burned$ at sea The castle is $\sin and reeks$ The madness can make you mazy

But here comes the waves pown by the sh_{ore} Washing the $rock_{S}$ that have been here centuries or more Down by the sea

Here comes the ocean and the waves down by the sea H_{ere} comes the ocean and the waves where have they been

Castles glowing at night Towers above our fright warlocks decapitating Malcolm he *lives* on hate Serves your brain on a plate Feasts of *your* mouth for dinner

But herecomes the waves down by the sea Washing the eyes of the men who have died Down by the sea This page intentionally left blank

Transformer



Vicious

Vicious, you hit me with a flower You do it every hour Oh baby, you're so vicious Vicious, you want me to hit you with a stick But all I've got's a guitar pick Baby, you're so vicious

When I watch you come, baby I just wanna run—far away You're not the kind of person 'round I wanna stay When I see you walkin' down the street I step on your hands and I mangle your feet You're not the kind of person that I want to meet Babe, you're so vicious, you're just so vicious

Vicious, you hit me with a flower You do it every hour Oh baby, you're so vicious

Vicious, Hey! Why don't you swallow razor blades You must think that I'm some kind of gay blade But baby, you're so vicious

When I see you comin' I just have to run You're not good and you certainly aren't very much fun

When I see you walkin' down the street I step on your hand and I mangle your feet You're not the kind of person that I even want to meet 'Cause you're so vicious

Andy's Chest

If I could be anything in the world that flew I would be a bat and come swooping after you And if the last time you were here things were a bit askew Well, you know what happens after dark When rattlesnakes lose their skins and their hearts And all the missionaries lose their bark Oh, all the trees are calling after you And all the venom snipers after you Are all the mountains bolder after you?

If I could be any one of the things in this world that bite Instead of an indentured ocelot on a leash, I'd rather be a kite And be tied to the end of your string And flying in the air, babe, at night 'Cause you know what they say about honey bears When you shave off all their baby hair You have a hairy-minded pink bare bear

And all the bells are rolling out for you And stones are all erupting out for you And all the cheap bloodsuckers are flying after you

Yesterday, Daisy May and Biff were grooving on the street And just like in a movie her hands became her feet Her belly button was her mouth Which meant she tasted what she'd speak But the funny thing is what happened to her nose It grew until it reached all of her toes Now when people say her feet smell they mean her nose

And curtains laced with diamonds dear for you And all the Roman noblemen for you And kingdom's Christian soldiers dear for you And melting ice cap mountain tops for you And knights in flaming silver robes for you And bats that with a kiss turn prince for you Swoop Swoop Rock Rock

Perfect Day

Just a perfect day Drink sangria in the park And then later when it gets dark We go home

Just a perfect day Feed animals in the zoo Then later a movie too And then home

Oh it's such a perfect day I'm glad I spent it with you Oh such a perfect day You just keep me hangin' on You just keep me hangin' on

Just a perfect day, problems all left alone Weekenders on our own, it's such fun Just a perfect day, you made me forget myself I thought I was someone else, someone good

You're going to reap just what you sow

Hangin' Round

Harry was a rich young man, who would become a priest He dug up his dear father, who was recently deceased He did it with tarot cards and a mystically attuned mind And shortly there and after he did find

Jeanie was a spoiled young brat, she thought she knew it all She smoked mentholated cigarettes and she had sex in the hall But she was not my kind, or even of my sign The kind of animal that I would be about

You keep hangin' round me and I'm not so glad you found me You're still doing things that I gave up years ago You keep hangin' round me and I'm not so glad you found me You're still doing things that I gave up years ago

Kathy was a bit surreal, she painted all her toes And on her face she wore dentures, clamped tightly to her nose And when she finally spoke, her twang her glasses broke And no one else could smoke while she was in the room Hark, the herald angels sang and reached out for a phone And plucking it with a knife in hand dialed long distance home But it was all too much, sprinkling angel dust To AT&T who didn't wish you well

You keep hangin' round me and I'm not so glad you found me You're still doing things that I gave up years ago You keep hangin' round me and I'm not so glad you found me You're still doing things that I gave up years ago

Hangin' round, that's all you're doing baby Hangin' round Walk on the Wild Side

Holly came from Miami F-L-A Hitchhiked her way across the U.S.A Plucked her eyebrows on the way Shaved her legs and then he was a she She says, Hey babe, take a walk on the wild side Said, Hey honey, take a walk on the wild side

Candy came from out on the Island In the backroom she was everybody's darling But she never lost her head even when she was givin' head-She says, Hey babe, take a walk on the wild side Said, Hey babe, take a walk on the wild side And the colored girls go Doo da doo da doo Little Joe never once gave it away Everybody had to pay and pay A hustle here and a hustle there New York City is the place where they said Hey babe, take a walk on the wild side I said, Hey Joe, take a walk on the wild side

Sugar Plum Fairy came and hit the streets Lookin' for soul food and a place to eat Went to the Apollo You should've seen 'im go go go They said, Hey Sugar, take a walk on the wild side I said. Hey babe, take a walk on the wild side

Jackie is just speeding away Thought she was James Dean for a day Then I guess she had to crash Valium would have helped that bash She said, Hey babe, take a walk on the wild side I said, Hey honey, take a walk on the wild side Make Up

Your face when sleeping is sublime And then you open up your eyes Then comes pancake factor number one Eyeliner rose hips and lip gloss such fun You're a slick little girl You're a slick little girl

Rouge and coloring, incense and ice Perfume and kisses ooh it's all so nice You're a slick little girl You're such a slick little girl

Now we're coming out Out of our closets Out on the streets Yeah we're coming out When you're in bed it's so wonderful It'd be so nice to fall in love When you get dressed I really get my fill People say that it's impossible

Gowns lovely made out of lace And all the things that you do to your face You're a slick little girl, oh you're a slick little girl

Eyeliner whitener then color the eyes Yellow and green ooh what a surprise You're a slick little girl, oh, you're such a slick little girl Now we're coming out Out of our closets Out on the streets Yes, we're coming out Satellite of Love

Satellite's gone up to the skies Things like that drive me out of my mind I watched it for a little while I like to watch things on TV

Satellite of love

Satellite's gone way up to Mars Soon it'll be filled with parking cars I watched it for a little while I love to watch things on TV

Five been told that you've been bold With Harry, Mark and John Monday and Tuesday Wednesday through Thursday With Harry, Mark and John

Satellite's gone up to the skies Things like that drive me out of my mind I watched it for a little while I love to watch things on TV

Satellite of love

Wagon Wheel

Won'tcha be my wagon wheel (spoke spoke) Won'tcha tell me baby how does it feel? You've gotta live yeah your life as though you're number one Yeah, you've gotta live yeah your life And make a point of having some fun But iff'n you think that you get kicks from flirting with danger Just kick her in the head and rearrange her

Oh heavenly father what can I do What she's done to me is making me crazy Oh heavenly father I know I have sinned But look where I've been It's making me lazy

Why don't you wake me, shake me (Please) Bon't let me sleep too long New York Telephone Conversation

I was sleeping gently napping when I heard the phone Who is on the other end talking Am I even home Did you see what she did to him Did you hear what they said Just a New York conversation rattling in my head

Oh oh my, and what shall we wear Oh oh my, and who really cares

Just a New York conversation Gossip all of the time Did you hear who did what to whom Happens all the time Who has touched and who has dubbled Here in the city of shows Openings, closings, bad repartee Everybody knows

Oh how sail, and why do we call Oh I'm glad, to hear from you all

I am calling Yes I'm calling Just to speak to you For I know this night will kill me If I can't be with you If-I-can't-be-with-you I'm So Free

Yes, I am Mother Nature's son And I'm the only one I do what I want and I want what I see Could only happen to me

l'm so free l'm so free

Oh please, Saint Germaine I have come this way Bo you remember the shape I was in I had horns and fins

I'm so free I'm so free Bo you remember the silver walks You used to shiver and I used to talk Then we went down to Times Square And ever since, I've been hangin' round there

I'm so free I'm so free Goodnight Ladies

Geodnight ladies, ladies goodnight It's time to say goodbye Lat me tell you now Goodnight ladies, ladies goodnight It's time to say goodbye

Now all night long you've been drinking your tequila But now you've sucked your lemon peel dry So why not get high, high, high and Goodnight ladies, ludies goodnight

Goodnight ludies, ladies goodnight It's time to say goodbyc Goodnight sweet ludies, ladies goodnight It's time to say goodbyc, hyc, byc

We've been together for the longest time But now it's time to get high Come on let's get high, high, high And goodnight ladies, ladies goodnight Oh I'm still missing my other half It must be something I did in the past Don't it just make you wanna laugh It's a lonely Satunday night

Notionly calls me on the telephone I put another record on my stereo But I'm still singing a song of you It's a lonely Saturday night

Now if I was an actor or a dancer who was glumorous Then you know an amorous life would soon be mine But now the tinsel light of starbreak Is all that's left to applaud my heartbreak And at 11 o'clock I watch the network news

Something tells me that you're really gone You said we could be friends but that's not what I want Anyway, my TV dinner's almost done It's a lonely Saturday night This page intentionally left blank



Lady Day

When she walked on down the street She was like a child staring at her feet But when she passed the bar And she heard the music play She had to go in and sing It had to be that way She had to go in and sing It had to be that way

> After the applause had died down And the people drifted away She climbed down off the bar And went out the door To the hotel That she called home It had greenish walls A bathroom in the hall And I said no, no, no, Oh, Lady Day I said no, no, no, Oh, Lady Day

Men of Good Fortune

Men of good fortune, often cause empires to fall While men of poor beginnings, often can't do anything at all The rich son waits for his father to die The poor just drink and cry And me, I just don't care at all

Men of good fortune, very often can't do a thing While men of poor beginnings, often can do anything At heart they try to act like a man Handle things the best way they can They have no rich daddy to fall back on

Men of good fortune, often cause empires to fall While men of poor beginnings often can't do anything at all It takes money to make money they say Look at the Fords, didn't they start that way Anyway, it makes no difference to me

Men of good fortune, often wish that they could die While men of poor beginnings want what *they* have And to get it they'll die

All those great things that life has to give They wanna have money and live But me, I just don't care at all About men of good fortune, men of poor beginnings

Caroline Says I

Caroline says that I'm just a toy She wants a man not just a boy Oh Caroline says, ooh Caroline says

Caroline says she can't help but be mean Or cruel, or oh so it seems Oh Caroline says, Caroline says

She says she doesn't want a man who leans Still she is my Germanic Queen Yeah, she's my Queen

The things she does, the things she says People shouldn't treat others that way But at first I thought I could take it all Just like poison in a vial, hey she was often very vile But of course, I thought I could take it all

> Caroline says that I'm not a man So she'll go get it catch as catch can Oh Caroline says, yeah Caroline says

> Caroline says moments in time Can't continue to be only mine Oh Caroline says, yeah Caroline says

> She treats me like I am a fool But to me she's still a German Queen Ooh, she's my Queen

How Do You Think It Feels

How do you think it feels When you're speeding and lonely How do you think it feels When all you can say is if only If only I had a little If only I had some change If only, if only, only How do you think it feels And when do you think it stops

How do you think it feels When you've been up for five days Hunting around always, 'cause you're afraid of sleeping

How do you think it feels To feel like a wolf and foxy How do you think it feels To always make love by proxy

How do you think it feels And when do you think it stops! When do you think it stops

Oh, Jim

All your two-bit friends they're shootin' you up with pills They said that it was good for you, that it would cure your ills I don't care just where it's at, I'm just like an alley cat And when you're filled up to here with hate Don't you know you gotta get it straight Filled up to here with hate Beat her black and blue and get it straight Do, do, do, do, do, do

When you're lookin' through the eyes of hate All your two-bit friends, they asked you for your autograph They put you on the stage, they thought it'd be good for a laugh But I don't care just where it's at 'Cause honey I'm just like an alley cat

> And when you're filled up to here with hate Don't you know you gotta get it straight— Filled up to here with hate Beat her black and blue and get it straight

Oh Jim, how could you treat me this way Hey hey hey, how'd you treat me this way Oh Jim, how could you treat me this way Hey hey, how'd you treat me this way You know you broke my heart ever since you went away

Now you said that you loved us But you only made love to one of us Oh oh oh oh Jim, how could you treat me this way You know you broke my heart ever since you went away

When you're looking through the eyes of hate oh whoa whoa whoa When you're looking through the eyes of hate oh whoa whoa whoa When you're looking through the eyes of hate

Caroline Says II

Caroline says, as she gets up off the floor Why is it that you beat me, it isn't any fun Caroline says, as she makes up her eye You ought to learn more about yourself, think more than just I

> But she's not afraid to die All of her friends call her Alaska When she takes speed, they laugh and ask her What is in her mind What is in her mind

Caroline says, as she gets up from the floor You can hit me all you want to, but I don't love you anymore Caroline says, while biting her lip Life is meant to be more than this and this is a bum trip

> She put her fist through the window pane It was such a funny feeling

> > It's so cold in Alaska

The Kids

They're taking her children away Because they said she was not a good mother They're taking her children away Because she was making it with sisters and brothers And everyone else, all of the others Like cheap officers who would stand there and Flirt in front of me

They're taking her children away Because they said she was not a good mother They're taking her children away Because of the things that they heard she had done The black Air Force sergeant was not the first one And all of the drugs she took, every one, every one

And I am the Water Boy The real game's not over here But my heart is overflowing anyway I'm just a tired man, no words to say But since she lost her daughter It's her eyes that fill with water And I am much happier this way They're taking her children away Because they said she was not a good mother

They're taking her children away Because number one was the girlfriend from Paris The things that they did they didn't have to ask us And then the Welshman from India, who came here to stay

> They're taking her children away Because they said she was not a good mother They're taking her children away Because of the things she did in the streets In the alleys and bars, no she couldn't be beat That miserable rotten slut couldn't turn anyone away

The Bed

This is the place where she lay her head When she went to bed at night And this is the place our children were conceived Candles lit the room at night

And this is the place where she cut her wrists That odd and fateful night And I said, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh what a feeling

This is the place where we used to live I paid for it with love and blood And these are the boxes that she kept on the shelf Filled with her poetry and stuff And this is the room where she took the razor And cut her wrists that strange and fateful night

I never would have started if I'd known That it'd end this way But funny thing I'm not at all sad That it stopped this way

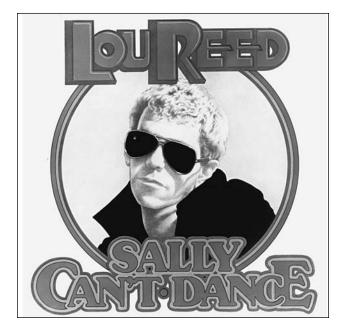
This is the place where she lay her head When she went to bed at night And this is the place our children were conceived Candles lit the room brightly at night And this is the place where she cut her wrists That odd and fateful night And I said, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh what a feeling Sad Song

Staring at my picture book She looks like Mary, Queen of Scots She seemed very regal to me Just goes to show you how wrong you can be I'm gonna stop wasting my time Somebody else would have broken both of her arms Sad song

> My castle, kids and home I thought she was Mary, Queen of Scots I tried so very hard Shows just how wrong you can be

I'm gonna stop wasting my time Somebody else would have broken both of her arms The Collected Lyrics

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Ride Sally Ride

Sit yourself down Bang out a tune on that grand piano Sit yourself down Lay languidly down upon the sofa Oohh isn't it nice, when your heart is made out of ice

Ride Sally Ride It's not your time, or way of confusion

Ride Sally Ride 'Cause if you don't, you'll get a contusion Oohh isn't it nice, when you find your heart's made out of ice

Sit yourself down, take off your pants Don't you know this is a party Sit yourself down, why do you think

We brought all these people, Miss Brandy?

Animal Language

Miss Riley had a dog, she used to keep it in her back yard And when the dog began to bark All the neighbors began to shout Then came a stormy night, Miss Riley let her dog out And when the neighbors found him round They put a gun down his mouth and shot him down

He went oohh wow bow wow oohh wow bow wow

Miss Murphy had a cat, on her lap it sat And once in a great big while It looked like that Cheshire Cat did smile But often it used to chase, anything that crossed its face But one day it got so hot that Cheshire Cat had a blood clot

And she said oohh yow meow meow Oohh yow me meow

Then the dog met the cat, the dog was hot and the cat was wet Then in came some sweaty dude, he put a board between the two Then they couldn't get at it, got frustrated all about it So they did the only thing you could do They took the dude's sweat, and shot it up between the two

They said oohh wow bow wow, oohh wow meow

Baby Face

Jim, living with you's not such fun, you're not the only one You don't have the looks You're not the person that you used to be And there are people on the street that would go for me And I said no, no, no, no, no Baby Face

I met you in a bar in L.A., I was not feeling so good You did the proper moves, you did everything that you should But now you're making a mistake And somebody else will take your place

You're taking drugs over me And I said no, no, no, no, no Baby Face

You're not the kind of person it's easy to live with in a house I cook all your meals, I make sure that you work out But lately it's been gettin' so hard, the way you talk (Man you don't split your stash or your bread) The way you walk

(You can keep it) And I'm not sure exactly what it's all about And I said no, no, no, no, no Baby Face (You can keep it just keep it) N.Y. Stars

The stock is empty in our eyeball store All we got left a few cataracts and sores The faggot mimic machine never had ideas Mission impossible they self-destruct on fear

On a standard New York night Ghouls go to see their so-called stars A fairly stupid thing To pay five bucks for fourth-rate imitators

They say: "I'm so empty No surface, no depth Oh please can't I be you Your personality's so great"

Like new buildings Square, tall and the same Sorry Ms. Stupid Didn't know you didn't know it's a game I'm just waitin' for them to hurry up and die It's really getting too crowded here Help your New York Stars

Contributions accepted all the same We need a new people store Remember we're very good at games

Kill Your Sons

All your two bit psychiatrists are giving you electric shock They said they'd let you live at home with mom and dad Instead of mental hospitals But every time you tried to read a book you couldn't Get to page seventeen 'Cause you forgot where you were So you couldn't even read

Mom informed me on the phone she didn't know what to do about dad He took an axe and broke the table aren't you glad you're married And sister she got married on the Island And her husband takes the train He's big and he's fat—and he doesn't have a brain

Creedmore treated me very good But Payne Whitney was even better And when I flipped out on PHC I was so sad—I didn't even get a letter

All of the drugs that we took, it really was a lot of fun But when they shoot you up with thorazine on crystal smoke You choke like a son of a gun

Don't you know? They're gonna kill your sons Until they run run run run run run away

Ennui

All the things you said, you thought I was dead Everything made me feel aware
Ah, you're getting old, you're doing things
You're losing your hair
All of the things that you used to believe in
Turned out to be true
You're guilty of reason

You're the kind of person that I could do without Certain kinds of money Would make you see what it's all about There's a first time for everything And the first one's on me Don't you see

All of the things that your old lover said Well look at them, they jump out of windows And now they're just dead It's the truth, don't you realize

They live without any talent or fun Running out on the streets Balling anyone It's the truth It's the truth

Pick up the pieces that make up your life Maybe someday you'll have a wife And then alimony

Oh, can't you see

Sally Can't Dance

Sally dances on the floor She says that she can't do it anymore She walks down Saint Mark's Place And eats natural food at my place

Now, Sally can't dance no more She can't get it off of the floor Sally can't dance no more They've got her in the trunk of a Ford She can't dance no more

Sally is losing her face She lives on Saint Mark's Place In a rent-controlled apartment, eighty dollars a month She has lots of fun, she has lots of fun, but

Sally can't dance no more Sally can't dance no more She took too much meth, and can't get off of the floor Now Sally, she can't dance no more

She was the first girl in the neighborhood To wear tie-dyed pants A-like-a-she should She was the first girl that I ever seen That had flowers painted on her jeans She was the first girl in her neighborhood Who got raped in Tompkins Square Real good Now, she wears a sword like Napoleon And she kills the boys and acts like a son

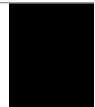
Watch this now Sally became a big model She moved up to Eightieth and Park She had a studio apartment And that's where she used to ball folk singers

Sally can't dance no more Sally can't dance no more Sally can't get herself off the floor Sally can't dance no more

She knew all the really right people She went to Les Jardin She danced with Picasso's illegitimate mistress and wore Kenneth Lane jewelry—it's trash, But

Sally can't dance no more

Billy



Billy was a good friend of mine We grew up together ever since we were nine We went to school he was my best friend And I thought our friendship would never end

In high school he played football And me I didn't do anything at all He made touchdowns while I played pool And no one could figure out which one of us was the fool

Then we both went off to college He studied medicine while I studied foliage He got A's, I got D's He was going for his Ph.D.

Then I decided to drop out

Things were getting a little too hot Billy stayed then became an intern then a doctor

Then war broke out and he had to go But not me I was mentally unfit or so or so they say so-so



When he came back he wasn't quite the same His nerves were shot but not me Last time I saw him I couldn't take it anymore He wasn't the Billy I knew It was like talking to a door

Billy was a friend of mine I grew up with him ever since I was nine We went together through school Now I often wonder which one of us was the fool





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Metal Machine Music



Liner Notes

Passion--REALISM--realism was the key. The records were letters. Real letters from me to certain other people. Who had and still have basically, no music, be it verbal or instrumental, to listen to. One of the peripheral effects. typically distorted, was what was to be known as heavy metal rock. In Reality it was of course diffuse, obtuse. weak, boring and ultimately an embarrassment. This record is not for parties/ dancing/ background, romance This is what I meant by "real" rock, about "real" things. No one I know has listened to it all the way through including myself. It is not meant to be. Start any place vou like. Symmetry, mathematical precision, obsessive and detailed accuracy and the vast advantage one has over "modern electronic composers." They, with neither sense of time, melody or emotion, manipulated or no. It's for a certain time and place of mind. It is the only recorded work I know of seriously done as well as possible as a gift, if one could call it that, from a part of certain head to a few others. Most of you won't like this, and I don't blame you at all. It's not meant for you. At the very least I made it so I had something to listen to. Certainly Misunderstood: Power to Consume (how Bathetic): an idea done respectfully, intelligently, sympathetically and graciously, always with concentration on the first and foremost goal. For that matter, off the record. I love and adore it. I'm sorry, but not especially, if it turns you off

One record for us and it. I'd harbored hope that the intelligence that once inhabited novels or films would ingest rock. I was, perhaps, wrong. This is the reason Sally Can't Dance--vour Rock n Roll Animal. More than a decent try, but hard for us to do badly. Wrong media. unquestionably. This is not meant for the market. The agreement one makes with "speed." A specific acknowledgment. A to say the least, very limited market. Rock n *Roll Animal* makes this possible, funnily enough. The misrepresentation succeeds to the point of making possible the appearance of the progenitor. For those for whom the needle is no more than a toothbrush. Professionals no sniffers please, don't confuse superiority (no competition) with violence, power or other justifications. The <u>Facit speed agreement with Self. We did not start World</u> War I. II. or III. Or the Bay of Pigs. for that Matter. Whenever. As way of disclaimer. I am forced to say that. due to stimulation of various centers (remember OOOHHHMMM, etc.), the possible negative contraindications must be pointed out. A record has to, of all things Anyway, hypertense people, etc. possibility of epilepsy (petite mal), psychic motor disorders, etc., etc., etc. My week beats your year.

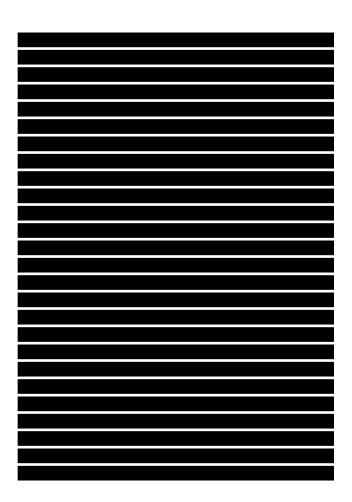
Lou Reed

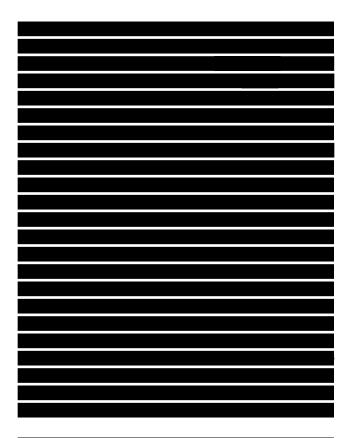
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Coney Island Baby



Crazy Feeling

You're the kind of person that I've been dreaming of You're the kind of person that I always wanted to love And when I first seen you walk right through that bar door And I seen those suit-and-tie Johns buy you one drink Then buy you some more

I had—I knew you had that crazy feeling Now you've got that crazy feelin' You know I've had that crazy feeling, too I can see it in ya

Now everybody knows that business ends at three And everybody knows an after-hours love is free And you, you really are a queen ah such a queen, such a queen And I know 'cause I've made the same scene I know just what you mean because

You've got that crazy feelin' now now now You've got that that crazy feelin' You've got that crazy feelin' deep inside Now I can see it in your eyes

I feel just like, feel just like ya

Charley's Girl

Everybody said that you better watch out Man, she's gonna turn you in And me, you know that I thought I lucked out And now look at the trouble that I'm in You better watch out for Charley's girl

It happened on New Year's Eve They said everybody had to leave They had a warrant in their hand They wanted to bust the whole band I said if I ever see Sharon again I'm gonna punch her face in Watch out for Charley's girl You know she'll turn you in

She's My Best Friend

She's my best friend, certainly not your average girl
She's my best friend
She understands me when I'm feeling down, down, down, down, down
You know it sure hurts to be that way
Down, down, down, down, down, down
You know that it sure hurts to know that you're that kinda fellow

Here's to Mulberry Jane She made Jim when she came Somebody cut off her feet, now Jelly rolls in the street

If you want to see me, well honey, you know that I'm not around But if you want to hear me why don'tcha just turn around I'm by the window where the light is

She's my best friend Certainly not just like your average dog or car She's my best friend She understands me when I'm feeling down, down, down, down, down, down You know it sure hurts to be that way Down, down, down, down, down You know it sure hurts to know that you're that kinda fellow Let's hear one for Newspaper Joe He caught his hand in the door Dropped his teeth on the floor They said, "Hey now Joe, guess that's the way the news goes"

If you want to see, see me, well baby, you know that I'm not around But if you want to feel, feel me why don'tcha just turn around I'm by the window where the light is

Lou Reed

Kicks

Hey man, what's your style How you get your kicks for livin' Hey man, what's your style How you get your adrenaline flowin' now

Hey man, what's your style I love the way you drive your car now Hey man, what's your style I ain't jealous of the way you're livin'

When you cut that dude with that stiletto, man, you You did it so, ah, cheaply When the blood come-a-down his neck Don't you know it was a better than sex Now, now, now It was-a-way-a better than gettin' laid—'cause it's the Final thing to do now Get somebody to, uh, come on to you Then you just Get somebody to now now come on to you and then You kill them, You kill them 'Cause I need kicks
Hey baby, babe I need kicks, now
I'm gettin' bored, I need a need a need a now now now some kicks
Oh give it give it give it now now some kicks
When you stabbed that cat with that knife
You did it so, ah, crudely, now

When the blood came down his chest-uh It was way better than a sex

It was way better than getting' A it was a

The final thing to do

Pass Thru Fire Lou Reed

A Gift

I'm just a gift to the women of this world I'm just a gift to the women of this world

Responsibility sits so ah hard on my shoulder Like a good wine, I'm better as I grow older And now, I'm just a gift to the women of this world

I'm just a gift to the women of this world I'm just a gift to the women of this world

It's hard to settle for second best

After you've had me, you know that you've had the best And now you know that I'm just a gift to women of this world

Just a gift, now

The Collected Lyrics

Ooohhh Baby

You're the kind of girl

That everybody's wondering about You're the kind of person That everybody's a-staring at But now you're a topless dancer Working out of a bar on Times Square And everybody wishes you were back In the massage parlor back there on Ninth Avenue (311) You make me go Ooh baby, Ooh baby, Ooh baby ooh ooh ooh Ooh baby, Ooh baby, Ooh baby ooh ooh ooh

Your old man was the best B and E man Down on the streets And all the guys on the precinct Always was watching for him on their beat But when he ripped off Seymour He was really not a-doing so fine And everything is not swelled 'cept his hands and legs And maybe even mine

He's feeling maybe it's good that they said Ooh baby, Ooh baby, Ooh baby ooh Ooh baby, Ooh baby, Ooh hey babe, ooh ooh ooh Ooh baby, Ooh baby, Ooh hey babe, ooh

Pass Thru Fire Lou Reed Why they keep the lights on down so low Well, yesterday's trade's today's competition It's very funny asking me And all florescent lighting makes it Or didn't you know So your wrinkles, they don't show And it's very funny, the way your Twenty bucks an hour, can a go If you don't make me go now now Ooh baby, Ooh baby, Ooh ooh baby ooh Ooh baby, Ooh baby, Ooh baby ooh ooh ooh Everybody wondered about you When you were seen in drinking some beer You got here from Ohio and your mother said You'd book her and be real near That's the way it goes now Ooh baby, Ooh baby, Ooh baby ooh ooh ooh Hey shake your buns now, mama Walk it now, get down

The Collected Lyrics Nobody's Business Then hey pretty mama, you just will have to go, because Hey, if you're moving too fast Don't you want this thing to last But if you start moving slow. It's nobody's business but my own No no no no no, no no no no no But if you start acting mean Then I'll have to mess up the scene But if you start treating me nice But is J Hey now baby I'm gonna have to raise your price, because It's nobody's business but my own

Pass Thu Fire You know when I was a young man in high school Coney Island Baby LouReed But you know, I wanted to play for the coach I wanted to play football for the coach You believe it or not They said that he was mean and cruel, And all those older guys, They said I was a little too light weight To play line backer So's I'm playing right end I want to play football for the coach 'Cause you know someday man you got to stand up straight Unless you're gonna fall And then you're goin' to die And the straightest dude I ever knew Was standing right by me all the time So I had to play football for the coach

Man I wanted to play football for the coach

When you're all alone and lonely in your midnight hour And you find that your soul, it's been up for sale And you begin to think about all the things that you've done And begin to hate just about everything But remember the princess who lived on the hill, And right now she just might come shining through Who loved you even though she knew you was wrong 180

The Collected Lyrics And the glory of love Clory of love Glory of love just might come through

When all your two-bit friends have gone and ripped you off And they're talkin' behind your back sayin' man you are never

Gonna be no human being

Then you start thinkin' again about all those things that you done And who it was and what it was And all the different things You made every different scene

But remember that the city is a funny place Something like a circus or a sewer And just remember different people have peculiar tastes

And the glory of love The glory of love The glory of love Might see you through

I'm a Coney Island Baby now

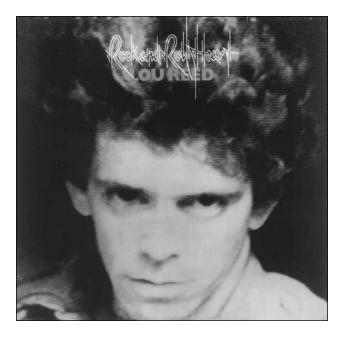
I'd like to send this one out to Lou and Rachel and

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Man I swear I'd give the whole thing up for you

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Rock and Roll Heart



I Believe in Love

I believe in good times now And I believe in shows And I believe in the iron cross and as everybody knows I believe in good time music, yeah, good time rock 'n' roll I believe in music, music, music it'll satisfy your soul but I believe in love (good-time music)

I believe in party time and I believe in soul And I believe in temptation And knock knock knockin' at your door And I believe in good times, good times rock 'n' roll Yeah I believe in the music, music It'll satisfy your soul, don'tcha know that ah I believe in love Good time music Good time rock 'n' roll Banging on My Drum

I'm banging on my drum I'm banging on my drum I'm banging on my drum boy Finding I'm having lots of fun I'm banging on my drum yeah I'm banging on my drum I'm banging on my drum now babe And I'm having lotsa fun Follow the Leader

Follow, follow the leader, na-na-now New York, New York City, na-na-na-na-now

Aw if you wanna dance Hey work up a sweat and you baby better better get get yourself a better little romance Then you know you gotta get up a little sweat and get a little romance Then you'd better now follow, follow the leader na-na-now New York, New York City na-na-na-na-now

You Wear It So Well

All of those things yeah that you've got to give Yeah you wear it so well All of those stories honey that I know you could tell Yeah you wear it so well And your face hides it so I can't tell That you knew it so well You Wear It So Well All of the things that made poets sing You wear it so well, yeah, you hide it so well

And all of the pain that you used to tell You hide it so well Can't tell from your face that you knew it so well Hey now that you had such a story to tell Yeah you got style and grace and you wear it so well You wear it so well and You've got such a story to tell You wear it so well Grace and style Equals you so well You wear it so well

Ladies Pay

All the sailors they are all home for leave And everybody's waiting for them to try to deceive The storekeepers have drawn their lace curtains bare And all the willowy young girls are waiting there Ah but how the ladies pay Oh if they only knew how the ladies pay Here now, how the ladies pay When the men they have gone away

Nobody is standing guard upon the door And nobody is feeding any of the poor The poor sick soldier lies in bed beside his girl Thinking of another place on the other side of this world Ah how the ladies pay Oh how the ladies pay When the men they have gone away Oh I wish I knew how the ladies pay

Day and night Night and day How the ladies pay

Rock and Roll Heart

I don't like opera and I don't like ballet And New Wave French movies they just drive me away I guess I'm just dumb 'cause I knows I ain't smart But deep down inside I've got a rock and roll heart Yeah yeah deep down inside I've got a rock and roll heart

A rock and roll heart Searching for a good time Just a rock and roll heart, roll heart, roll heart Looking for a good time

I don't like messages or something meant to say And I wish people like that would just go away I guess that I'm dumb 'cause I know I'm not smart But deep down inside I've got a rock and roll heart Yeah, yeah, yeah deep down inside I've got a rock and roll heart Senselessly Cruel

When I was a poor young boy in school Girls like you always played me for a fool But now the time has come to lay to waste The theory people have of getting an acquired taste You treated me oh so so senselessly cruel

From the beginning I suspected the worst And you didn't disappoint me it's just that you were the first But now I wouldn't let you touch me if you were within a foot And girl I'm never ever gonna get hurt 'Cause you treated me oh so wrong So senselessly cruel

Claim to Fame

Talk, talk, yak, yak Watch out for that old one-track Get it up and get it back Makin' it upon your back

No space, no rent, the money's gone It's all been spent now Tell me 'bout your claim to fame Now ain't that some claim to fame

Extra extra, read all about it now Extra extra, something 'bout the claim to fame Ooohhh sweet mama ooh sweet mama Something 'bout a claim to fame

Wet lips, dry mouth Ready for that old hand out now Ain't that some claim to fame

Spaced out, spaced dead, the head is round The square is pegged Ain't that some claim to fame Now tell me ain't that some claim to fame

Vicious Circle

You're caught in a vicious circle Surrounded by your so-called friends You're caught in a vicious circle And it looks like it will never end 'Cause some people think that they like problems And some people think that they don't And for everybody who says yes There's somebody whose starin' sayin' don't

You're caught in a vicious circle Surrounded by your so-called friends You're caught in a vicious circle And it looks like it will just never end 'Cause some people think that it's nerves And some people think that it's not And some people think that it's things that you do And others think that you were cold when you were hot They think that that was what it was all about

You're caught in a vicious circle Surrounded by all of your friends

A Sheltered Life

Never been to England Never been to France Never really learned how to dance I've never taken dope I've never taken drugs I've never danced on a bear skin rug Guess it's true what all those people they say I'm gonna have to lose my hometown ways Guess it's true Guess I've led a sheltered life

Never went around with anything I've had a home-town life and I haven't ever learned to swing Not much of a life I haven't seen much I've been true to my wife And it's just been too much

Guess it's true What all those people they say I'm gonna have to lose my home-town ways You know it's true Guess I've led a sheltered life

Temporary Thing

Hey now bitch, now baby you'd better pack your things Get outta here quick Maybe your blood's gettin', ah, too rich It ain't like we ain't never seen this thing before And if it turns you, bend around Then you'd better hit the door But I know—it's just a temporary thing

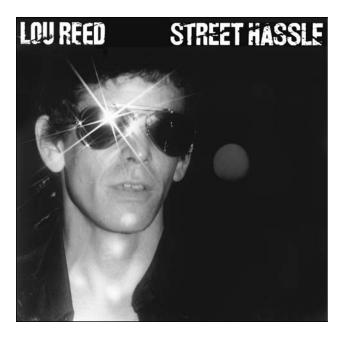
You read too many books, you seen too many plays And if things like this turn you away Now look, hey look you'd better think about it twice I know that your good breeding makes it seem not so nice It's just a temporary thing

Where's the number, where's a dime and where's the phone I feel like a stranger, I guess you're gonna go back home Your mother, your father, your fucking brother I guess they wouldn't agree with me But I don't give two shits They're no better than me Uh huh, It's just a temporary thing Oh, yeah Been there before, just a temporary thing It's just a temporary thing Ah bitch, get off my kids, temporary thing

Get out

It's just a temporary thing

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Lou R	eed Doo	Pass Thr
What y Standing of "Well I Suitcase in "No sh Jack is in I "Fucki Sweet Jane	it! What it is!" his corset, Jane is in her vest n' faggot' 'junkie' " e, I'm in a rock and roll band I can see that"	Some people say that you can't, no matter babe wheyou are And some people say they can't move, no matter where they Gimmie, gimmie, gimmie, some good times Gimmie, Gimmie, Gimmie some pain
	Rain from the morning in th Now just shining up with de Riding through the city in th	e blue clouds w
198	And me I ain't got nothing to Gimmie, gimmie, gimmie so Gimmie, gimmie, gimmie so Don't you know that things a To me they always look the so Don't you know that both of To me they always look the so Standing in the corner To me they always look the so	o do ome good times ome pain always look ugly same them look ugly same

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The Collected Lyrics The Collected Lyrics The Collected Lyrics Dirt (Final Sinces) ve spoken to you Mas it the right time? The Collected Lyrics Dirt (Linal Sinces) ve spoken to you the vight time?	ch I enjoyed them there's a justice in this wo nd your lack of morality ple know all about it	
We sat around the other night, Trying to find the right word That would best fit and describ You and people like you That no principle has touched, How about that? Who'd eat shit and say it tasted If there was some money in it	a I hope you know how much I enjoyed them be You're a pig of a person, there's a justice in the pe Hey, how about that? A Your lack of conscience and your lack of more ge Well, more and more people know all about it so	as Bobby Fuller?
We sat around the other night,	me and the guys,	le Wi
Trying to find the right word		nam
You and people like you	be	ose
That no principle has touched,	no principles bapt	ized
How about that?		exas
Who'd eat shit and say it tasted	l good	m T
If there was some money in it	for 'em	fro
		guy
		this s:
		t by e thi won won
		song t lik law law
		that wen the the
		lber ou it and and
		mem or yc law law
		u re g it f t the t the t the
		y, yc sinξ nugh nugh
661		He I'll I fc I fc

You're just dirt

Waltzing Matilda whipped out her walles The sexy boy smiled in dismay She took out four twenties 'cause she liked ound figures Everybody's queen for a day Oh babe, I'm on fire and you know I admits your body \overrightarrow{B} Currones end gorgeous, oh what a muscle Luscious and gorgeous, oh what a muscle Call out the National Guard She creamed in her Jeans as he picked up her From off of the formica topped bar And cascading slowly, he lifted her wholly Proved to be more than a diversion Proved to be more than a diversion sha-la-la-la later on Proved to be more than a diversion shall alter on And then sha-la-la-la he made love to her gently it was And then sha-la-la-la shalla-la-la a firm And then sha-la-la-la he made love to her gently it was And then sha-la-la-la shalla-la-la a firm And then sha-la-la-la he made love to her gently it was And then sha-la-la-la shalla a diversion And then sha-la-la-la shalla a diversion And then shalla-la-la shalla a diversion And then the shalla a diversion And th Neither one regretted a thing

You know, I'm glad that we met, man

It really was nice talking and I really wish that there was a little more time to speak

But you know, it could be a hassle trying to explain myself to a Police officer about how it was your old lady got herself stiffed And it's not like we could help her, there was nothing no one Could do, and if there was man

You know I would have been the first

But when someone turns that blue, it is a universal truth

Then you just know that bitch will never fuck again

By the way, that's really some bad shit

That you came to our place with

But you ought to be more careful

Around the little girls

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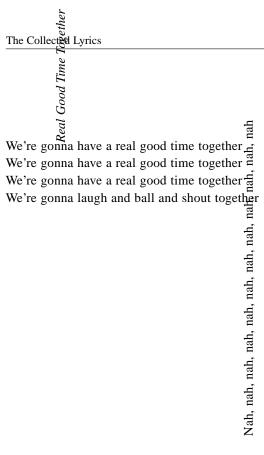
Lou Reed

It's either the best or it's the worst And since I don't have to choose, I guess I won't And I know this ain't no way to treat a guest But why don't you grab your old lady by the feet And just lay her out on the darkened street and by morning She's just another hit-and-run

You know some people got no ehoice And they can never find a voice To talk with— That they can even call their own So the first thing that they see That allows them the right to be Why they follow it, You know it's called— Paragram

<i>Street Hassle: Slip Awa</i> , <i>Part III</i> <i>Street Hassle: Slip Awa</i> , <i>Part III</i> <i>Street Hassle: Slip Awa</i> , <i>Part III</i> there is used in the theart, it's a lie ft's a lie she tells her friends there is used in the heart, it's all song lots of poople moan, if's and wishing won't make it's a lip awah Course on papa My for a wish, and wishing won't make it's on lot of and the side of the safe and the side of the safe and the side of the safe and song lots of poople moan, if's and wishing won't make it's so upon a safe and the safe and	The Collected Lyrics	o herself, ongs, a
	Street Hassle: Slip Away, Part III	the second state of the se

Lou Reed nut ssed I Wanna Be Black	
I wanna be black	
Have natural rhythm	
Shoot twenty feet of jism, too	
And fuck up the Jews	ore
I wanna be black	Ш
I wanna be a Panther	t nc
Have a girlfriend named Samantha	u den
And have a stable of foxy whores	stue
Ooh I wanna be black	co Q
I don't wanna be a fucked-up, mid	dle-class, college student anymore
I just want to have a stable of foxy	v lättle whores \breve{z} \breve{g}
Yeah, yeah I wanna be black	olm s tc lass wh
Lou Reed I Wanna Be Black I Wanna be black Have natural rhythm Shoot twenty feet of jism, too And fuck up the Jews I wanna be black I wanna be a Panther Have a girlfriend named Samantha And have a stable of foxy whores Ooh I wanna be a fucked-up, mid I just want to have a stable of foxy Yeah, yeah I wanna be black i un be black I don't wanna be a fucked-up, mid I just want to have a stable of foxy Yeah, yeah I wanna be black	I wanna be black, I wanna be like Malcc And cast a hex over President Kennedy's And have a big prick, too I don't wanna be a fucked-up, middle-cl I just wanna have a stable of foxy little v Yeah, yeah I wanna be black



Pass Thru Fire

Shooting Star

All of the people had Looking out after you It's just a story about y And you know that it's Uh-huh, oh yeah, you'	vin, lose and glory true re just a shooting s	stsi v		s-illusion					
Uh-huh, oh yeah, you Uh-huh, oh yeah, you			And later persuasion would permit rearranging Of another har	And to cause more confusion and to make a dis-illusion	Would have gone too far	protracted admission		just a shooting star	just a shooting star
206						And it's by admission a protracted admission	A cadillac metallic car	Uh huh, oh yeah, you're just a shooting star	Un huh, oh yeah, you're just a shooting star

The Collected Lyrics

Leave Me Alone

Everybody gonna try to tell you what to do, and Never, never, never, never let it be said that it's true

Leave me, leave me, leave me leave me alone

Certain kinds of people they just always let you down You're trying to go up and they just want a frown

Don't you know some people they just don't know when to stop They can't tell the floor from the ceiling or the top And then there's others types, they always make you wait And they're the ones who always are the first to say, "Mistake"

> Lonely lonely lonely lonely lonely boy Leave me, leave me, leave me, leave me, leave me

Lou Reed	wait	ł wait	wait	Pass Thru Fire	
tipe (Disgrace It was such a waste	- r r r	And he is lost who hesitates t But still I really wish that you would Although this passion might abate And find you in another state			
		really would		-	
Certainly not at this late date					
You want to give not only take					
I know propriety is such a weight					
But then it makes no sense to wait					
	Considering the present state				
	Don't change my mind at this late date				
	Oh bal	by, don't you	u think we	ought to wait	

The Collected Lyrics

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Stupid Man

Stupid man, hitchhiking out of a good life in Saskatchewan And he thinks he's got big, big plans Gonna build a house upon some land Oh Casey, don't it make you crazy Oh when you're livin' all alone by that damn water Oh Casey, don't it make you crazy When you're livin' all alone by those still waters Please say hello, please say hello, to my little baby daughter Oh Casey tell her that her father's gonna be coming home so soon, so soon, to see her Well I'm shooting down the turnpike With the driver doin' 95 or maybe more Don't you think he's loaded, drunk Or that he thinks that life's a bore Oh Casey, oh Casey, don't you know how it makes me so damn crazy Livin' all alone by those waters But please say hello, but please say hello to my little baby daughter Please please won't you just give her a great big kiss then tell her That her stupid daddy will be coming home soon Oh Casey, oh Casey, don't you know I made me so damn crazy When I was livin' there all alone by those still waters But please tell my baby baby baby daughter That I'm tied up now but I'll be home soon And I'll be the daddy that I oughta Please say hello, from a stupid man

Disco Mystic

Disco, disco mystic

I Wanna Boogie With You

Hey pretty baby, don't you think you might give me a chance Get it on with me, go downtown for some love and romance And I know I ain't nothing, I ain't worth but a thin dime But if you put your heart in my hands I'm sure that I could change your mind

I wanna boogie with you, yeah, I wanna boogie with you

And there is something, baby that your parents both agreed (They did agree) And that is that they both had it, a big distrust in me (Distrusted me) And your best friend Frankie, I know your best friend Frankie Wants to see me sink (wants to see me sink) and I don't much blame him for that He gets so useless after so few drinks You know babe, I wanna boogie with you And I know your little baby sister she thinks that I'm a flop (thinks that I'm a flop) But I guess that you know that it's true I spent more time on the bottom than the top (bottom than the top) Tell your little sister I know she wants to give me a whirl (give me a whirl) But I don't have the time, babe wait till she's grown up and she's a woman, not a girl Don't you know I want to boogie with you Down on the corner

With You

With you, life moves so fast With you, everything's a mess Slow down Don't you think you could be less capricious I'm not you, I don't have no death wish Slow down, slow down With you, there is no denying It's you, not my lack of trying With you everybody's lying It's you, it's not me who's crying

With you, stay and hold tightly from the streets With you, every friend's a possible beat Slow down, slow down With you, it's a foregone conclusion With you, envy, it's all a delusion With you, I can have no illusion It's you, who has the contusions Crying

With you, everyone's a sucker With you, it's fuckee or fucker Slow down, slow down

With you, life is just a scramble With you, every day is a gamble With you, I can forget life barely With you, playing the Virgin Mary And you're crying

Looking for Love

Hey now, there's a lovely girl and she's stealin' all your sheets Hey now, there's a lovely girl that's the kind of girl to meet Hey now, there's a lonely boy and he's looking looking for love Now, there's a lovely girl and she's looking for a stud Hey now, won't you give it now Won't you give it give it give it to me Hey now there's a lucky girl give it give it give it to me

Hey now, there's an international boy walking around the world Hey now, there's a jet-set star looking still for some little pick-up girl I said hey now, you used to scratch my back And you look across the board Hey now, when you ripped open my shirt You see that's written hey "The Wanderer" on my chest Hey now, there's a lovely girl Easy kiss kisses goodbye Hey now, there's a lovely child look look looking for love

City Lights

Don't these city lights light these streets to life Don't these crazy nights bring us together Any rainy day, you can dance those blues away Don't these city lights bring us together

Charlie Chaplin's cane, well it flicked away the rain Things weren't quite the same, after he came here But then when he left, upon our own request Things weren't quite the same, after he came here

We're supposed to be A land of liberty And those city lights to blaze forever But that little tramp, leaning on that street corner lamp When he left us, his humor left us forever

Don't these city lights bring these streets to life Don't these crazy nights bring us together Any rainy day, you can dance those blues away Don't these city lights bring us together

All Through The Night

Don't you feel so lonely when it's in the afternoon And you gotta face it all through the night Don't it make you believe that something's gonna have to

happen soon, oh baby All through the night

Have you ever played with an all-night band And gone through it, baby all through the night When the daytime descends in a nighttime of hell everybody's gone to look for a bell to ring All through the night And they do it all through the night

When the words were down and the poetry comes and the novel's written and the book is done you said oh lord, lover baby give it to me all through the night and she says it

My best friend Sally, she got sick And I'm feeling mighty ill myself It happens all the time and all through the night I went to St. Vincent's and I'm watching the ceiling fall down on the body as she's lying there on the ground Says oh baby, gotta celebrate all through the night Made me feel so sad I cried all through the night I said oh Jesus, all through the night If the sinners sin and the good man's gone and a woman can't come And help him home and what you gonna do about it When they go on all through the night And he says give it to me all through the night

It ain't so much when a man's gotta cry, give a little loving And some piece of mind I said hey babe, give it to me all through the night

And some people wait for things that never come And some people dream of things that never been done They do it all through the night The city's funny and the country's quiet but I'd wanna know why they don't have a riot Why don't they do it, baby All through the night

Oh mama, oh mama tell me about it all through the night I want to have it all through the night If Christmas comes only once a year Why can't anybody shed just one tear For things that don't happen all through the night

Families

Mama, you tell me how's the family And mama, tell me how's things going by you And little baby sister, I heard that you got married And I heard that you had yourself a little baby girl, too And here's some uncles and some cousins I know vaguely And would you believe my old dog Chelsy's there, too And would you believe nobody in this family wanted to keep her And now that dog's more a part of this family than I am too I don't come home much anymore <u>No</u> I don't come home much anymore

And mama, I know how disappointed you are And papa, I know that you feel the same way too And no, I still haven't got married And no, there's no grandson Planned here for you And by the way daddy, tell me how's the business I understand that your stock she's growing very high No daddy, you're not a poor man anymore And I hope you realize that Before you die

Please, come on let's not start this business again I know how much you resent the life that I have But one more time I don't want the family business Don't want to inherit it upon the day that you die Really dad, you should have given it to my sister You know, Elizabeth, you know Elizabeth She has a better head for those things than I She lives practically around the corner That's really the kind of child you could be proud of

But papa, I know that this visit's a mistake There's nothing here we have in common except our name And families that live out in the suburbs Often make each other cry

And I don't think that I'll come home much anymore No, no I don't think I'll come home much again

Mama, Papa

The Bells

And the actresses relate To the actor who comes home late After the plays have gone down And the crowds have scattered around Through the city lights and the streets No ticket could be beat For the beautiful show of shows Ah, Broadway only knows The Great White Milky Way When he fell down on his knees After soaring through the air With nothing to hold him there It was really not so cute To play without a parachute As he stood upon the ledge Looking out he thought he saw a brook-

And he hollered, "Look! There are the bells!" And he sang out, "Here come the bells!" "Here come the bells!" "Here come the bells!"

Here comes the bells

The Collected Lyrics

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Lou Reed Pass Thru Fire

How Do You Speak to An Angel

A son who is cursed with a harridan mother Or a weak simpering father at best Is raised to play out the timeless classical motives Of filial love and incest

> How does he Speak to a How does he speak to the prettiest girl How does he Talk to her What does he say for an opening line What does he say if he's shy

What do you do with your pragmatic passions With your classically neurotic style How do you deal with your vague self-comprehension What do you do when you lie

> How do you Speak to a How do you speak to the prettiest girl How do you speak to her How do you dance on the head of a pin When you're on the outside looking in

My Old Man

When I was a young boy in Brooklyn going to public school During recess in the concrete playground they lined us up by twos In alphabetical order, Reagan, Reed, and Russo I still remember the names And stickball and stoopball Were the only games that we played And I wanted to be like my old man I wanted to grow up to be like my old man I wanted to dress like, I wanted to be just like I wanted to act like my old man

And then like everyone else I started to grow And I didn't want to be like my father anymore I was sick of his bullying And having to hide under a desk on the floor And when he beat my mother, it made me so mad I could choke And I didn't want to be like my old man I didn't even want to look like my old man I didn't even want to seem like my old man

A son watches his father, being cruel to his mother And makes a vow to return only when He is so much richer, in every way so much bigger That the old man will never hit anyone again.

And can you believe what he said to me He said, Lou, act like a man

Keep Away

You keep your jealousy and your snide remarks to yourself You know that I'm not seeing anybody else You just keep your ear down to the ground Yell your head off if you hear a sound And here's a whistle, and a badge and a phone You can arrest me if I'm not at home And if I don't keep my word I swear I'll keep away

Here's some books and a puzzle by Escher Here's Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure" Here's a balloon, a rubber band and a bag Why don't you blow them up, if you think you've been had Here's a castle, a paper dragon and a moat An earring, a toothbrush and a cloak And if I don't keep my word I swear I'll keep away

> I swear I'll keep away From all we've ever done I'll keep away the good times and I'll keep away the fun I swear I'll join the army or maybe the marines I'll start to wear designer suits and put away my jeans I swear that I'll keep away from all my old time friends I'll throw away my records I'll try to make amends I swear I'll give up gambling and playing with the rent I'll give up food and drinking I'll give up a life ill spent

Here's a yardstick you can measure me by Here's a coupon, maybe there's something you want to buy Here's a Band-Aid in case you cut your feet Here's a rubber mallet you can use on your front teeth Here's a gun no one uses anymore And a bracelet made of some inexpensive ore And if I don't keep my word you won't see me anymore

I swear I'll keep away from dignity and pride I'll keep away from abstracts I'll keep it all inside Well, I'll just wrap me up in butter and melt me on a shelf I'll fry in my own juices I'll become somebody else

Well, I'll just swear to keep away from everything that's good I'll lie down in the gutter where I really should I swear I'll light a candle to every modern foe I swear I'll close the book on this and not see you anymore

'cause I just gotta get away

Lou Reed Pass Thru Fire

Growing Up In Public

Some people are into the power of power The absolute corrupting power, that makes great men insane While some people find their refreshment in action The manipulation, encroachment and destruction of their inferiors

Growing Up in Public	Growing Up in Public
Growing Up in Public	Growing Up in Public
With your pants down	

Some people are into their sadistic pleasures They whet your desires and they drool in your ears They're quasieffeminate characters in love with oral gratification They edify your integrity, so they can play on your fears

And they're gonna do it in public 'Cause you're Growing Up in PublicThey're gonna do it to you in public 'Cause you're Growing Up in PublicWith your pants down

Some people think being a man is unmanly And then some people think that whole concept's a joke But some people think being a man is the whole point And then some people wish that they'd never awoke Up from a dream of nightmarish proportions Down to a size neither regal nor calm A Prince Hamlet caught in the middle between reason and instinct Caught in the middle with your pants down again

Caught in the middle I'm really caught in the middle

> I'm caught in the middle Caught in the middle baby deciding about you

Standing On Ceremony

Remember your manners Will you please take your hat off Your mother is dying Listen to her cough

We were always standing on ceremony We were always standing on ceremony

> Can't you show some respect please Although you didn't in real life Your mother is dying And I god damn well hope you're satisfied

We were always standing on ceremony We were always standing on ceremony

So please play another song on that juke box Please play another pretty sad song for me And if that phone rings Tell them that you haven't seen me If 'n that phone rings Tell them you haven't seen me for weeks And this one here's on me Standing on ceremony

Lou Reed Pass Thru Fire

So Alone

She calls on the phone She says she doesn't want to be alone She says it's making her neurotic But please don't mistake it for being erotic So alone So all alone

She says let's go for a walk We'll have a drink and maybe we will talk And he thinks she has possibilities If she could just put away her rosary So all alone Nobody wants to be alone

But I just didn't know I swear to you, I just didn't know I would never make you sad If I had known I never would have said those things to you You'd have to be crazy to say those things to you

Let's face it, I made a mistake Well you know, fools rush in where angels take a break I can't be smart all of the time And anyway I didn't know you were marking time over him To tell you the truth I forgot all about him

And you know I don't think it's nice Asking one man about another man's vice I don't care if you pick my head As long as we end up in bed—alone Just the two of us alone

I just didn't know I swear to God, I just didn't know Can't you understand that it's frightening When you hear women talking about castrating and hating men Who wants to know about how you hate men

Well you said now you wanted to dance So now we're going to dance You said that you weren't complete But we're going to put you on your feet You said that you were very vexed And you told me to forget about sex You said you liked me for my mind Well, I really love your behind

Oh get up and boogie, oh baby get up and dance Oh get get get get up and boogie baby, oh get up and dance Shake your booty mama, oh get up and dance Lou Reed Pass Thru Fire

Your point's very clear You're not one to cry into your beer Why don't we go to my place Believe me, I'm very chaste And I'm so alone So all alone

Sure, all men are beasts Hey look, I'll sit here quietly and I'll stare at my feet I don't blame you for taking umbrage With animals staring at your cleavage So alone We're so all alone

Hey, do you mind if I turn out the light Don't take offense, but why don't you spend the night I know your passions run very deep But at this point we both need sleep So alone And who wants to be alone

Love Is Here To Stay

They both love Chinese food, he hates to dress He loves to play pinball, she wants to play next She likes her novels long, he's into comic books They're gilt-edged polymorphous urban but somehow it works

She likes Truman Capote, he likes Gore Vidal He likes Edgar Allan Poe, and she's into Mean Joe Greene She thinks eating meat's disgusting, he likes hot dogs She's into Gestalt therapy, while Est and the rest just make him ill, but

> Love is here, here to stay Love is here, here to stay It gets proven every day Love is here, here to stay

Lou Reed Pass Thru Fire

The Power Of Positive Drinking

Some like wine and some like hops But what I really love is my scotch It's the power, the power of positive drinking Some people ruin their drinks with ice And then, they, they ask you for advice They tell you, I've never told this to anyone before. They say, Candy is dandy but liquor makes quipsters And I don't like mixers, or sippers or sob sisters You know, you have to be real careful Where you sit down in a bar these days And then some people drink to unleash their libidos And other people drink to prop up their egos It's my burden, man People say I have the kind of face you can trust

Some people say alcohol makes you less lucid And I think that's true if you're kind of stupid I'm not that kind that gets himself burned twice And some say liquor kills the cells in your head And for that matter so does getting out of bed When I exit, I'll go out gracefully, shot in my hand

Smiles

Smiles—I was taught never to smile I was told the stylish smiles of buffoonery and chicanery and larceny abound My mom said unless someone sticks you right in front of a camera A smile is the last thing that you wanna do Those smiles—those mirthless toothy smiles

> Smiles—they all smile on TV The quizmaster with his withered crones The talk show hosting movie stars The politician licking feet The mugger, the rapist, The arsonist lover All smile out from the news At one time or another Those smiles—those garish, sickly smiles

When I was young my mother said to me— "Never, ever, let anyone see that you're happy" Smiles, never, ever let them see you smile— They'll always put you down—with those smiles— Never, ever let them see you smile— They'll always put you down—with your smiles— Never, ever, let them see you smile— They'll always put you down—with your smiles— Never, ever let them see you smile— Don't you know they'll make you go: Doo Lou Reed Pass Thru Fire

Think It Over

Waking, he stared raptly at her face On his lips, her smell, her taste Black hair framing her perfect face With her wonderful mind and her incredible grace And so, he woke he woke her with a start To offer her his heart Once and for all, forever to keep And the words that she first heard him speak Were really very sweet He was asking her to marry him, and to think it over Baby think it over

> She said somewhere there's a faraway place Where all is ordered and all is grace No one there is ever disgraced And everybody there is wise and everyone has taste And then she sighed, well la-dee-dah-dee-dah You and I have come quite far And we really must watch what we say Because when you ask for someone's heart You must know that you're smart Smart enough to care for it So I'm gonna think it over Baby, I'm going to think it over

Teach The Gifted Children

Teach the gifted children, teach them to have mercy Teach them about sunsets, teach them about moonrise Teach them about anger, the sin that comes with dawning Teach them about flowers and the beauty of forgetfulness Then take me to the river and put me in the water Bless them and forgive them, Father cause they just don't know

All the gifted children, teach the gifted children The ways of men and animals Teach them about cities, the history of the mysteries Their vices and their virtues About branches that blow in the wind Or the wages of their sins Teach them of forgiveness, teach them about mercy Teach them about music And the cool and cleansing water Teach the gifted children All the gifted children This page intentionally left blank



My House

The image of the poet's in the breeze Canadian geese are flying above the trees A mist is hanging gently on the lake My house is very beautiful at night My friend and teacher occupies a spare room He's dead-at peace at last the wandering Jew Other friends had put stones on his grave He was the first great man that I had ever met Sylvia and I got out our Ouija Board To dial a spirit—across the room it soared We were happy and amazed at what we saw Blazing stood the proud and regal name Delmore Delmore, I missed all your funny ways I missed your jokes and the brilliant things you said My Daedalus to your Bloom, was such a perfect wit And to find you in my house makes things perfect I've really got a lucky life My writing, my motorcycle, and my wife And to top it all off a spirit of pure poetry Is living in this stone and wood house with me The image of the poet's in the breeze Canadian geese are flying above the trees A mist is hanging gently on the lake Our house is very beautiful at night

Women

I love women I think they're great They're a solace to a world in a terrible state They're a blessing to the eyes A balm to the soul What a nightmare to have no women in the world

I used to look at women in the magazines I know that it was sexist but I was in my teens I was very bitter, all my sex was on the sly I couldn't keep my hands off women And I won't till I die

A woman's love can lift you up and women can inspire I feel like buying flowers and hiring a celestial choir A choir of castratis to serenade my love

I love women We all love women We love women

Umdærmæatth thæ Bottilæ

Oooh wheee, look at me Looking for some sympathy It's the same old story—of man and his search for And he found it, there underneath the bottle Things are never good Things go from bad to weird Hey gimmie another scotch with my beer I'm sad to say I feel the same today—as I always do *Gimmie a drink to relax me* Oooh wheee, liquor set me free I can't do no work, with these shakes inside me Awww fuck, I got the lousiest luck I'm sick of this, underneath the bottle Seven days make a week, on two of them I sleep I can't remember what the hell I was doin' I got bruises on my leg from I can't remember when I fell down some stairs I was lyin' underneath the bottle Ooooh wheee

Son of a B

You get so down you can't get any lower So long world you play too rough And it's getting me all mixed up I lost my pride and it's hidin' There—

There Underneath the Botte

The Gun

The man has a gun He knows how to use it Nine millimeter Browning, let's see 'a'll point it at your mouth '' blow your brains out '' blow your brains out Carrying a gun Carrying a gun Don't you mess with me Carrying a gun Get over there Move slowly I'll put a hole in your face If you even breathe a word Tell the lady to lie down The animal dies with feat with a gur Don't f I want you to be sure to see this I wouldn't want you to miss a second Watch your wife Carrying a gun Shooting with a gun Dirty animal Carrying a gun Carrying a gun Watch your face Don't touch him Carrying a gun

Stay away from him

He's got a gun

Carrying a gun

Carrying a gun

γsvW Blue The

They tied his arms behind his back to teach him how to swim They put blood in his coffee and milk in his gin They stood over the soldier in the midst of the squalor There was war in his body and it caused his brain to holler

Make the S acrifice Mutilate my face If you need someone to kill I'm a man without a will Was h h e azor i n t h e t r Let me luxuriate in pain Please don't set me free Death means 1 o t tο а m e The pain was lean and it made him scream He knew he was alive They put a pin through the nipples on his chest He thought he was a saint I've made love to my mother, killed my father and my brother a m t o What I d o When a sin goes too far, it's like a runaway car It cannot be controlled Spit upon his face and scream There's no Oedipus today This is no play you're thinking you are in What will you s a y

	Take the blue mask down from my face and look me in the eye
	I get a thrill from punishment
	I've always been that way
	I loathe and despise repentance
	You are permanently stained
	Your weakness buys indifference
	And indescretion in the streets
	Dirty's what you are and clean is what you're not
	You deserve to be soundly beat
ra i n	
	Make the sacrifice
	Take it all the way
	There's no "won't" high enough
	To stop this desperate day
	Don't take death away
	Cut the finger at the joint
	Cut the stallion at his mount
	And stuff it in his mouth

Average Guy,

I ain't no Christian or no born-again saint I ain't no cowboy or a Marxist D.A. I ain't no criminal or Reverend Cripple from the right I am just your average guy, trying to do what's right I'm just your average guy

An average guy—I'm just your average guy I'm average looking and I'm average inside I'm an average lover and I live in an average place You wouldn't know me if you met me face to face I'm just your average guy I'm just an average guy

I worry about money and taxes and such I worry that my liver's big and it hurts to the touch I worry about my health and bowels And the crime waves in the street I'm really just your average guy Trying to stand on his own two feet I'm just your average guy

Average looks Average tastes Average height An average waist Average in everything I do My temperature is 98.2 I'm just your average guy



The Heroine

The heroine stood up on the deck The ship was out of control The bow was being ripped to shreds Men were fighting down below The sea had pummeled them for so long That they knew nothing but fear And the baby's in his box, he thinks the door is locked The sea is in a state, the baby learns to wait For the heroine Locked in his defense He waits for the heroine

The mast is cracking as the waves are slapping Sailors rolled across the deck And when they thought no one was looking They would cut a weaker man's neck While the heroine dressed In a virgin white dress Tried to steer the mighty ship But the raging storm wouldn't hear of it They were in for a long trip

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Baby's in a box, thinks the door is locked He finds it hard to breathe, drawing in the sea And where's the heroine To fire off the gun To calm the raging seas And let herself be seized by The baby in the box He thinks the door is locked The woman has the keys But there's no moment she can seize

Here's to the heroine Who transcends all the men Who are locked inside the box Will the lady let him out—

The Heroine Strapped to the mast The pale ascendant H e r o i n e Waves of Fear

Waves of fear attack in the night Waves of revulsion—sickening sights My heart's nearly bursting My chest's choking tight Waves of fear, waves of fear

Waves of fear Squat on the floor Looking for some pill, the liquor is gone Blood drips from my nose, I can barely breathe

Waves of fear I'm too scared to leave

I'm too afraid to use the phone I'm too afraid to put the light on I'm so afraid I've lost control I'm suffocating without a word Crazy with sweat, spittle on my jaw What's that funny noise, What's that on the floor Waves of fear Pulsing with death I curse at my tremors I jump at my own step I cringe at my terror I hate my own smell I know where I must be I must be in hell

Waves of fear Waves of fear

The Day John Kennedy Died

I dreamed I was the president of these United States I dreamed I replaced ignorance, stupidity and hate I dreamed the perfect union and the perfect law, undenied And most of all I dreamed I forgot the day John Kennedy died

I dreamed that I could do the job that others hadn't done I dreamed that I was uncorrupt and fair to everyone I dreamed I wasn't gross or base, a criminal on the take And most of all I dreamed I forgot the day John Kennedy died

I remember where I was that day I was upstate in a bar The team from the university was playing football on TV Then the screen went dead and the announcer said "There's been a tragedy, there are unconfirmed reports the President's been shot, and he may be dead or dying." Talking stopped, someone shouted, "What?!" I ran out to the street People were gathered everywhere saying did you hear what they said on TV And then a guy in a Porsche with his radio on Hit his horn and told us the news He said, "The president's dead, he was shot twice in the head In Dallas, and they don't know by whom."

I dreamed I was the president of these United States I dreamed that I was young and smart and it was not a waste I dreamed that there was a point to life and to the human race I dreamed that I could somehow comprehend that someone Shot him in the face

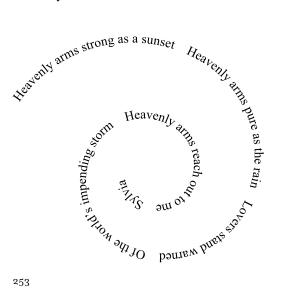
Oh, the day John Kennedy died

Heavenly Arms

Heavenly arms reach out to hold me Heavenly arms entice you to dance In a world of ill will, the dancers are still Heavenly arms reach out to me

Heavenly arms soft as a love song Heavenly arms bring a kiss to your ear In a world that seems mad All the dancers seem sad Heavenly arms reach out to me

Heavenly arms come to my rescue Only a woman can love a man In a world full of hate love should never wait Heavenly arms reach out to me



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Legendary Hearts





egendary hearts, tearing us apart With stories of their love in great transcendent loves The While we stand here and fight And lose another night of legendary love 1111111111111111111111 Legendary loves, haunt me in my sleep Promises to keep, I never should have made I can't live up to this I'm good for just a kiss-not legendary love Romeo oh Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo He's in a car or at a bar Or churning his blood with an impure drug He's in the past and seemingly lost forever He worked hard at being good But his basic soul was stained not pure And when he took his bow no audience was clapping 791 20209999999999 Legendary hearts, tear us all apart Make our emotions bleed, crying out in need No legendary love is coming from above It's in this room right now And you've got to fight to make what's right. You've got to fight to keep your legendary love MARING CONTRACTOR CONTRACTOR CONTRACTOR

Don't Talk to Me About Work

A perfect day to get out of bed Shower, dress, shave, kiss you on the head Then I hit the office and my head starts to swim A perfect day to just walk around See a violent movie check the sounds But even on the street when I hear a phone ring My heart starts to beat When I get home I don't want you to speak

Don't talk to me about work Please, don't talk to me about work I'm up to my eyeballs in dirt— With work, with work

How many dollars How many sales How many liars How many tales How many insults must you take in this one life

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. I'm in prison most of the day So please excuse me if I get this way But I have got obligations to keep So be very careful when you speak Don't talk to me about work Please don't talk to me about work I'm up to my eyeballs in dirt-With work, with work Please, don't talk to me about work Don't you talk to me about work I'm up to my eyeballs in dirt With work, with work

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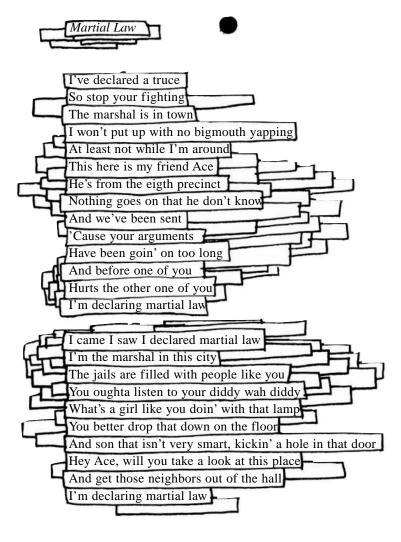
MAKE Mp my MIND Stake Up ATV Admi

((AN'T No SEEN TO MAKE UP My MIND tours secure to make up wind i CAN'T TELL ALE CULORS tours tell the objects that will the this toom that will Fit this Room Tours will fit this toom that will fit this Room that will Fit this Room Tours will fit this toom that will fit this Room too States up wy title A THING ABOUT TOU States up wy title A THING ADOUT TOU And you longthing at the or colling o poke? ARE TOU CAUGHING AT HE OR The eigenetic on the object begins to smoke the states to stroke Make UP four tim D

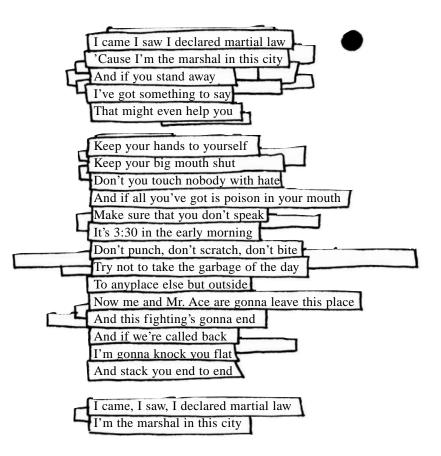
Right or left, up or down, in or out, straight or round Love or lust, rain or shine I can't seem to make up my poor mind

I can't seem to make up my mind I can't tell the difference between wrong and right Are you laughing at me in your sleep tonight? Leaving me behind— WHY DON'T YOV MAKE UP WHY DON'T YOV MAKE UP WHY DON'T YOU MAKE UP MADE AND A DON'T YOUR MIND ABOUT CENTING THE BETTIND Lou Reed

Pass Thru Fire



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THE the afi That SHOT

THE LAST SHOT SHOULD HAVE KILLED ME ANOTHER DRINK The last shot should have killed me, SHOT Pour another drink POUR Let's drink to the last shot Let's DRINK TO THE LAST AND THE BLOOD ON THE DISNES BLOOD INCIDE THE COFFEE CUP IN THE SINK And the blood on the dishes in the sink Blood inside the coffee cup, blood on the table top Blood on THE TABLE TOP But when you quit, you quit BUT WHEN YOU QUIT YOU QUIT BUT YOU ALWAYS WISH That you knew it was your last shot THAT YOU KNEW & WAS YOUR I shot blood at the fly on the wall I shor Burns AT Ale FIT My heart almost stopped, hardly there at all MY HEART ALMOST FLORED AT I broke the mirror with my fall, with my fall-fall fall the FALL bits for fall fall WITH MY FALL FALL Gimmie a double, give yourself one, too fimmie & pourse, GIVE YOURSTLE ONE, TOO, Gimmie a short beer, and one for you, too Gimmie A shar BEER And a toast to everything that doesn't move, that doesn't move App But when you quit, you quit BUT WAEN QUIT YOU QUIT. But you always wish that you knew it was your last shot YOUR LAS But when you quit, you quit BUT WHEN YOU QUIT, YOU QUIT AS YOUR LAST SHOT But you always wish that you knew it was your last shot for the Whisky, bourbon, vodka, scotch wHisky, Burson, vogka, Scorch I don't care what it is you've got I DON'T CARE WHAT IT IS YOU'VE GOT UANT TO KNOW 1 Just I just want to know that it's my last shot, my last shot IS MY TIT MAT IT SHOF I remember when I quit pretty good MIT Lon T. SHOT



Doesn's VC THIS HERE'S CHIPPED WHERE I MY TOO T SEE EVERTHING THAT DIESUT See this here's where I chipped my tooth LOUGHED UP I shot a vein in my neck and I coughed up a Quaalude on Quaalupe HERE'S A POAST TO AU MAT'S My last shot, MY LAST SHOT, Here's a toast to all that's good and here's a toast to hate TPAST TO HATE And here's a toast to toasting and I'm not boasting AND HERE'S A TOAST AND TOAST INCLE When I say I'm getting straight, when I say I'm getting straight WHEN I SAY I'M GUITING STRAIGHT , WHEN I SAY I'M getting STRAUGHT But when you quit, you quit BUT LHEN TOU QUIT, YOU QUIT But you always wish, that you knew it was for the ALWAYS WISH, Your last shot YOVR LAST SHOT When you quit, you quit WHEN You QUIT, YOU RUIT But you always wish BUT YOU ALWAYS WISH That you knew it was your last shot IT WAS SHOF THAT YOU KNEW

LOU REED

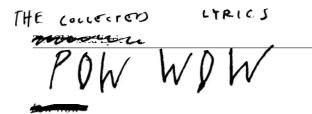
TURN out the LIGHT

Lover, lover why is there light In the itchy-gitchy evening and it's dark outside And what is the difference between wrong and right Wrong and right Isn't it funny how pain goes away And then comes back another day The air feels very good today Good today

Lover, lover why is there light Did you forget to turn off that light Well that's all right but it was way too bright Way too bright See the eagle above the hill The lake reflects and is so still The tension has gone from my will From my will

Moon on the mountain shining bright First there's dark and then there's light And sometimes the light is way too bright It's way too bright

Why don't you turn off the light? Turn off the light



Christopher Columbus discovered America Found he had a cornucopia Gave love to the Indians and they gave it back A pow wow in the teepee is where it's at

I want to dance with you The Indian fought with his arrow and his bow Till General Custer lost to Sitting Bull Scalped all day and scalped all night Give me that fire water I'm gonna buy me a wife

I want to dance with you When your people first moved to our block Our ancestors met with culture shock Two different monkeys from two different trees Come on let's stop our fightin' And come dance with me

Come on and dance with me Come on and dance with me 'Cause I really want to dance with you I want to dance with you

DOW AND THE AT THE WREERE LAST

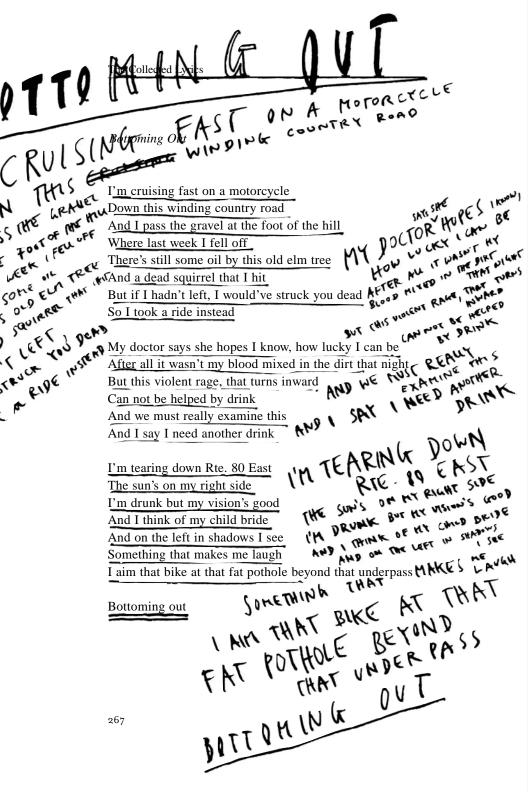
Betraved

Betrayed—by the one who says she loves you By the one who says she needs you Above all other men Betrayed by her fragile, vicious beauty Her father did his duty, and I lay down betrayed

WHERE STUL THERE'S STUL AND A JEAN BUT IF HAPN Justice taught her competence—her mother was like steel Her cousins, they're all convicts She alone rose above that wheel But a motorcyclist no matter how good Is slave to the oncoming truck And the poison of her father was her most pitiless luck

Three of us lie in this bed, night of infamy One of us lies on our back, her father's in her head And quick she turns, and slaps my face And with her eyes open wide she screams I hate you, I hate you, I hate you But she's looking right past me

Betrayed-by the one who says she loves you By the one who says that she needs you above all other men Betrayed by her fragile, vicious beauty Her father did his duty And I lay down betrayed



Home of the Brave

Here's to Johnny with his Jo and Micky's got a wife And here's to Jerry he has got his Joyce And me—1'm shaking In my boots tonight For the daughters and the sons lost in the home of the brave

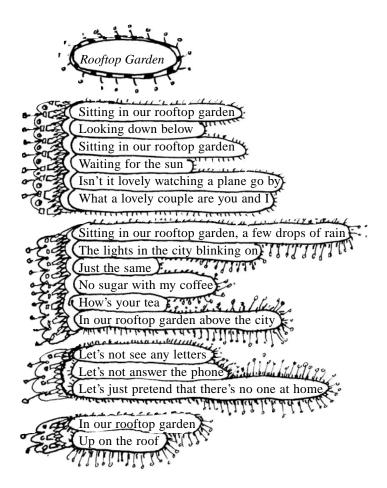
Here's to the home of the brave Here's to the life that's not saved Here's to the home of the brave Here's to the home of the brave

Here's to Frank hit in some bar, in picturesque Brooklyn Heights And here's to a friend who jumped in front of a train At seven o'clock one night And another friend who thinks that he lacks worth Has disappeared from sight Somewhere in the home of the brave

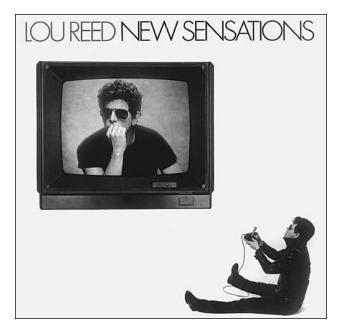
The stars are hiding in their clouds The street lights are too bright A man's kicking a woman who's clutching his leg tight And I think suddenly of you and blink my eyes in fright And rush off to the home of the brave

Here's to the home of the brave Here's to the home of the brave Here's to the life that is saved Here's to the home of the brave

And every day you have to die some Cry some Die some



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I Love You, Suzanne

You broke my heart and you made me cry You said that I couldn't dance But now I'm back to let you know that I can really make romance

You do what you gotta do You do everything you can You do what you wanna do Hey, but I love you Suzanne

You do anything once You try anything twice You do what you gotta do Hey but I love you Suzanne I love you when you're good I love you when you're bad You do what you gotta do But I love you Suzanne

You do what you wanna do You do what you can You do what you wanna do babe But I love you Suzanne Endlessly Jealous

Jealousy endlessly sweeps through my mind Jealousy often causes me to be unkind I'm sorry I said that I'm sorry I did that I'm sorry I hit you I'm sorry I'm sorry

Endlessly jealous of you Being endlessly jealous of me The man that you thought I could be Turning red with jealousy

Endlessly jealousy eats through my skull Endlessly jealousy makes me feel dull Fighting endless jealous fighting I feel my fingers tightening Tightening please don't break her arm Jealously thinking of you Of your endless possession of me Of my jealousy/endlessly/jealously Endlessly jealous of you Sorry Running to a phone to say I'm sorry Running out of dimes The phone on the street Spits at me—have a good day Sorry Please you know how I am sorry I've been this way for oh so long Endlessly/jealously/jealous of you Jealousy endlessly eats through my mind Jealousy endlessly makes me be unkind I'm sorry I said that I'm sorry I did that I'm sorry I hit you I'm sorry I'm sorry Endlessly jealous of you Being endlessly jealous of me Endlessly jealous of you Being endlessly jealous of me Endlessly jealous of you Endlessly jealous of you

My Red Joystick

The first bite of the apple made Eve smart The second bite taught her how to break men's hearts The third bite taught her how to strut her stuff But she never got to the fourth bite that says Enough is enough

Enough is enough baby I've had enough of you You can keep your dresses You can keep your jewels You can keep the color TV Those soaps just make me sick All I'm asking you to leave me Is my Red Joystick

My Red Joystick, my Red Joystick All I'm asking you to leave me is my Red Joystick

Eve kissed Abel That's how he got murdered by Cain Abraham gave up his son To keep his wife away And even the Lord almighty Speaking from the trenches to the pits Spoke for all mankind when he said Take the Porsche Take the kids Take the stocks Baby take the rugs Take those roses From my poor heart wilting But please please please Leave me my Red Joystick

Eve drank apple cider, Eve brewed good apple wine Eve cooked up stewed apples Knew how to have a good time She came into the bedroom Raised her skirts up high She said, "If a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, baby, Give me a piece before I die"

> Hey Eve take a bite of my apple I know you think you're pretty slick The one thing I ask you to leave me Is my Red Joystick

My Red Joystick My Red Joystick My Red Joystick My Red Joystick My Red Joystick baby All I'm asking you to leave me is My Red Joystick My Red Joystick Turn To Me

If you gave up major vices You're between a hard place and a wall And your car breaks down in traffic on the street Remember, I'm the one who loves you You can always give me a call If your father is freebasing And your mother turning tricks That's still no reason you should have a rip Remember, I'm the one who loves you You can always give me a call When your teeth are ground down to the bone And there's nothing between your legs And some friend died of something that you can't pronounce Remember I'm the one who loves you You can always give me a call You can't pay your rent Your boss is an idiot and Your apartment has no heat and Your wife says maybe it's time to have a child Remember I'm the one who loves you You can always give me a call When it's all too much, you turn the TV set on And light a cigarette and Then a public service announcement Comes creeping on and You see a lung corroding Or a fatal heart attack Turn to me

New Sensations

I don't like guilt be it stoned or stupid Drunk and disorderly I ain't no cupid Two years ago today I was arrested on Christmas Eve I don't want pain, I want to walk not be carried I don't want to give it up, I want to stay married I ain't no dog tied to a parked car

I want the principles of a timeless muse I want to eradicate my negative views And get rid of those people who are always on a down It's easy enough to tell what is wrong But that's not what I want to hear all night long Some people are like human Tuinals

I took my GPZ out for a ride The engine felt good between my thighs The air felt cool it was forty degrees outside I rode to Pennsylvania near the Delaware Gap Sometimes I got lost and had to check the map I stopped at a roadside diner for a burger and a Coke There were some country folk and some hunters inside Somebody got themselves married and somebody died I went to the jukebox and played a hillbilly song I went to the jukebox and played and went outside They was arguing about football, as I waved and went inside And I headed for the mountains, feeling warm inside I love that GPZ so much, you know that I could kiss here Doin' The Things That We Want To The other night we went to see Sam's play (Doin' the things that we want to) It was very physical it held you to the stage (Doin' the things that he wants to) The guy's a cowboy from some rodeo (Doin' the things that he wants to) The girl had once loved him but now she wants to go (Doin' the things that she wants to) The man was bullish, the woman was a tease (Doin' the things that they want to) They fought with their words, their bodies and their deeds (Doin' the things that they want to) And when they finished fighting, they exited the stage (Doin' the things that they want to) I was firmly struck by the way they had behaved Doin' the things that they want to Doin' the things that they want to It reminds me of the movies Marty made about New York Those frank and brutal movies that are so brilliant Fool for Love meet The Raging Bull They're very inspirational I love the things they do There's not much you hear on the radio today But you can still see a movie or a play Here's to Travis Bickle and here's to Johnny Boy Growing up in the mean streets of New York ^{I wrote this song} 'cause I'd like to shake your hand In a way you guys are the best friends I ever had

What Becomes A Legend Most What becomes a legend most—some bad Champagne and some foreign bottled beer What becomes a legend most—when the musicians have come and then leave her What becomes a legend most-besides being a legendary star What becomes a legend most-lying in bed cold and regal What becomes a legend most—lying in bed watching a talk show on TV What becomes a legend most-50 days in 50 cities and Everyone says she looks pretty At least as pretty as a legend should Fifty days can wear you down Fifty cities flying by A different man in each different hotel And if you're not careful word can get around What becomes a legend most-not a bed that is half-empty Not a heart that is left empty That's not pretty, not pretty at all What becomes a legend most—when she's lying in her hotel room What becomes a legend most Well baby tonight it's you

Fly Into The Sun

I would not run from the Holocaust I would not run from the bomb I'd welcome the chance to meet my maker And fly into the sun Fly into the sun Fly into the sun I'd break up into a million pieces and fly into the sun I would not run from the blazing light I would not run from its rain I'd see it as an end to misery as an end to worldly pain An end to worldly pain-an end to worldly pain I'd shine by the light of the unknown moment To end this worldly pain The earth is weeping, the sky is shaking The stars split to their core And every proton and unnamed neutron is fusing in my bones And an unnamed mammal is darkly rising As man burns from his tomb And I look at this as a blissful moment to fly into the sun Fly into the sun-fly into the sun I'd burn up into a million pieces and fly into the sun To end this mystery, answer my mystery I'd look at this as a wondrous moment to end this mystery Fly into the sun-fly into the sun I'd break up into a million pieces and fly into the sun My Friend George

Read in the paper about a man killed with a sword And that made me think of my friend George People said the man was five foot six Sounds like Georgie with his killing stick

I knew Georgie since he's eight I always thought that he was great and Anything that George would do You know that I would do it too George liked music and George liked to fight He worked out in a downtown gym every night I'd spar with him when work was done We split lips but it was all in fun

Next thing I hear George's got this stick He's using it for more than kicks I seen him down at Smalley's bar He was wired up, I tried to calm him down Avenge yourself he says to me—avenge yourself for humanity Avenge yourself for the weak and the poor Stick it to these guys right through their heads The fight is my music, the stick is my sword And you know that I love you, so please don't say a word Can't you hear the music playing, the anthem, it's my call And the last I seen of Georgie was him running through the door

Hey bro, what's the word—talkin' 'bout my friend George Hey bro, what's the word—you talkin' 'bout my friend George

High In The City I got the time I got my feet Let's go hit the street I got my mace and you got your knife You gotta protect your own life I wanna get high in the city I wanna stay alive here in the city I wanna stay high in the city High in the city/high in the city Let's not walk down Sutton Place You know everybody there's gotten Akitas Don't want to talk politics today I feel too good Let me have my way Watch out for that guy on your right Seen him on the news last Saturday night He was high in the city High in the city Hey, look they're setting fire to that Jeep There's not much you can keep I want to stay alive in the city

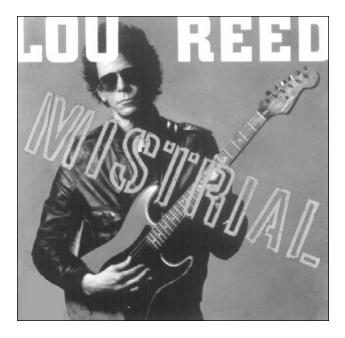
So many people feeling low And there's only one way to go to get High in the city High in the city Let's grab a pie, let's hit the park I'll kiss and hug you till it gets dark Here in the city Getting high in the city Down At The Arcade

Down at the Arcade the defender is there Down off of Broadway he's there playing his games It's very dangerous putting money down on Robotron Oh, I'm the Great Defender And I really know just how to get along A fistful of quarters, a fifty dollar stake Life is a gamble on videotape I called a disc jockey to dedicate a song to Blair It's the Temps singing "I'll Be There"

The president called to give me the news I've been awarded the Nobel Prize in Rhythm and Blues And Stevie Wonder wants to record one of my songs Oh, I'm the Great Defender And I really know just how to get along

Oh, I'm the Great Defender, listen to my song I really hope you like it, it isn't very long It's rooted in the fifties but its heart's in 1984 And if you really like it, Then I'll sing it for you once more

> Down at the Arcade Oh I'm the Great Defender And I really think I've got it made



Mistrial

When I was six I had my first lady When I was eight my first drink When I was 14 I was speeding in the streets What could anybody say to me You can call Mister You can call me Sir But don't you point your finger at me

I want a Mistrial To clear my name I want a Mistrial in front of the people I want a Mistrial To clear my name I want to bring my case to the people of New York City

When I was 30 my attitude was bad If I said differently it'd be a lie But there's some smarts you learn down in the street That a college education can't buy

I want a Mistrial To clear my name I want a Mistrial in front of the people I want a Mistrial To clear my name I want to bring my case in front of the people of New York City And I said M-I-S-T-R-I-A-L—Mistrial In front of all the people

And I says M-I-S-T-R-I-A-L—Mistrial In front of the people of New York City

No Money Down

I know you're disappointed In the way I handled things You're thinking I misread the times And acted cowardly And since what I do affects us both And you feel that I let you down

They say there's someone for everyone And for everyone a someone And some tattoo roses across their chests With a heart that says Rollo And some work without a public relations man And do their best work Babe out of sight

Now I have known a hero or two And they all learn to swim through mud And they all got boots caked with Dirty soles that they get from Squashing bugs So when push comes to shove Get the Harley revved up The moon can eclipse even the sun

You're paying a price When there's no price to pay Lovers trust—no money down It's a lover's trust—no money down

Outside

Outside the world's a mindless child—outside Outside reflects the worst of styles—outside Inside when you're in my arms A mindless child is still to be born Inside, baby, when we come inside

Outside the politics of greed—outside Outside misbehavior seethes—outside Mindless repression dominates the street While I kneel down and kiss your feet Inside, baby, when we come inside—outside

Outside they don't think, they breed—outside Outside emotion determines need—outside Outside the world's a mindless child That we could bring to life In your arms Inside, baby, when we come inside

Outside the politics of hate and greed—outside Outside the world's a mindless child—outside But when I hold you in my arms It's a mindless child that you want Inside, no matter 'bout the world outside Inside, a baby's what you want inside Don't Hurt a Woman

I was angry I said things I shouldn't say But please don't turn your back

Sometimes I get so upset But I take it all back

Please don't go I know I was wrong Sometimes—I don't know What comes over me

But I try to remember Don't hurt a woman

I was angry I said things I shouldn't say I must have lost control Sometimes something clicks in my head And I'm not myself anymore

That wasn't me You can't believe everything you see Let's make believe I never said a word And I'll try to remember Don't hurt a woman

Video Violence

The currents rage deep inside us This is the age of video violence The currents rage so deep inside us This is the age of video violence

Up in the morning, drinking his coffee Turns on the TV to some slasher movie Cartoon-like women, tied up and sweaty Panting and screaming Thank you, have a nice day

His heart is pounding he switches the channel Looking for something other than rape or murder Or beatings or torture But except for Walt Disney It's a twisted alliance This age of video violence

Down at his job his boss sits there screaming If he loses his job, then life loses its meaning His son is in high school There's nothing he's learning He sits by the TV Watching Corvettes exploding 'cause

Down at a bar some woman is topless She's acned and scarred, her hair is a mess While he shoves \$5 down her exotic panties The video jukebox is playing Madonna While just down the block At some local theater They're grabbing their crotches At the 13th beheading As the dead rise to live The live sink to die The currents are deep and raging inside

Our good working stiff looks a whore in the eye Ties her to a bed While he beats her back bloody And then back at home Drinking more instant coffee Calls some red-neck evangelist that He's seen on TV and says

The currents rage, the dawn's upon us This is the age of video violence No age of reason is landing upon us This is the age of video violence

The currents rage so deep within us This is the age of video violence The currents rage so deep down inside us This is the age of video violence

Spit It Out

If there's rage inside you So you cannot think Spit it out If you get so angry That you cannot speak Spit it out

Talk to him or her or it And tell them where they can put it Spit it out Spit it out You got to talk to him or her or it And take aim with your mouth and spit Spit it out Spit it out

If you get worked over at your job Spit it out If a taxi almost runs you down Spit it out You got to take aim with your mouth And speak and give it to them right between the teeth Spit it out Spit it out

Talk to him or her or it And take aim with your mouth and spit Spit it out Spit it out If you're patient and you have the time Spit it out Wait till they're on the decline Spit it out The Chinese say you meet the hard with the soft The Yin with the Yang The down with the up Spit it out Spit it out You got to grab that dumb he, she or it And give it to them right between the teeth Spit it out Spit it out

The Original Wrapper

I was sittin' home on the West End Watchin' cable TV with a female friend We were watchin' the news, the world's in a mess The poor and the hungry, a world in distress Herpes, AIDS, the Middle East at full throttle Better check that sausage before you put it in the waffle And while you're at it—check what's in the batter Make sure the candy's in the Original Wrapper

Reagan says abortion's murder While he's looking at Cardinal O'Connor Look at Jerry Falwell, Louis Farrakhan Both talk religion and the brotherhood of man They both sound like they belong in Teheran Watch out, they're goin' full throttle Better watch that sausage before you put it in the waffle And while you're at it—better check that batter Make sure the candy's in the Original Wrapper Hey, pitcher, better check that batter Make sure the candy's in the Original Wrapper White against white, Black against Jew It seems like it's 1942 The baby sits in front of MTV watching violent fantasies While Dad guzzles beer with his favorite sport Only to find his heroes are all coked up It's classic, original—the same old story The politics of hate in a new surrounding Hate if it's good and hate if it's bad And if this all don't make you mad I'll keep yours and I'll keep mine Nothing sacred and nothing divine Father, bless me—we're going full throttle Better check that sausage before you put it in the waffle And while you're at it better check that batter Make sure the candy's in the Original Wrapper I was born in the United States I grew up hard but I grew up straight I saw a lack of morals and a lack of concern A feeling that there's nowhere to turn Yippies, Hippies and upwardly mobile Yuppies Don't treat me like I'm some damn lackey 'Cause the murderer lives while the victims die. I'd much rather see it an eye for an eye A heart for a heart, a brain for a brain And if this all makes you feel a little insane Kick up your heels—turn the music up loud Pick up your guitar and look out at the crowd And say, "Don't mean to come on sanctimonious But life's got me nervous and a little pugnacious-Lugubrious so I give a salutation And rock on out to beat really fabulous Ohh poop ah doo and how do you do Hip hop gonna bop till I drop." Watch out world, comin' at you full throttle Better check that sausage before you put it in the waffle And while you're at it, better check that batter Make sure the candy's in the Original Wrapper Hey, hey pitcher better check that batter Make sure the candy's in the **Original Wrapper**

Mama's Got a Lover

Mama's got a Lover A painter I am told She's getting out of real estate For the art scene down in old Soho

Mama's got a Lover He owns a gallery She says he likes collages but The money's in GRA-FI-TI

Mama's got a Lover I met him yesterday She says she hopes I like him Maybe I'll send him a card on Father's Day

Mama's got a Lover They're backing a film It's about a working mother Who gives birth to black and white Siamese twins

Mama's got a Lover	Mama's got a Lover
He's got something to say	We met yesterday
He says he's into dirt and rot	She says she hopes I like him
The essence of "urban decay"	I'll send him a card on Father's Day

Mama's got a Lover I met him yesterday She's starting a new chapter I wish she was on the last page

I Remember You

I remember you, I remember me I remember, I remember how things used to be I remember every word that you said I remember, how could I forget Yes, I remember, I remember you

I remember you, I remember your old address and I remember, how could I forget I remember thinking how my luck changed I remember being so amazed I remember, I remember you

I remember you, I remember me I remember the way things used to be I remember how it was that we met I remember, I will never forget 'cause I remember, I remember you

Tell It To Your Heart

I'm staring through a telescope at night At a large light in the sky— Its spinning lights reminded me of you A star spinning in orbit lighting up the sky Or maybe it was not a star at all

I'm standing by the Hudson River's edge at night Looking out across the Jersey shore At a neon light spelling out some cola's name And I thought Your name should be dancing beamed from satellites Larger than any billboard in Times Square

Tell it to your heart Please don't be afraid I'm the one who loves you in each and every way Tell it to your heart Please don't be afraid New York City lovers Tell it to your heart

I'm up on the roof, it's 5 A.M., I guess I couldn't sleep And I see this spinning light that I saw last week Maybe I should wake you up but by then it might be gone You never know what you see when you look up in the sky I ran outside down a darkened street listening To my boot heels click My leather jacket squeaked, I needed a cigarette When I turned the corner my spinning light was in the street They were filming a commercial on TV

Tell it to your heart Please don't be afraid We're no teenage movie That ends in tragedy Tell it to your heart Please don't be afraid New York City lovers Tell it to your heart This page intentionally left blank



Romeo Had Juliette

Caught between the twisted stars the plotted lines the faulty map

That brought Golumbus to New York Betwixt between the East and West He calls on her wearing a leather vest The earth squeals and shudders to a halt A diamond crucifix in his ear is used to help ward off the fear That he has left his soul in someone's repted car Inside his pants he hides a mop to clean the mess that he has dropped Into the life of lithesome Juliette Bell

And Romeo wanted Juliette And Juliette wanted Romeo

Romeo Rodriguez squares his shoulders and curses Jesus Rome a comb through his black pony-tail He's thinking of his lonely room The sink that by his bed gives off a stink Then smells her perfume in his eyes And her voice was like a bell

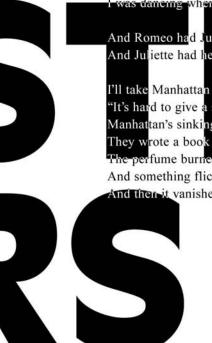
Outside the streets were steaming the crack dealers were dreaming Of an Ozi someone had just scored

I betcha I could hit that light with my one good arm behind my back Says little Joey Diaz

Brother, give me another tote

Those downtown hoods are no damn good

Those Italians need a lesson to be taught



This cop who died in Harlem, you think they'd get the warnin' I was dancing when I saw his brains run out on the street

And Romeo had Juliette And Juliette had her Romeo

I'll take Manhattan in a garbage bag with Latin written on it that says "It's hard to give a shit these days" Manhattan's sinking like a rock, into the filthy Hudson what a shock They wrote a book about it, they said it was like Ancient Rome The perfume burned his eyes, holding tightly to her thighs And something flickered for a minute And then it vanished and was gone

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Halloween Parade

There's a downtown fairy singing out "Proud Mary" As she cruises Christopher Street And some southern queen is acting loud and mean Where the docks and the badlands meet This Halloween is something to be sure Especially to be here without you

There's a Greta Garbo and an Alfred Hitchcock And some black Jamaican stud There's five Cinderellas and some leather drags I almost fell into my mug There's a Crawford, Davis and a tacky Cary Grant And some homeboys lookin' for trouble down here from the Bronx

But there ain't no Hairy and no Virgin Mary You won't hear those voices again And Johnny Rio and Rotten Rita You'll never see those faces again This Halloween is something to be sure Especially to be here without you

There's the Born Again Losers and the Lavender Boozers And some crack team from Washington Heights The boys from Avenue B, the girls from Avenue D A Tinkerbell in tights This celebration somehow gets me down Especially when I see you're not around The Collected Lyrics

There's no Peter Pedantic saying things romantic In Latin, Greek or Spic There's no Three Bananas or Brandy Alexander Dishing all their tricks

It's a different feeling that I have today Especially when I know you've gone away There's a girl from Soho with a teeshirt saying, "I blow" She's with the "Jive Five 2 Plus 3" And the girls for pay dates are giving cut rates Or else doing it for free The past keeps knock knock knocking on my door And don't want to hear it anymore No consolations please For feelin' funky I got to get my head above my knees But it makes me mad and mad makes me sad And then I start to freeze In the back of my mind I was afraid it might be true In the back of my mind I was afraid that they meant you The Halloween Parade See you next year-At the Halloween Parade

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Dirty Blvd.

Pedro lives out of the Wilshire Hotel He looks out a window without glass The walls are made of cardboard Newspapers on his feet And his father beats him 'cause he's too tired to beg He's got nine brothers and sisters They're brought up on their knees It's hard to run when a coat hanger beats you on the thighs Pedro dreams of being older and killing the old man But that's a slim chance he's going to the boulevard

This room cost \$2,000 a month You can believe it man it's true Somewhere a landlord's laughing till he wets his pants No one here dreams of being a doctor or a lawyer or anything They dream of dealing on the dirty boulevard

Give me your hungry, your tired, your poor I'll piss on 'em That's what the Statue of Bigotry says Your poor huddled masses—lets club 'em to death And get it over with and just dump 'em on the boulevard

Outside it's a bright night, there's an opera at Lincoln Center And movie stars arrive by limousine The klieg lights shoot up over the skyline of Manhattan But the lights are out on the mean streets The Collected Lyrics

A small kid stands by the Lincoln Tunnel He's selling plastic roses for a buck The traffic's backed up to 39th Street The TV whores are calling the cops out for a suck

Endless Cycle

The bias of the father runs on through the son Leaving him bothered and bewildered The drugs in his veins only cause him to spit At the face staring bates in the mirror How can he tell a good act from the bad He can't even remember his name How can he do what needs to be done When he's a follower and not a leader The sickness of the mother runs on through the girl Leaving her small and helpless Liquor flies through her brain with the force of a gun Leaving her running in circles How can she tell a good act from the bad When she's flat on her back in her room How can she do what needs to be done When she's a coward and a bleeder The man if he marries will batter his child And have endiess excuses The woman sadly will do much the same Thinking that it's right and it's proper Better than their mommy or their daddy did Better than the childhood they suffered The truth is they're happier when they're in pain In fact, that's why they got married



There Is No Time

This is no time for celebration This is no time for shaking hands This is no time for back-slapping This is no time for marching bands This is no time for optimism This is no time for endless thought This is no time for my country right or wrong Remember what that brought

There is no time

This is no time for congratulations This is no time to turn your back This is no time for circumlocution This is no time for learned speech This is no time to count your blessings This is no time for private gain This is a time to put up or shut up It won't come back this way again

There is no time

This is no time to swallow anger This is no time to ignore hate This is no time be acting frivolous Because the time is getting late This is no time for private vendettas This is no time to not know who you are Self-knowledge is a dangerous thing The freedom of who you are This is no time to ignore warnings This is no time to clear the plate Let shot be sorry after the fact And let the past become our fate

There is no time

This is no time to turn away and drink Or smoke some vials of crack This is a time to gather force And take dead aim and attack This is no time for celebration This is no time for saluting flags This is no time for inner searchings The future is at hand This is no time for phony rhetoric This is no time for political speech This is a time for action Because the future's within reach

This is the time, because there is no time

Last Great American Whale

They say he didn't have an enemy His was a greatness to behold He was the last surviving progeny The last one on this side of the world He measured a half mile from tip to tail Silver and black with powerful fins They say he could split a mountain in two That's how we got the Grand Canyon

Some say they saw him at the Great Lakes Some say they saw him off of Florida My mother said she saw him in Chinatown But you can't always trust your mother Off the Carolinas the sun shines brightly in the day The lighthouse glows ghostly there at night The chief of a local tribe had killed a racist mayor's son And he'd been on death row since 1958 The mayor's kid was a rowdy pig Spit on Indians and lots worse The Old Chief buried a hatchet in his head Life compared to death for him seemed worse The tribal brothers gathered in the lighthouse to sing And tried to conjure up a storm or rain The harbor parted and the great whale sprang full up And caused a huge tidal wave The wave crushed the jail and freed the chief The tribe let out a roar The whites were drowned The browns and reds set free

But sadly one thing more Some local yokel member of the NRA Kept a bazooka in his living room And thinking he had the Chief in his sights Blew the whale's brains out with a lead harpoon

Well Americans don't care for much of anything Land and water the least And animal life is low on the totem pole With human life not worth more than infected yeast Americans don't care too much for beauty They'll shit in a river, dump battery acid in a stream They'll watch dead rats wash up on the beach And complain if they can't swim They say things are done for the majority Don't believe half of what you see And none of what you hear

It's like what my painter friend Donald said to me, "Stick a fork in their ass and turn them over, they're sick"

Beginning of a Great Adventure

It might be fun to have a kid that I could kick around A little me to fill up with my thoughts A little me or he or she to fill up with my dreams A way of saying life is not a loss I'd keep the tyke away from school And tutor him myself Keep him from the poison of the crowd But then again pristine isolation Might not be the best idea It's not good trying to immortalize yourself

Why stop at one, I might have ten, a regular TV brood I'd breed a little liberal army in the woods Just like these redneck lunatics I see at the local bar With their tribe of mutant inbred piglets with cloven hooves I'd teach 'em how to plant a bomb, start a fire, play guitar And if they catch a hunter, shoot him in the nuts I'd try to be as progressive as I could possibly be As long as I don't have to try too much



Susie, Jesus, Bogart, Sam, Leslie, Jill and Jeff Rita, Winny, Andy, Fran and Jet Boris, Bono, Lucy, Ethel, Bunny, Reg and Tom That's a lot of names to try not to forget Carrie, Marlon, Mo and Steve La Rue and Jerry Lee Eggplant, Rufus, Dummy, Star and The Glob I'd need a damn computer to keep track of all these names I hope this baby thing don't go too far

I hope it's true what my wife said to me She says, baby, "It's the beginning of a great adventure"

It might be fun to have a kid that I could kick around Create in my own image like a god I'd raise my own pallbearers to carry me to the grave And keep me company when I'm a wizened toothless clod Some gibbering old fool sitting all alone drooling on his shirt Some senile old fart playing in the dirt It might be fun to have a kid I could pass something on to

Something better than rage, pain, anger and hurt

Busload of Faith

YOU

You can't depend on your family You can't depend on your friends You can't depend on a beginning You can't depend on an end You can't depend on intelligence You can't depend on God You can only depend on one thing You need a busload of faith to get by

You can depend on the worst always happening You can depend on a murderer's drive You can bet that if he rapes somebody There'll be no trouble having a child And you can bet that if she aborts it Pro-lifers will attack her with rage You can depend on the worst always happening You need a busload of faith to get by

You can't depend on the goodly-hearted The goodly-hearted made lampshades and soap You can't depend on the Sacrament No Father, no Holy Ghost You can't depend on any churches Unless there's real estate that you want to buy You can't depend on a lot of things You need a busload of faith to get by You can't depend on no miracle You can't depend on the air You can't depend on a wise man You can't find them because they're not there You can depend on cruelty Crudity of thought and sound You can depend on the worst always happening YOU NEED

A BUSLOAD OF FAITH TO GET BY

Sick of You

I was up in the morning with the TV blarin' Brushed my teeth sittin' watchin' the news All the beaches were closed the ocean was a Red Sea But there was no one there to part it in two There was no fresh salad 'cause There's hypos in the cabbage Staten Island disappeared at noon And they say the Midwest is in great distress And NASA blew up the moon The ozone layer has no ozone anymore And you're gonna leave me for the guy next door I'm sick of you L

They arrested the mayor for an illegal favor Sold the Empire State to Japan And Oliver North married Richard Secord And gave birth to a little Teheran And the Ayatollah bought a nuclear warship If he dies he wants to go out in style And there's nothing to eat that don't carry the stink Of some human waste dumped in the Nile Well one thing is certainly true No one here knows what to do And I'm sick of you

The radio said there were 400 dead In some small town in Arkansas Some whacked-out trucker Drove into a nuclear reactor And killed everybody he saw Now he's on Morton Downey And he's glowing and shining Doctors say this is a medical advance They say the bad makes the good And there's something to be learned In every human experience Well I know one thing that really is true This here's a zoo and the keeper ain't you And I'm sick of it, I'm sick of you They ordained the Trumps and then he got the mumps And died being treated at Mt. Sinai And my best friend Bill died from a poison pill Some wired doctor prescribed for stress My arms and legs are shrunk The food all has lumps They discovered some animal no one's ever seen It was an inside trader eating a rubber tire After running over Rudy Giuliani They say the president's dead No one can find his head It's been missing now for weeks But no one noticed it He had seemed so fit And I'm sick of it I'm sick of you Bye, bye, bye

The Collected Lyrics

Hold On

There's blacks with knives and whites with clubs Fighting at Howard Beach There's no such thing as human rights When you walk the N.Y. streets A cop was shot in the head by a 10-year-old kid named Buddah In Central Park last week The fathers and daughters are lined up by The coffins by the Statue of Bigotry

You better hold on—something's happening here You better hold on—well I'll meet you in Tompkins Square

The dopers sent a message to the cops last weekend. They shot him in the car where he sat And Eleanor Bumpers and Michael Stewart must have appreciated that There's a rampaging rage rising up like a plague of bloody vials Washing up on the beach It'll take more than the Angels or Iron Mike Tyson To heal this bloody breach

A junkie ran down a lady, a pregnant dancer She'll never dance but the baby was saved He shot up some China White and nodded out at the wheel And he doesn't remember a thing They shot that old lady 'cause they thought she was a witness To a crime she didn't even see Whose home is the home of the brave by the Statue of Bigotry You got a black .38 and a gravity knife You still have to ride the train There's the smelly essence of N.Y. down there But you ain't no Bernard Goetz There's no mafia lawyer to fight in your corner For that 15 minutes of fame The have and havenots are bleeding in the tub That's New York's future not mine

The Collected Lyrics

Good Evening Mr. Waldheim

Good evening, Mr. Waldheim And Pontiff how are you? You have so much in common In the things you do And here comes Jesse Jackson He talks of common ground Does that common ground include me Or is it just a sound A sound that shakes Oh Jesse, you must watch the sounds you make A sound that quakes There are fears that still reverberate

Jesse you say common ground Does that include the PLO? What about people right here right now Who fought for you not so long ago? The words that flow so freely Falling dancing from your lips I hope that you don't cheapen them with a racist slip Oh common ground Is common ground a word or just a sound Common ground—remember those civil rights workers buried in the ground If I ran for president and once was a member of the K Wouldn't you call me on it The way I call you on Farrakhan And Pontiff, pretty Pontiff Can anyone shake your hand? Or is it just that you like uniforms and someone kissing your hand Or is it true The common ground for me includes you, too Good evening, Mr. Waldheim Pontiff how are you As you both stroll through the woods at night I'm thinking thoughts of you And Jesse you're inside my thoughts As the rhythmic words subside My common ground invites you in Or do you prefer to wait outside Or is it true The common ground for me is without you Or is it true There's no ground common enough for me 324

Xmas in February

Sam was lyin' in the jungle Agent Orange spread against the sky like marmalade Hendrix played on some foreign jukebox They were praying to be saved Those Gooks were fierce and fearless That's the price you pay when you invade Xmas in February

Sam lost his arm in some border town His fingers are mixed with someone's crop If he didn't have that opium to smoke The pain would never ever stop Half his friends are stuffed into black body bags With their names printed at the top Xmas in February

Sammy was a short-order cook in a Short-order black and blue collar town Everybody worked the steel mill but The steel mill got closed down He thought if he joined the Army He'd have a future that was sound Like no Xmas in February Sam's staring at the Vietnam wall It's been a while now that he's home His wife and kid have left, he's unemployed He's a reminder of the war that wasn't won He's that guy on the street with the sign that reads "Please help send this Vet home" But he is home And there's no Xmas in February No matter how much he saves





Strawman

We who have so much To you who have so little To you who don't have anything at all We who have so much More than any one man does need And you who don't have anything at all Does anybody need another million dollar movie Does anybody need another million dollar star Does anybody need to be told over and over Spitting in the wind comes back at you twice as hard

Strawman, going straight to the devil Strawman, going straight to hell

Does anyone really need a billion dollar rocket Does anyone need a \$60,000 car Does anyone need another president Or the sins of Swaggart, parts 6, 7, 8 and 9 Does anyone need yet another politician Caught with his pants down Money sticking in his hole Does anyone need another racist preacher Spittin' in the wind can only do you harm

Does anyone need another faulty shuttle Blasting off to the moon, Venus or Mars Does anybody need another self-righteous rock singer Whose nose he says led him straight to God Does anyone need yet another blank skyscraper If you're like me I'm sure a minor miracle will do A flaming sword or maybe a gold ark floating up the Hudson When you spit in the wind it comes right back at you

Dime Store Mystery

He was lying banged and battered, skewered And bleeding, talking crippled on the cross Was his mind reeling and heaving Halucinating fleeing what a loss The things he hadn't touched or kissed His senses slowly stripped away Not like Buddha not like Vishnu Life wouldn't rise through him again I find it easy to believe That he might question his beliefs The beginning of the last temptation Dime store mystery

The duality of nature, godly nature, human nature Splits the soul Fully human, fully divine and divided The great immortal soul Split into pieces, whirling pieces, opposites attract From the front, the side, the back The mind itself attacks I know this feeling, I know it from before Descartes through Hegel Belief is never sure Dime store mystery, last temptation I was sitting drumming, thinking, thumping, pondering The mysteries of life Outside the city shrieking screaming whispering The mysteries of life There's a funeral tomorrow at St. Patrick's The bells will ring for you What must you have been thinking When you realized the time had come for you I wish I hadn't thrown away my time On so much human and so much less divine The end of the last temptation The end of a dime store mystery This page intentionally left blank



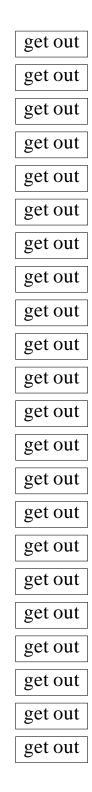
Small Town

When you're growing up in a small town When you're growing up in a small town When you're growing up in a small town You say no one famous ever came from here When you're growing up in a small town And you're having a nervous breakdown And you think that you'll never escape it Yourself or the place that you live Where did Picasso come from There's no Michelangelo coming from Pittsburgh If art is the tip of the iceberg I'm the part sinking below

When you're growing up in a small town Bad skin, bad eyes—gay and fatty People look at you funny When you're in a small town My father worked in construction It's not something for which I am suited Oh—what is something for which you are suited? Getting out of here

I hate being odd in a small town If they stare let them stare in New York City At this pink-eyed painting albino How far can my fantasy go? I'm no Dali coming from Pittsburgh No adorable lisping Capote My hero—oh do you think I could meet him? I'd camp out at his front door. There's only one good thing about a small town There's only one good use for a small town There's only one good thing about a small town You know that you want to get out

When you're growing up in a small town You know you'll grow down in a small town There's only one good use for a small town You hate it and you know you'll have to leave



Open House

Please

Come over to 81st street I'm in the apartment above the bar You know you can't miss it, it's across from the subway And the tacky store with the Mylar scarves

My skin's as pale as the outdoors moon My hair's silver like a Tiffany watch I like lots of people around me but don't kiss hello And please don't touch

It's a Czechoslovakian custom my mother passed on to me The way to make friends Andy is invite them up for tea Open house, open house

I've got a lot of cats, here's my favorite She's a lady called Sam I made a paper doll of her—you can have it That's what I did when I had St. Vitus' dance It's a Czechoslovakian custom my mother passed on to me Give people little presents so they'll remember me Open house, open house Someone bring vegetables, someone please bring heat My mother showed up yesterday, we need something to eat I think I got a job today they want me to draw shoes The ones I drew were old and used They told me—draw something new Open house, open house

Fly me to the moon, fly me to a star But there're no stars in the New York sky They're all on the ground You scared yourself with music, I scared myself with paint I drew 550 different shoes today It almost made me faint Open house, open house

invite them up invite them up invite them up	invite them up invite them up
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Style It Takes

You've got the money, I've got the time You want your freedom, make your freedom mine 'Cause I've got the style it takes And money is all that it takes You've got connections and I've got the art You like attention and I like your looks And I have the style it takes And you know the people it takes Why don't you sit right over there, we'll do a movie portrait I'll turn the camera on—and I won't even be there A portrait that moves, you look great I think. I'll put the Empire State Building on your wall For 24 hours glowing on your wall Watch the sun rise above it in your room Wallpaper art, a great view I've got a Brillo box and I say it's art It's the same one you can buy at any supermarket 'Cause I've got the style it takes And you've got the people it takes This is a rock group called the Velvet Underground I show movies on them Do you like their sound 'Cause they have a style that grates and I have art to make Let's do a movie here next week We don't have sound but you're so great You don't have to speak You've got the style it takes (kiss) You've got the style it takes (eat) You've got the style it takes (couch) You've got the style it takes (kiss)



Work

Andy was a Catholic, the ethic ran through his bones He lived alone with his mother, collecting gossip and toys Every Sunday when he went to church He'd kneel in his pew and he'd say "It's work, all that matters is work."

He was a lot of things, what I remember the mostHe'd say, "I've got to bring home the bacon, someone's got to bring home the roast"He'd get to the Factory earlyIf you'd ask him he'd a told you straight out"It's work"

No matter what I did it never seemed enough He said I was lazy, I said I was young He said, "How many songs did you write?" I'd written zero, I lied and said, "Ten" "You won't be young forever—you should have written fifteen" It's work

"You ought to make things big
People like it that way
And the songs with the dirty words make sure you record them that way"
Andy liked to stir up trouble, he was funny that way
He said, ["It's just work"]

Andy sat down to talk one day He said, "Decide what you want" "Do you want to expand your parameters Or play the museums like some dilettante" I fired him on the spot, he got red and he called me a rat It was the worst word that he could think of I'd never seen him like that It was work, I thought he said it's just work

Andy said a lot of things, I stored them all away in my head
Sometimes when I can't decide what I should do
I think what would Andy have said
He'd probably say
"You think too much—That's 'cause there's work that you don't want to do"
It's work, the most important thing is work
It's work, the most important thing is work

"'It's just work"	"It's just work"
"It's just work"	"It's just work"
"It's just work"	"It's just work"
"It's just work"	"It's just work"

Trouble with Classicists

The trouble with a classicist—he looks at a tree That's all he sees, he paints a tree The trouble with a classicist, he looks at the sky He doesn't ask why, he just paints a sky

The trouble with an impressionist, he looks at a log He doesn't know who he is, standing, staring at this log And surrealist memories are too amorphous and proud While those downtown macho painters are just alcoholic The trouble with impressionists That's the trouble with impressionists

The trouble with personalities, they're too wrapped up in style It's too personal, they're in love with their own guile They're like illegal aliens trying to make a buck They're driving gypsy cabs but they're thinking like a truck That's the trouble with personalities

I like the druggy downtown kids who spray-paint walls and trains I like their lack of training, their primitive technique I think sometimes it hurts you when you stay too long in school I think sometimes it hurts you when you're afraid to be called a fool That's the trouble with classicists

Starlight

Starlight open wide, starlight open up your door This is New York calling, with movies from the street Movies with real people, what you get is what you see Starlight open wide, Andy's Cecil B. DeMille Come on L.A. give us a call We've got Superstars who talk, they'll do anything at all Ingrid, Viva, Little Joe, Baby Jane, and Edie S. But you'd better call us soon before we talk ourselves to death

Starlight open wide, everybody is a star Split-screen eight hour movies We've got color, we've got sound Won't you recognize us, we're everything you hate Andy loves old Hollywood movies, he'll scare you hypocrites to death You know that shooting up's for real That person who's screaming, that's the way it really feels We're all improvising five movies in a week If Hollywood doesn't call us—we'll be sick

Starlight open wide Do to movies what you did to art Can you see beauty in ugliness, or is it playing in the dirt There are stars out on the New York streets We're going to capture them on film But if no one wants to see 'em We'll make another and another

Starlight let us in that magic room We've all dreamt of Hollywood, it can't happen too soon Won't you give us a million dollars the rent's due Andy'll give you two movies and a painting Starlight open wide! The Collected Lyrics

Faces and Names

Faces and names, I wish they were the same Faces and names only cause trouble for me Faces and names If we all looked the same and we all had the same name I wouldn't be jealous of you or you jealous of me Faces and names I always fall in love with someone who looks The way I wish that I could be I'm always staring at someone who hurts And the one they really hurt is me Faces and names, to me they're all the same If I looked like you and you looked like me There'd be less trouble you'd see Faces and names I wish they'd go away I'd disappear into that wall and never talk Talk not talk I wish I was a robot or a machine Without a feeling or a thought People who want to meet the name I have Are always disappointed in me Faces and names I wish they were the same Faces and names only cause problems for me Faces and names I'd rather be a hole in the wall—looking on the other side

I'd rather look and listen, listen not talk

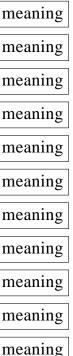
To faces and names

If I had a breakdown when I was a kid

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If I lost my hair when I was young If you dress older when you are not As you really age, you look the same If we all looked the same, we wouldn't play these games Me dressing for you, you dressing for me—undressing for me

Faces and names if they all were the same You wouldn't be jealous of me or me jealous of you Me jealous of you—me jealous of you Your face and your name Your face and your name Faces and names Faces and names



Images

I think images are worth repeating Images repeated from a painting Images taken from a painting From a photo worth re-seeing I love images worth repeating, project them upon the ceiling Multiply them with silk screening See them with a different feeling Images/those images/those images

Some say images have no feeling, I think there's a deeper meaning Mechanical precision or so it's seeming Instigates a cooler feeling I love multiplicity of screenings Things born anew display new meanings I think images are worth repeating and repeating and repeating Images/oh images/those images/images

I'm no urban idiot savant spewing paint without any order I'm no sphinx, no mystery enigma What I paint is very ordinary I don't think I'm old or modern, I don't think I think I'm thinking It doesn't matter what I am thinking It's images are worth repeating and repeating Those images/images/ If you're looking for a deeper meaning, I'm as deep as this High ceiling If you think technique is meaning, you might find me very simple You might think the images are boring Cars and cans and chairs and flowers And you might find me personally boring Hammer, sickle, Mao Tse Tung, Mao Tse Tung Those images/those images/images

I think that it bears repeating the images upon the ceiling I love images worth repeating and repeating and repeating Images/images/those images

Watch out	Watch out	Watch out	Watch out
Watch out	Watch out	Watch out	Watch out
Watch out	Watch out	Watch out	Watch out
Watch out	Watch out	Watch out	images
Watch out	Watch out	Watch out	Watch out
Watch out	Watch out	Watch out	Watch out
Watch out	Watch out	Watch out	Watch out
Watch out	Watch out	Watch out	Watch out

Slip Away (A Warning)

Friends have said to lock the door and have an open house no more They said the Factory must change and slowly slip away But if I have to live in fear, where will I get my ideas With all those crazy people gone, will I slowly slip away

Still there's no more Billy Name, Ondine is not the same Wonton and the Turtle gone Slowly slip away . . . slowly slip away

If I close the Factory door and don't see those people anymore If I give in to infamy . . . I'll slowly slip away

I know it seems that friends are right Hello daylight, goodbye night But starlight is so quiet here, think I'll slowly slip away

What can I do by myself, it's good to hear from someone else It's good to hear a crazy voice—will not slip away Will not slip away

If I have to live in fear my ideas will slowly slip away If I have to live in fear I'm afraid my life will slip away If you can't see me past my door Why your thoughts could slowly slip away If I have to lock the door, another life exists no more Slip away

Friends have said to lock the door Watch out for what comes through that door They said the Factory must change But I don't

It Wasn't Me

It wasn't me who shamed you, it's not fair to say that You wanted to work—I gave you a chance at that It wasn't me who hurt you, that's more credit than I'm worth Don't threaten me with the things you do to you

It wasn't me who shamed you, it wasn't me who brought You down You did it to yourself without any help from me It wasn't me who hurt you, I showed you possibilities The problems you had were there before you met me

I didn't say this had to be You can't blame these things on me It wasn't me, it wasn't me, <u>it wasn't me</u> I know she's dead, it wasn't me

It wasn't me who changed you, you did it to yourself I'm not an excuse for the hole that you dropped in I'm not simpleminded but I'm no father to you all Death exists but you do things to yourself

I never said give up control I never said stick a needle in your arm and die It wasn't me, it wasn't me I know he's dead but it wasn't me It wasn't me who shamed you, who covered you with mud You did it to yourself without any help from me You act as if I could've told you or stopped you like some god But people never listen and you know that that's a fact

I never said slit your wrists and die I never said throw your life away It wasn't me, it wasn't me, it wasn't me You're killing yourself—you can't blame me



I Believe

Valerie Solanis took the elevator got off at the 4th floor Valerie Solanis took the elevator got off at the 4th floor She pointed the gun at Andy saying you cannot control me anymore

I believe there's got to be some retribution I believe an eye for an eye is elemental I believe there's something wrong if she's alive right now

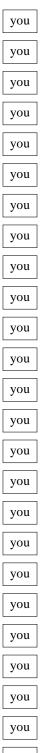
Valerie Solanis took three steps, pointing at the floor Valerie Solanis waved her gun, pointing at the floor From inside her idiot madness spoke and bang Andy fell onto the floor

I believe life's serious enough for retribution I believe being sick is no excuse and I believe I would've pulled the switch on her myself

When they got him to the hospital his pulse was gone They thought that he was dead His guts were pouring from his wounds onto the floor They thought that he was dead Not until years later would the hospital do to him What she could not What she could not "Where were you, you didn't come to see me" Andy said, "I think I died, why didn't you come to see me" I believe there's got to be some retribution I believe there's got to be some restitution I believe we are all the poorer for it now

Visit me, visit me Visit me, visit me Visit me, why didn't you visit me Visit me, why didn't you visit me





Lou Reed

Nobody But You

I really care a lot although I look like I do not Since I was shot—there's nobody but you I know I look blasé, "party Andy"'s what the papers say At dinner I'm the one who pays—for a nobody like you Nobody but you, a nobody like you Since I got shot there's nobody but you

Won't you decorate my house I'll sit there quiet as a mouse You know me I like to look a lot—at nobody but you I'll hold your hand and slap my face I'll tickle you to your disgrace Won't you put me in my proper place—a nobody like you

Sundays I pray a lot, I'd like to wind you up And paint your clock I want to be what I am not—for a nobody like you

The bullet split my spleen and lung, the doctors said I was gone Inside I've got some shattered bone—for nobody but you Nobody but you, nobody like you Shattered bone for nobody but you

I'm still not sure I didn't die And if I'm dreaming I still have bad pains inside I know I'll never be a bride—to nobody like you I wish I had a stronger chin, my skin was good, my nose was thin This is no movie I'd ask to be in—with a nobody like you Nobody like you, a nobody like you All my life—it's been nobodies like you

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A Dream

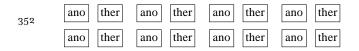
It was a very cold clear fall night. I had a terrible dream. Billy Name and Brigid were playing under my staircase on the second floor about two o'clock in the morning. I woke up because Amos and Archie had started barking. That made me very angry because I wasn't feeling well and I told them. I was very cross, the real me, that they just better remember what happened to Sam the Bad Cat that was left at home and got sick and went to pussy heaven.

It was a very cold clear fall night. Some snowflakes were falling. Gee it was so beautiful, and so I went to get my camera to take some pictures. And then I was taking the pictures but the exposure thing wasn't right and I was going to call Fred or Gerry to find out how to get it set but, oh, it was too late and then I remembered they were still probably at dinner and anyway I felt really bad and didn't want to talk to anybody. But the snowflakes were so beautiful and real looking and I really wanted to hold them. And that's when I heard the voices from down the hall near the stairs. So I got a flashlight and I was scared and I went out into the hallway. There's been all kinds of trouble lately in the neighborhood and someone's got to bring home the bacon and anyway there were Brigid and Billy playing. And under the staircase was a little meadow sort of like the park at 23rd street where all the young kids go and play frisbee. Gee that must be fun, maybe we should do an article on that in the magazine, but they'll just tell me I'm stupid and it won't sell. But I'll hold my ground this time, I mean it's my magazine isn't it?

So I was thinking that as the snowflakes fell and I heard these voices having so much fun. Gee it would be so great to have some fun. So I called Billy, but either he didn't hear me or he didn't want to answer, which was so strange because even if I don't like reunions I've always loved Billy. I'm so glad he's working. I mean it's different than Ondine. He keeps touring with those movies and he doesn't even pay us and the film, I mean the film's just going to disintegrate and then what. I mean he's so normal off of drugs. I just don't get it.

And then I saw John Cale. And he's been looking really great. He's been coming by the office to exercise with me. Ronnie said I have a muscle but he's been really mean since he went to AA. I mean what does it mean when you give up drinking and you're still so mean. He says I'm being lazy but I'm not, I just can't find any ideas. I mean I'm just not, let's face it, going to get any ideas up at the office.

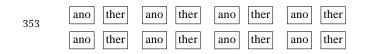
And seeing John made me think of the Velvets and I had been thinking about them when I was on St. Marks Place going to that new gallery those sweet new kids have opened, but they thought I was old, and then I saw the old Dom, the old club where we did our first shows. It was so great. I don't understand about that Velvet's first album. I mean I did the cover and I was the producer and I always see it repackaged and I've never gotten a penny from it. How could that be. I should call Henry. But it was good seeing John, I did a cover for him, but I did in black and white and he changed it to color. It would have been worth more if he'd left it my way but you can never tell anybody anything, I've learned that.



I tried calling again to Billy and John but they wouldn't recognize me it was like I wasn't there. Why won't they let me in. And then I saw Lou. I'm so mad at him. Lou Reed got married and didn't invite me. I mean is it because he thought I'd bring too many people. I don't get it. He could have at least called. I mean he's doing so great. Why doesn't he call me? I saw him at the MTV show and he was one row away and he didn't even say hello. I don't get it. You know I hate Lou I really do. He won't even hire us for his videos. And I was so proud of him.

I was so scared today. There was blood leaking through my shirt from those old scars from being shot. And the corset I wear to keep my insides in was hurting. And I did three sets of 15 pushups and 4 sets of ten situps. But then my insides hurt and I saw drops of blood on my shirt and I remember the doctors saying I was dead. And then later they had to take blood out of my hand 'cause they'd run out of veins but then all this thinking was making me an old grouch and you can't do anything anyway so if they wouldn't let me play with them in my own dream. I was just going to have to make another and another and another. Gee wouldn't it just be so funny if I died in this dream before I could make another one up.

And nobody called.



Forever Changed

Train entering the city I lost myself—and never came back Took a trip 'round the world—and never came back Black silhouettes, crisscrossed tracks—never came back

You might think I'm frivolous—uncaring and cold You might think I'm empty—depends on your point of view Society Andy who paints and records them The high and the low—never turn back

Got to get to the city—get a job Got to get some work—to see me through My old life's behind—I see it receding My life's disappearing—disappearing from view

Hong Kong and I was changed Burma Thailand—and I was changed A few good friends—to see me through Henry and Brigid—to see me through Only art—to see me through Only heart—to see me through My old life's disappearing—disappearing from view

Forever changed, forever changed I was forever changed

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Hello It's Me

Andy it's me, haven't seen you in a while I wish I'd talked to you more when you were alive I thought you were self-assured when you acted shy Hello it's me

I really miss you, I really miss your mind I haven't heard ideas like that for such a long long time I loved to watch you draw and watch you paint But when I saw you last, I turned away

When Billy Name was sick and locked up in his room You asked me for some speed, I thought it was for you I'm sorry if I doubted your good heart Things always seem to end before they start

Hello it's me, that was a great gallery show Your cow wallpaper and your floating silver pillows I wish I paid more attention when they laughed at you Hello it's me

"Pop goes pop artist," the headline said "Is shooting a put on, is Warhol really dead?" You get more time for stealing a car I remember thinking as I heard my own record in a bar

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They really hated you, now all that's changed But I have some resentments that can never be unmade You hit me where it hurt I didn't laugh Your Diaries are not a worthy epitaph

Oh well now Andy—I guess we've got to go I wish someway somehow you like this little show I know this is late in coming but it's the only way I know Hello it's me—good night Andy Goodbye Andy

good night

357

good night

A Collection Of Lyrics

good night

good night

good night

good night

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What's Good—The Thesis

Life's like a mayonnaise soda And life's like space without room And life's like bacon and ice cream That's what life's like without you

Life's like forever becoming But life's forever dealing in hurt Now life's like death without living That's what life's like without you

Life's like Sanskrit read to a pony I see you in my mind's eye strangling on your tongue What good is knowing such devotion I've been around—I know what makes things run

What good is seeing-eye chocolate What good's a computerized nose And what good was cancer in April Why no good—no good at all

What good's a war without kill in g What good is rain that falls up What good's a disease that wo n't hurt Why no good, I guess, no $g_{000}d_{4t}$ yo u a_{1} What good are these thoughts that I'm thinking It must be better not to be thinking at all A styrofoam lover with emotions of concrete No not much, not much at all

What good is life without living What good's this lion that barks You loved a life others throw away night *I* It's not fair, not fair at all

What's good? What's good? Not much at all Life's good — But not f ai_{r at} a 1

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 $v e_r$ And Glory $\neg T$ he Situation

I wa s visited by the Power and the glory
I was visited by a majestic hymn
Great bolts of lightning
Lighting up the sky
Electricity flowing through my veins

I was captured by a larger moment I was seized by divinity's hot breath Gorged like a lion on experience Powerful from life I want all of it— Not just some of it

I saw a man turn into a bird I saw a bird turn into a tiger I saw a man hang from a cliff by the tips of his toes In the jungles of the Amazon I saw a man put a redhot needle through his eye Turn into a crow and fly through the trees Swallow hot coals and breathe out flames And I wanted this to happen to me

We saw the moon vanish into his pocket We saw the stars disappear from sight We saw him walk across the water into the sun While bathed in eternal light We spewed out questions waiting for answers Creating legends, religions and myths Books, stories, movies and plays All trying to explain this

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R_{eed}

I saw a great man turn into a little child The cancer reduce him to dust His voice growing weak as he fought for his life With a bravery few men know I saw isotopes introduced into his lungs Trying to stop the cancerous spread And it made me think of Leda and the Swan And gold being made from lead The same power that burned Hiroshima Causing three-legged babies and death Shrunk to the size of a nickel To help him regain his breath And I was struck by the power and the glory I was visited by a majestic Him Great bolts of lightning lighting up the sky As the radiation flowed through him He wanted all of it Not some of it

Magician—Internally

Magician magician take me upon your wings And gently roll the clouds away I'm sorry so sorry I have no incantations Only words to help sweep me away I want some magic to sweep me away I want to count to five T urn around and find myself gone Fly me throug h the storm A nd wake up in the calm

R eleas e me from this body From this bulk t hat moves $b es id_e$ L et me leave this body far a_{Way} m I'm sick of looking at me I hate this painful body T hat disease has slowly worn away

Magician take my spirit Inside I'm young and vital Inside I'm alive—please take me away So many things to do—it's too early For my life to be ending For this body to simply rot away

I want some magic to keep me alive I want a miracle I don't want to die I'm afraid that if I go to sleep I'll never wake I'll no longer exist I'll close my eyes and disappear And float into the mist Somebody please hear me My hand can't hold a cup of coffee My fingers are weak—things just fall away Inside I'm young and pretty Too many things unfinished My very breath taken away Doctor you're no magician—and I am no believ e r I need more than faith can give me no WI want to believe in miracles—not just be l_{ief} in I need some magic to take me a $_{\rm W}$ a $_{\rm V}$ ^{nu} mbe_r I want some magic to sweep me a w a v S I want some magic to sweep me away Visit on this starlit night Replace the stars the moon the light—the s u_n , s g o Fly me through this storm Ð And wake up in the calm ... e I fly right through this storm And I wake up in the calm

Sword of Damocles-Externally

I see the Sword of Damocles is right above your head They're trying a new treatment to get you out of bed But radiation kills both bad and good It can not differentiate So to cure you they must kill you The Sword of Damocles hangs above your head

Now I've seen lots of people die From car crashes or drugs Last night on 33rd Street I saw a kid get hit by a bus But this drawn out torture over which part of you lives Is very hard to take To cure you they must kill you The Sw₀rd of Damocles above your head

That mix of Morphine and Dexedrine We use it on the street I t kills the pain and keeps you up Your very soul to keep

B ut th is gu ess ing game has its own ru les

The good don't always win

Andmightmakesright

TheSword of Damocles

Is hanging aboveyourhead

It seems everything's done that must be done From over here, though, things don't seem fair But there are things that we can't know Maybe there's something over there Some other world that we don't know about I know you hate that mystic shit It's just another way of seeing The Sword of Damocles above your head

Goodbye Mass—In a Chapel Bodily Termination

Sitting on a hard chair try to sit straight Sitting on a hard chair this moment won't wait Listening to the speakers—they're talking about you Look at all the people, all the people you knew

Sitting with my back straight it becomes hard to hear Some people are crying it becomes hard to hear I don't think you'd have liked it you would have made a jo ke You would have made it easier you'd say, "Tomor row I'm s mo k e"

Sitting on a hard chair how far we have come Trying hard to listen to your friends who have come Some of them are famous and some are j ust like me Trying hard to listen trying hard to see

Sitting on a hard chair it's over . . . time to stand Some people are crying I turn to grab yo u r hand It's your daughter saying thank you You, you would have made a joke You, you would have _____ "Isn't this something," you'd say, "Tomorrow I'm sm ok

e "

Cremation—Ashes to Ashes

Well the coalblack sea waits for me me me The coalblack sea waits forever The waves hit the shore Crying more more more But the coalblack sea waits forever The tornadoes come, up the coast they run H u rricanes rip the sky forever Th^{0} u g h the weathers change $T h^{e}$ s e a remains the same Th^{e} coalblack sea waits forever The re are ash es spilt through collective guiltpeople rest at sea forever s in c e th ey bu rnt you up C ol Le ct y ou in a cup $F \circ r^{y} \circ^{u}$ the coalblack sea has no terror W il¹ you^r a shes floa^t like some foreign boat w illthey sink absorbed forever Or W W ill the Atlantic coast Hav^{eits} fin alboast Nothing els e contained you ever Now the coalblack seawaits for me me me The coalblack sea w^{aits fo} rever W h^e n I leave this jo^{int} A t s^o me fur ther point A t s am e c o a lb l a c k s ea will it be waiting T h e same c o a lb l a c k

Dreamin'—Escape

If I close my eyes I see your face and I'm not without you If I try hard and concentrate, I can still hear you speak I pi ctu re myself in your room by the chair You're smoking a cigarette If Iclo semy e y es I can see your face you're sayin g, "I m issed you" Dre a mi n'_I'm always dreamin'

If I clo se my eyes I can smell your perfume— y ou loo k and say, "Hi babe" If I close my eyes pi ctures from China st ill h ang from the wall

I hearthedog bark Iturn and say, "What were you saying?" I picture you in the redchair inside the pale room

You s at in your chair with a tube in your arm—you were so skinny You were still making jokes (I don't k now what drugs they had you on) You said, "I guess this is not the time for long-term investments" You were always laugh ing, but you never l a u g he d at me

The ys ayin the end the pain was so bad that you were screaming Now youwere no saint, but you deserved bet ter than that From the corner I watched them removing things from your apartment But I c anpicture y our red chair an dpale room in side my head

If I close my eyes I see your faceand I'mnot without you If I try hard and concentrate I can hear yourvoic e sa ying, "W h o better than you" If I close my eyes Ican't believe that I'm here without you

Inside your pale room your empty red chair and my head Dreamin'—I'm always dreamin'

No Chance—Regret

It must be nice to be steady, it must be nice to be firm It must be nice never to move off of the mark It m ust be nice to be de p end able and ne ver l et any one down It m u s t be great to be all the things you're not It m^u st be great to be all the things that I'm not I see yo^u in the hospital y our hu mor is intact I'm $e^{m} b^{ar r_{ass}} e^{d}$ by the st rength I se em to lac k If I was in your shoes So strange that I am not I'd fo ld up in a minute and a half I'd fo ld u^{pin} a minute and a half A n d I did^{n't} get a chance to say goodbye It must be nice to be no rmal it must be nice to be cold It must be ⁿice not to have to go, oh, up or down But me I'm allemotion al no matter how I try You'regone and I'm still here a live You'rego neand I am still alive And Id i dn't geta chance to say goodbye No — Idi dn't get ach ance to say go od bye Th erea rethings we say we wish we k new and in fact we never do ButIwish I'd known that you were going to die

Th en I wouldn't feel so stupid, such af og th at I d idn't call

And I didn't get a chance to say goodbye

I didn't get a chance to say goodbye

No there's no logic to this—who's picked t_o st a y or g_o If you think too hard it only makes you m_{ad} But your optimism made me think you rea 1_{ly} ha d i_t b_{e a t} So I didn't get a chance to say goodbye

The Warrior King—Revenge

I wish I was the warrior king in every language that I speak Lord over all that I surve yand all that I see I kee p Power omnipres e_{nt} u ndiminished uncontrolled With a massive vi ol e_{nt} fur_y at the center of mysoul I wish I was a w ar ri or k in With a faceless ch ar g in g p ow er a lways at My rage instilling fear the w or l d s hak es my command Ye tcau tious firm but fair and good

I wish I installed angels in every subject's house Agents of my goodness no one would be without A steak on every plate a car for every house And if you ever crossed me I'd have your eyes put out

You don't exist without me, without me you don't exist And if logic won't convince you—then there's always this I'm bigger, smarter, stronger, tough Yet sensitive and kind And though I could crush you like a bug It would never cross my mind

It wouldn't cross my mind to break your neck Or rip out your vicious tongue It wouldn't cross my mind to snap your leg like a twig Or squash you like some slug You are a violent messenger And I'm not above your taunts And if you hit me you know I'll kill you Because I'm the warrior king Harry's Circumcision—Reverie Gone Astray

Looking in the mirror Harry didn't like what he saw The cheeks of his mother, the eyes of his father As each day crashed around him the future stood revealed He was turning into his parents The final disappointment

Stepping out of the shower, Harry stared at himself His hairline receding, the slight overbite He picked up the razor to begin his shaving And thought—oh I wish I was different I wish I was stronger I wish I was thinner I wish I didn't have this nose These ears that stick out remind me of my father And I don't want to be reminded at all The final disappointment

Harry looked in the mirror thinking of Vincent van Gogh And with a quick swipe lopped off his nose And happy with that he made a slice where his chin was He'd always wanted a dimple The end of all illusion Then peering down straight between his legs Harry thought of the range of possibilities A new face a new life no m emories of the past A n d slit his throat fr om e ar to ear

Gassed and Stoked-Loss

Well, you covered your tracks And now I can't see you You had your ashes scattered at sea There's no grave to visit, no tombstone to look at You were in the New York Times obituary There's no record no tape no book no movie Some photographs and memories Sometimes I dial your phone number by mistake And this is what I hear "This is no longer a working number baby Please redial your call This is no longer a working number Your party doesn't live here anymore This is no longer a working number If you still require help Stay on the line and an operator will try to bail you out"

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I k new I should have seen you that Thursday
        I k new I should n't have left
      But yo u soun d ed so good, your spirits so up
                         ee y ou next week
      I thoug h t I'd s
                         er if I had half a brain
                         br^{a} in in my head
                    nd
      I say over a
                    it h e dialing a wrong number
                    fa
   If I had ha<sup>1</sup>
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A n d lis t<sub>en</sub>
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I knew I should have written, written things down I always say I'll never forget Who can forget a one-eyed pilot Who's a concert pianist A painter a poet songwriter supreme My friends are blending in my head They're melding into one Great Spirit And that spirit isn't dead

Now I may not remember everything that you said But I remember all the things you've done And not a day goes by not an hour When I don't try to be like you You were gassed, stoked and rarin' to go And you were that way all of the time So I guess you know why I'm laughing at mys el ve ^S Every time I dial the wrong line This is no longer a working number, baby Gassed stoked and ready to go Gassed stoked and ready to go T he Collected Lyr^{ic s}

Power and The Glory. Part II—Magic • Tran^{sfor} ma^{tion}

With a bravery stronger t h an l u s^t — Shooting up his v ei n s

Magic and Loss—The Summation

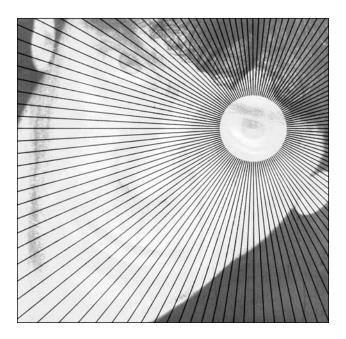
When you pass through the fire You pass through humble You pass through a maze of self-doubt When you pass through humble The lights can blind you Some people never figure that out You pass through arrogance you pass through hurt You pass through an ever-present past And it's best not to wait for luck to save you Pass through the fire to the light

As you pass through the fire Your right hand waving There are things you have to throw out That caustic dread inside your head Will never help you out You have to be very strong 'Cause you'll start from zero Over and over again And as the smoke clears There's an all-consuming fire Lying straight ahead

They say no one person can do it all But you want to in your head But you can't be Shakespeare And you can't be Joyce So what is left instead You're stuck with yourself And a rage that can hurt you You have to start at the beginning again And just this moment This wonderful fire started up again

When you pass through humble When you pass through sickly When you pass through I'm better than you all When you pass through Anger and self-deprecation And have the strength to acknowledge it all When the past makes you laugh And you can savor the magic That let you survive your own war You find that that fire is passion And there's a door up ahead not a wall

As you pass through fire as you pass through fire Try to remember its name When you pass through fire licking at your lips You cannot remain the same And if the buildi ng's burning Move towards that door But don't put the fla mes o ut There's a bit of mag ic in e veryth i_n And then some l_{oss} to eve n thin g_s o ut This page intentionally left blank



Egg Cream

When I was a young man—no bigger than this A chocolate Egg Cream was not to be missed Some U Bet's Chocolate Syrup, seltzer water mixed with milk Stir it up into a heady fro—tasted just like silk

Now you can go to Junior's, Dave's on Canal Street I think there's Kens in Boston There must be something in L.A. But Becky's on Kings Highway Was the Egg Cream of choice If you don't believe me Go ask any of the boys

The only good thing I remember about P.S. 92 Was the Egg Cream served at Becky's It was a fearsome brew For 50 cents you got a shot—chocolate bubbles up your nose Made it easier to deal with knife fights and kids pissing in the street

So the next time you're in Brooklyn—please say hello for me Totonno's for pizza and ice cream at Al and Shirley's But mostly you go to Becky's—sit in a booth and say hello And have two chocolate Egg Creams—one to stay and go

You scream, I steam, we all want Egg Cream

NYC Man

It can only lead to trouble if you break my heart If you accidentally crush it on the Ides of March I'd prefer you were straightforward You don't have to go through all of that I'm a New York City man, baby Say "Go" and that is that

It's far too complicated to make up a lie That you'd have to remember and really why I wouldn't want to be around you If you didn't want to have me around I'm a m-a-n-n man Blink your eyes and I'll be gone

Brutus made a pretty speech but Caesar was betrayed Lady Macbeth went crazy but Macbeth ended slain Ophelia and Desdemona dead leaving Hamlet in a play But I'm no Lear with a blinded eye Say "Go" and I am gone The stars have shut their eyes up tight The earth has changed its course A kingdom sits on a black knight's back As he tries to mount a white jeweled horse While a clock full of butterflies on the hour Releases a thousand moths You say "Leave" and I'll be gone Without any remorse No letters, faxes, phones or tears There's a difference between Bad and worse

New York City I love you Blink your eyes and I'll be gone Just a little grain of sand Finish Line (For Sterl)

Wind blows snow outside my window Crowd below runs wild in the streets Two rented brothers race down two separate alleys Heading for the finish line

Down in the train yard out by the stockyard Butchers with aprons hack meat in the snow Blood has the brothers pulsing with envy Heading for the finish line

Two rented brothers—their faces keep changing Like these feelings I have for you Nothing's forever not even five minutes When you're headed for the finish line

Down by the depot out by the meat rack Down by the tunnels surrounding the jails Prisoners are marching in squares and in circles They're heading for the finish line

They're lining up for Noah's Ark They're stabbing each other in the dark Saluting a flag made of some rich guy's socks Heading for the finish line

Close to the line the ice is cracking Two rented feelings sitting in the stands Two mothers, two fathers and both of them are paid for All of a sudden it comes back to me Just up ahead is the finish line Two rented referees and two checkered rags Out of the corner of my eye comes a Dark horse with black wings Headed for the finish line

I'm five years old the room is fuzzy I think there's also a very young girl It's so hard to remember what happened exactly As I'm staring at the finish line

First came fire then came light Then came feeling then came sight

Trade In

I met a new me at 8 A.M. The other one got lost This was not a trade in Although I wouldn't believe the cost I woke up crying as we said goodbye Me and my old self Each day he vanished more and more As I became someone else

He actually was murdered I had taken him apart But when I put him back together I couldn't find his heart It was resting underneath a chair In a bed of bright tinfoil If I pulled back the flaps I could still see it beat I could still hear his voice uncoil As I said:

I want a trade in A 14th chance at this life

I met a woman with a thousand faces And I want to make her my wife

How could I have been so mistaken How could I think that it was true A child that is raised by an idiot And that idiot then becomes you How could I believe in a movie How could I believe in a book But most of all how could I listen to you Such an obvious schmuck A life spent listening to assholes It's funny but it's true So get rid of them I said to myself But first I'm—I'm getting rid of you

Take me over to the window My heart said to my head Please set me on fire So we can start again I was so wrong that it's funny And I can't apologize But instead, You can be everything that I'm not The second that I die

Hang On to Your Emotions

When your imagination has too much to say When the chill of the night meets the sweat of the day And you have trouble understanding what other people have to say You'd better hang on to your emotions

When a demagogue inside your head has taken charge And by default what you say or do is criticized And this litany of failures is recited a thousand times You'd better hang on to your emotions

Could it be you've never felt like that That your mind's a cage inside the cage a cat That spits and scratches all it can get at And that's you And your emotions

Could it be you've never felt like that Your mind's a cage inside the cage a rat

Rabidly trying to get at You and your emotions You and your emotions

When your imagination has too much to say When that facile voice inside your head says give your life away You might think to ask how it got that way What books it has read that make it that way And where it got the right to speak to anyone that way You'd better hold on to your emotions Hold on to your emotions When a night city's breeze blows across the room And a 5 A.M. moon and sun start their swoon You hear your lover's breath And not a moment too soon You get to release all your emotions You get to let go of your emotions

I want to let go I want to release now Sex with Your Parents (Motherfucker) Part II

I was thinking of things that I hate to do Things you do to me or I do to you Something fatter and uglier than Rush Rambo Something more disgusting than Robert Dole Something pink that climbs out of a hole And there it was—sex with your parents

I was getting so sick of this rightwing Republican shit These ugly old men scared of young tit and dick So I tried to think of something that made me sick And there it was—sex with your parents

Now these old fucks can steal all they want And they can go and pass laws saying you can't say what you want And you can't look at this and you can't look at that And you can't smoke this and you can't snort that And me, baby—I got statistics—I got stats These people have been to bed with their parents

Now I know you're shocked but hang and have a brew If you think about it for a minute you know that it's true They're ashamed and repelled They don't know what to do They've had sex with their parents When they looked into their lovers' eyes they saw mom In the name of family values we must ask whose family In the name of family values we must ask:

Senator, it's been reported that you have had Illegal congress with your mother Senator an illegal congress by proxy is a Pigeon by any other name

Senators you polish a turd Here in the big city we got a word For those who would bed their beloved big bird

And make a mockery of our freedoms Without even using a condom Without even saying "No" By God we have a name for people like that It's—hey Motherfucker

Hookywooky

I'm standing with you on your roof Looking at the chemical sky All purple blue and oranges, Some pigeons flying by The traffic on Canal Street is so noisy—it's a shock And someone's shooting fireworks Or a gun on the next block Traffic's so noisy it's a shock Sounds like fireworks Or a gun on the next block I want to hookywooky with you

Your ex-lover Satchel is here from France Yet another ex! They gather about you like a Mother Superior All of you still friends But none of my old flames ever talk to me When things end for me they end They take your pants your money your name But the song still remain

You're so civilized it hurts I guess I could learn a lot About people, plants and relationships How not to get hurt a lot And each lover I meet up on your roof I wouldn't want to throw him off

Lou Reed Pass Thru Fire

Mmm, into the chemical sky Down into the streets to die Under the wheels of a car on Canal Street And each lover I meet up on your roof I wouldn't want to throw him off Into the chemical sky

Under the wheels of a car to die on Canal Street

The Proposition

You can't have the flower without the root You can't have the fire without the soot Even a stripper needs her red tasseled suit And we were meant to be

In every war the north needs the south

And everyone knows all assholes have a mouth Without mystery what would writers talk about We were meant to be

An apple needs pits the way a melon needs seeds Your foot needs your arm and your arm needs your knee And one of these days I know you will need me We were meant to be

Your mother's an ogre, your father's a scamp You won't see my parents honored on any stamp But just like a bulb screws into a lamp We were meant to be

The way AIDS needs a vaccine Somewhere a vaccine needs AIDS The way a victim needs life A life needs to be saved And out of all of this Will come a better way We were meant to be

Lou Reed Pass Thru Fire

So you can go to Europe, Los Angeles or Mars You can stand on a building Throwing cinderblocks at cars You can practice deep voodoo But like me you'll see

We were meant to be

The Adventurer

You're an adventurer You sail across the oceans You climb the Himalayas Seeking truth and beauty as a natural state You're a queen reborn Worshipped from above afar Some see you as an elixir An elemental natural seeking perfect grace In a catacomb Or cave of endless drawings Prehistoric or religious Your accomplishments prodigious Seeking out the perfect tone Your language so clear Your voice perfectly turning As in the city I sit yearning Blowing rings of smoke from thin cigars Or driving fast in foreign cars To capture your remains

You're an adventurer A turban wet wrapped 'round your head On the mountainside they predict your death Oh how you fooled them all But subjects are a poor excuse When what you really want's a muse An inspirating knowledge of what comes before Speeds of light The momentary flicker of a candle In its wicker basket Smoking wax—Facts! Did you find that superior knowledge That eluded you in college Did you find that super vortex That could cause your cerebral cortex To lose its grip You're an adventurer You were out looking for meaning While the rest of us were steaming In an inspirating urban pit An adventurer You enter as I'm dreaming I wish I'd never wake up Differentiating scheming from my one true love

You're an adventurer You love the angles and the cherries The height and width of levies The natural bridge and tunnels of the human race You're an adventurer Nothing seems to scare you And if it does it won't dissuade you You just won't think about it You dismiss it and defocus You redefine the locus of your time in space—Race! As you move further from me

The Collected Lyrics

And though I understand the thinking And have often done the same thing I find parts of me gone You're an adventurer And though I'll surely miss you And of course I'll survive without you And maybe good will come of that But at this point I anticipate some grieving And although I know your leaving Is a necessary adjunct to what we both do An adventurer Splitting up the atom Splitting up the once was Splitting up the essence Of our star-crossed fate None who meet you do forget you My adventure My adventure My adventuress

Riptide

She's out of her mind Like the wind in a storm Like the ocean at dawn as it disappears, with the riptide

She's out of her mind She's pulled away by the moon She's ripped from her sleep as the cold lunar sweep gains control

What you gonna do with your emotions Ones you barely recognize In your sleep I heard you screaming "This is not voluntary! This is not voluntary! If this is life I'd rather die!" In the riptide

She's out of her mind—riptide Like a muscle that swells You know when you trip Whether you're well or sick Your body aches

She's out with the tide Gone to a prisoner's dance Where a monkey's her date Eating limbs off a plate with a spoon

What you gonna do with your emotions

Said the seagull to the loon What you gonna do with your emotions She said, "Please wake me up." She said, "Don't touch me now." She said, "I wish I was dead." With the riptide

She's out of her mind—riptide—you always win It happens over and over again, riptide She's out of her mind like a hurricane's rain She does not stand a chance at this lunar dance riptide

I was thinking of van Gogh's last painting The wheatfields and the crows Is that perhaps what you've been feeling When you see the ground As you fall from the sky As the floor disappears From beneath your feet riptide

She's going out of her mind Out with the tide Out of her mind With the riptide Set the Twilight Reeling

Take me for what I am A star newly emerging Long-simmering explodes Inside the self is reeling In the pocket of the heart In the rushing of the blood In the muscle of my sex In the mindful mindless love I accept the new-found man and I set the twilight reeling

At 5 A.M. the moon and sun Sit set before my window Light glances off the blue glass we set Right before the window And you who accept In your soul and your head What was misunderstood What was thought of with dread A new self is borne The other self dead I accept the new-found man and set the twilight reeling A soul singer stands on the stage The spotlight shows him sweating He sinks to one knee Seems to cry The horns are unrelenting But as the drums beat he finds himself growing hard In the microphone's face he sees her face growing large And the swelling crescendo no longer retards I accept the new-found man and set the twilight reeling

As the twilight sunburst gleams As the chromium moon it sets As I lose all my regrets and set the twilight reeling I accept the new-found man and set the twilight reeling This page intentionally left blank

Miscellaneous Songs

Ocean - Here comes the ocean and the waves down by the sea / Here comes the ocean and the waves where have they been / Silver and black lit night / Here's to a summer's night / An empty splendid castle // Glowering alone at night / The princess has had a fight / Madness seeks out a lover // And here come the waves down by the shore / Washing the soul / Of the body that comes / From the depth of the sea / Here comes the ocean and the waves down by the sea / Here comes the ocean and the waves where have they been / Don't swim tonight my love / The tide is out my love / Malcolms curse haunts our family / Odious loud and rich / Ruler of filthy seas / Revel in heaven's justice // Here comes the waves and save for a scream / There's much like a song to be heard in the wind / That blows by the sea / By the wind down by the sea / Here come the waves

You Can Dance - Yeah, you can dance / With your only one / Yeah, you can dance / And have your fuckin' fun / Yeah, you can cry / With your only one / But I'll tell you / Hey honey that I won't be back again // Yeah, you can laugh HAH / 'Til you start to cry / You can dance, dance / Until you cry / Yeah, you can dance / Yeah, you can dance / Yeah yeah dance dance dance dance / Yeah, you can dance / Yeah, you can dance / Ah pull your ass baby and dance // Yeah, you can laugh / 'Til you start to fall / You can carry on / But I don't think that you're still tall / You can go around and carry on / With your only one / But I tell you something else honey / I'm not coming back no more / You can act like your gonna cry / You can laugh 'til your fuckin' heart strikes / You can laugh / Yeah, you can dance / Yeah, you can dance dance dance dance / You can dance / Yeah, you can dance / Stay here, I tell you to dance // You can laugh HAH / 'Til you start to cry and / You can carry on 'til your way dry / And you can dance / 'Til your life is gone but me / I'm not coming back again // Yeah, you can dance and dance / Until your heart runs dry / You can carry on until I hope that you die / And you can dance / Yeah you can dance / Yeah, you can dance dance dance dance / Yeah, you can dance / Yeah, you can dance / Hey move your ass and dance

Such a Pretty Face - such a pretty face / and it was such a waste / and such a pretty face / it was such a disgrace / and such a pretty face / and it was such a waste / it was such a waste / such a pretty face / and it was such a waste Affirmative Action (PO #99) - Hey patrolman number 44 / I'd like to see ya on the floor / Hey patrolman number 99 / I like to make it with you sometime // There's nothing the lawless would rather see / Than a patrolman down upon his knees sayin' / Please / Street hassle // There's nothing the lawless would rather see / Than a patrolman down upon his knees / I think the lawless she's very hot / She goes uptown then gets a hormone shot / There's nothing she would rather, rather see / Than a patrolman down on his knees // Hey patrolman number 99 / Hey officer I'd like to have you sometime / And patrolman number 44 / I'd like you to go down on me some more / There's nothing the lawless would rather see / Than a patrolman down on his knees sayin' / Please / Street hassle // Bang bang baby in the street / A policeman laying by my feet / What was the thing that you said last night / That made me wanna go start a fight / When I saw the body in the street / It made me feel like I would get weaker / There's nothing the lawless would rather see / Than a patrolman on his knees // Hey patrolman number 44 / I'd like to really get to see you some more / Hey patrolman number 99 / I'd like to get together with you sometime // We were looking for a street hassle

Better Get Up and Dance - Dance dance gotta get up and dance / Better dance dance dance gotta get up and dance / Get outta the bed man if you're low / Better get up and dance / Don't just sit around waiting for the phone / Better get up and dance / Better dance dance gotta get up and dance / Better dance dance gotta get up and dance // Baby don't you know you're wasting such time / Better get up and dance / Don't you say it all can't be mine / Better get up and dance / Better dance dance better get up and dance / Better dance dance better get up and dance / Better dance dance better get up and dance / Better dance dance better get up and dance // Baby you're nothing when you're all alone / Better get up and dance / Don't you sit and wait by the phone / Better get up and dance / Better dance dance better get up and dance / Better dance dance dance better get up and dance

Here Comes the Bride - I just wanna tell you a story / It happened to a friend of mine / Didn't have no power and no glory / Said he didn't have the time / He said he was a happy kind of person / Do anything to find out about this girl / She went and then she married another fella / Knocked my friend right out of this world / He heard the preacher say / Here comes the bride . . . / And doesn't she look lovely // Somebody call his Aunt Carrie / And tell her that her nephew Jimmy / Is comin' in from Vermont via the coast / And somebody call up his old man / Tell him that his son's arriving / And he's looking like a ghost // And somebody find that Virgin Mary / Oh won't you tell that bitch / Your Jimmy's a comin' back home / And somebody tell those ladies in waiting / HOLD IT NOW !! / Don't tell the preacher go on with it / We don't wanna hear those words / Here comes the bride / And doesn't she look lovely

My Name Is Mok - My name is Mok, thanks a lot / I know you love the thing I got / You've never seen the likes of me / Why I'm the biggest thing since WWIII // My name is Mok and I'm on fire / I'm the match and I'm the pyre / I'm the voodoo black musician priest / Why I'm the greatest thing since WWIII // My name is Mok, thanks a lot / I'm the power Sodom used on Lot / I am the pillar, I am the snake / I'm the beat that makes you shake / Why I'm the top, the point, the end / I'm more than a lover and more than a friend / I am the power of pure desire / My magic will take you higher / Than you've ever been before / So follow me beyond the door / Of the stupid hopes and dreams you've got // My name is Mok, thanks a lot / Girls // His name is Mok, thanks a lot / You think he's acting but he's not / The show that you're about to see / Is the absolutely finest greatest / Wonderment since WWIII // My name is Mok, thanks a lot / Just wait'll you see what I have got / There is nothing up my sleeve / Come look at this / There's nothing compared to me / I am the killer, I am the source / And you will worship me of course / I'm the oracle, I'm the seer, the wit / There is no question that I am it / I know what you've been waiting for / You won't have to wait no more / History reveals my friend, it reveals one thing / There's only one beginning and one end / There's only one, one and only is there not / My name is Mok, thanks a lot / Hey girls. . . .

Little Sister - You know it's hard for me / I cannot use the phone / And in the shade of publicity no relationship is born / And I feel like a Hercules who's recently been shorn /

but I have always loved my baby sister // Pick me up at eight / you'll see me on TV / I know I don't look well, time's not been good to me / But please believe me / the blame is all on me / and I've always loved my baby sister // Remember when / we were younger when / you would wait for me at school / and teachers, friends and brazen sins / and I was often cruel / But you always believed in me / you thought I was the best / And now that I've got you alone let me get this off my chest // Pick a melody then count from one to ten / I'll make a rhyme up and then we'll try again / to laugh or cry, or give a sigh / to a past that might have been / and how much I really loved my baby sister

Something Happened - Something happened I just don't understand / Something happened it's making me feel mad / Something happened you don't hear about / At least I never did before // Something happened I just don't understand / Something happened I just don't understand / Something happened it's making me feel mad / I never saw this on TV / I never read it in no book / Something happened I just don't understand // Something happened I just don't understand / Something happened it's making me feel mad / I thought I knew a lot of things / But I don't know a thing at all / Something happened I just don't understand / The things I hear and see / Don't seem the same / The things I touch and feel are forever changed / I've never felt this way before / And I hope I never do again / Something happened, I don't know why or when / Something happened, I just don't understand Letters to the Vatican - Rosie sits inside a bar smoking a large man's cigar / In a place called "Sammy's" on Amsterdam Avenue / She doesn't look a day over 65, although she's really 29 / She likes records from the '60s / They remind her of the good old times // And after some wine and some scotch / Rosie starts to let it hang out: / She throws a glass at the mirror and asks Big Max for a pen // She writes a letter to the Vatican / "I'm gonna write a letter to Him: / Dear Pope, send me some soap and a bottle of Bombay gin" / A letter to the Vatican / "I'm gonna write a letter to Him: / Dear Pope, send me some hope or a rope to do me in" / And no one stops her / We all lend a hand / We all knew her before she was this mad / We just hold her until the shaking stops / Because the heart says what only the heart knows // "I wanna hear some Diana Ross / I wanna hear a little bit of Marvin Gaye / I wanna hear a song that reminds me of a better day" // Rosie slaps a pretty girl in the mouth / And running to the jukebox she tries to put a quarter in / She says, "I've had enough of you men / And I'll never say yes again; it's holiness or nothing / For me in this life . . . " // She writes a letter to the Vatican / "I'm gonna write a letter to him: / Dear Pope, send me some soap and a bottle of Bombay gin" / A letter to the Vatican / "I'm gonna write a letter to him: / Dear Pope, send me some hope or a rope to do me in // And no one stops her / We all lend a hand / We all knew her before she was this mad / We just hold her until the shaking stops / Because the heart says what only the heart knows

The Calm Before the Storm - There was a time when ignorance made our innocence strong / There was a time when we all thought we could do no wrong / There was a time, so long ago / but here we are in the calm before the storm // While the orchestra plays / they build barricades to help close the doors / While the musician sings / the holocaust rings the cymbals of war / We stare / at the things that were there / and no longer are // And in our hearts / here we are again / In the calm before the storm // There was a time when we had an idea whose time hadn't come / They kept changing its name so we could still pretend / it was not really gone / We heard our screams turn into songs and back into screams again / And here we are again, / In the calm before the storm

One World One Voice - One World One Voice / Speakin' in a common tongue / Speakin' with a common drum / The drumming of your heart // One World One Voice / Speaking with a common tongue / Music speaks to everyone / And everyone speaks to it // One World One Voice / Each of us has our own choice / The choice whether to live or die / The music makes you smile // One World One Voice / Our commonness gives us a choice / And since we all are one / It's all or nothing at all // One World One Voice / Speaking in a common tongue / Speaking through guitars and drums / Making us all one // One World One Voice / Our commonness gives us a choice / And since we really all are one / It's all or nothing at all

Why Can't I Be Good - Why can't I be good, why can't I act like a man / Why can't I be good and do what other men can / Why can't I be good make something of this life / If I can't be a god let me be more than a wife / Why can't I be good // I don't want to be weak, I want to be strong / Not a fat happy weakling with two useless arms / A mouth that keeps moving with nothing to say / An eternal baby who never moved away // I'd like to look in a mirror with a feeling of pride / Instead of seeing a reflection of failure-a crime / I don't want to turn away to make sure I can not see / I don't want to hold my ears when I think about me // I want to be like the wind when it uproots a tree / Carries it across an ocean to plant in a valley / I want to be like the sun that makes it flourish and grow / I don't want to be what I am anymore // I was thinking of some kind of whacked-out syncopation / That would help improve this song / Some knock-'em down rhythm that would help move it along / Some rhyme of pure perfection,-a beat so hard and strong / If I can't get it right this time / Will a next time come along // Why can't I be good

You'll Know You Were Loved - Some things come to he who waits / But all is lost if you hesitate / And I was never one to wait / You'll know you were loved // You can hire great lawyers / You can speak to your friends / You can say we did this and that / Some things don't change // Unwrap the present and burn the remains / You'll know you were loved // Now you take Roscoe he ain't much / People say things are ruined after his touch / It's like a tar was dripping from his brush / But you'll know you were loved // Or Stan or Jake emerging from your past / From those love affairs that didn't last / But me I'll give it my last gasp / You'll know you were loved // A parrot a donkey a dog a bone / Some of us never had a home / And if we did we left it long ago / And didn't know we were loved // Empty as a wooden clock / Left in the woods at 12 o'clock / Insides all rusted, the spring has popped / But you'll know you were loved // Even when you sleep at night / Inside your heart will cry / You can never say goodbye / When you know you were loved // Underachievers of the world unite / You have nothing to lose except your fright / And together we can perhaps pass a night / When you know you were loved // And together we can perhaps / Pass a night when you know you were loved

Is Anybody Listening - Is anybody listening, is anybody out there / Is there anyone who

listens to a poor man's song / Is it true our hearts are empty / That we are beyond caring / The sound of one hand clapping / Is a poor man's song // Is anybody listening to the story of oppression / Is everybody tired of the man who misses opportunity / Is everybody bored with one more story of debasement / Of the lone man once more humbled / Left beaten left for dead // Is everybody bored with stories of failure / Is everybody tired of the man who can't succeed / (Give me your hand) / Is the city finally empty of any pretense, sense of caring / Is it true that you are tired of a / Poor man on his knees // Is anybody listening, is anybody out there / Is anybody listening to this poor man's song / Howling in the rubble in the bowels within the city / Screaming for a fair chance / Smoke burning in his lungs // Is anybody listening, is anybody out there / If we all joined together making one united voice / The earth could move / The sky would shake / If we all sang together / The story of all poor men / Hear the city's cry // Is anybody listening to the soul of the big city / To the Appalachian Mountains, to the worker on his feet / Is anybody listening to the soul of West Virginia / To the farmer in the heartland / A convict putting in hard time // Is anybody listening, is somebody out there / Is anybody listening to a poor man's song / Is anybody out there

for the man who's always working / And is thrown away like a paper plate / When a younger man comes along // Is anybody out there, is anybody listening / Is anybody listening to this poor man's song / Is anybody out there, can anybody hear me / The sound of one hand clapping is a poor man's song Downtown Dirt (Prototype) - Pickin' up pieces of information / Down on the docks / Pickin' up pieces of information about you / And how to pick locks / Scoutin' around on the Lower East Side / A mattress is in the rain / Those uptown ladies with their uptown coats / Come down here to get laid // It's a boring macho trip / And I'm the type that fascinates // Hey, Mrs. Pamela Brown / How's the Dakota / You're twenty eight years old and your face has been lifted / But you still look so much older / Your bed is soiled your linen is drab / You got crabs / The things they sell you-your credit cards / I love you for 'em / I love you for it // I sell you sugar-I'm a humanitarian / I give it all to myself that way you're clean / And I stay out of debt // And psychologically, you know hey psychologically / It's better that I think I'm dirt / Psychologically it's better that I think that I'm dirt / Don't you know it's better that I think that I'm dirt // Hey don't you like to have some dirt / That's all it's worth its just dirt / Cheap / Cheap damn dirt // Hey Pam dirt / Cheap dirt / Worth dirt / Uptown dirt / Dirt

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Alone at Last

Alone at last Hello I must be going I met my self a year from today—what a shock!

Alone at last Hello I must be coming I ran into my self two years ago today—what a shock!

What did that girl look like That I never married I fly into the future and see her with a baby carriage You didn't miss much old sport You'd be in a pauper's court

Look into the future Look into the past Here I am alone at last With history gone and tomorrows to come I witnessed the invention of the atomic bomb I saw my own death Should I try to prevent it And if I did—could I live forever And never age and always be healthy Could I change the times and become very wealthy Would history change because I had viewed it Alone at last Alone at last Here I am alone at last A head on my shoulders Legs under my ass Before me the future Behind me the past The present always shifting

If I knew what I could do One is one and two is two But this is time I'll travel through Alone at last Alone at last Future past Blood of the Lamb

Who do you think you're kidding The blood of the lamb is unforgiving I'd rather have the head of the King of Siam Or the heart of a prince from Pakistan
Who do you think you're kidding This sacrifice is unforgiven Next thing kill me a firstborn son Bring me the cock of a tortured bull The hand, the foot, the tongue, the brain of a man
Who do you think you're kidding The blood of the lamb is unforgiving Bring me the ears of a pharaoh's wife Barbaric love masquerades as hate
Who do you think you're kidding The blood of the lamb is unforgiving Blood on the altar blood on the feet Blood on the landscape, oh what a creep A river of blood is like a river of piss to me

The Collected Lyrics

Who do you think you're kidding The blood of the lamb is unforgiving The tooth of a king the scalp of a queen The light of the stars the start of a scream	
Who do you think you're kidding The blood of the lamb can't be forgiven Blood on the hands blood on the feet Blood in the alleys blood in the street Blood that won't wash off A river of piss to me	
Who do you think you're kidding Who do you think you're kidding	

Vanishing Act

It must be nice to disappear To have a vanishing act To always be moving forward and Never looking back

How nice it is to disappear and Float into a mist With a young lady on your arm Looking for a kiss

It might be nice to disappear To have a vanishing act To always be looking forward Never look over your back

It must be nice to disappear Float into a mist With a young lady on your arm Looking for a kiss

Float into the mist Float into the mist Disappear into the mist And float into the mist

Mongo and Longo

Mongo: When Daddy died he made me a slave Longo: Yes when Daddy died he left me everything
The tent the circus the cook this chair
Everything you see and smell including the air
Mongo: And I, Mr. Mongo, get to forever serve you
Longo: And I, Mr. Longo, am glad that you do!
Both: Things have always been this way
One's the master one's the slave
Longo: Mr. Mongo bring me bread
The wine of insects with
An eight-year head
Some cockroach 30 with a fragrant musk
And serve it in Daddy's head by the bust
Both: How nice it is to be this way
Mongo: He's the master
Longo: He's the slave
Both: Things have always been this way
One is master one is slave
Mongo: I was left nothing so I have to behave
The fact is I'm happier being a slave
For I always do good and I don't have to think
I'm happier that way I think
There's too much stress and responsibility
Being the one who is always free
If I had a choice I would still remain me

Longo: Let's drink a toast with Some old dead bug wine

Both: It's been that way since the beginning of time Longo: I am the master he's the slave Both: Things have always been this way

Longo: I was made for power

It seems obvious now As beloved dead pater Was aware all along Some are born to greatness Some are born to crawl You know that it's true He can't make his mind up at all There's no question in my mind That it's better this way

Both: Things have always been this way One is master one is slave One is meant to serve A Witness to Life

Historically helpless I stand without entering I watch at a distance My heart fairly melting—away Consumed yet removed I'm forever a witness A taster not a drinker Forever A witness to life

Historically passive I stand always waiting Forever observing My heart palpitating Awaiting a missive or some sort of signal A kiss or a slap causing some sort of tingle in me

A witness to life

Gossip Song

Have you heard that she's pregnant? (NO!) Yes she's pregnant again My God, she can't keep her love to herself!

Have you seen the boyfriend? (NO!) Not only ugly no future (NO!) Do you think we owe it to her as friends To tell her that she is really a slut To tell her exactly what is what If she's not careful she won't have any friends at all

Did you see who she is dating? He's hardly a man at all He barely smiles and when He talks he lisps

I'd rather go to bed with a broom I'd rather tell the truth than lie If friends can't tell you the truth Then really who will

I know you'd tell me if I was petty I know you'd say if I was small If your friends can't tell you Who bloody hell will?! She's our best friend but She's ruining her life She'll only make it worse if She becomes his wife She's not getting any younger But can't she do better than this?

Oh she can do better Oh she can do better Oh she can do better than this Oh she can do better than this

Born on a farm in a transatlantic moonlight Split like a cord of wood my family broke up Sold like a piece of steer a piece of meat a cow A breathing piece of shit

Picked for my age for my strength and makeup Called for: I was tall I was big I could hold up A tree or a piece of steel I could do What my fat owner can't

Future farmers of America

I'm always watching the way his wife looks me over I have a sex twice as big as her husband's If I wasn't so large so strong so pale I'd disappear under a bush

Colorless men and ladies of the world unite Kill your master with one cut of your knife Kill them during sex kill them during talk Kill them whenever you can

I could crush him in my fist

Future farmers of America These stupid black owners are foreigners to affairs of heart Look at me! I'll never own land that I work on! Every one of us here shares a surname This father must die This father must die I was born on the dark cusp of twilight My father was dark my mother was light Look at me I'm strong I could crush him in my fist I could crush him in my I could crush him in my

Putting on a New Skin

423

Putting on a new skin Covering up the old blood Remember where we came from Sticky black primordial mud

Looking like a rhino Looking like a tiger With so many colors here Why do I like you just in black? Why do I love you just in black? Purple yellow green chartreuse Silver gray don't be obtuse Unless you're just an old recluse I love you in black

Putting on a new skin Looking for a good time Getting rid of old looks Searching for newly sublime! Searching for newly sublime! Cobra blue and cancer brown Torrential white and juicy mauve I just want to get my old skin off 'Cause I love you in black 'Cause I love you in black

The Collected Lyrics

Reverse Diminuendo

It must be nice to have a home That always stays under your feet That can always be depended on One place to eat and sleep

How nice it must be to have a rug On which to stretch your legs A T-bone steak beside me I want to be a dog

It must be nice to have a home A place that you can trust That stays forever in one spot And never moves about

It must be nice to have a fire lit And stretch out on a rug A meaty bone next to your nose I want to be a dog

I want to be a dog I want to be a dog With a T-bone in my paws I want to be a dog Turning Time Around

(Priscilla) What do you call love (Nick) Well, I call it Harry (Priscilla) Please I'm being serious What do you call love

(Nick) Well I don't call it family And I don't call it lust And as we all know—marriage isn't a must And I suppose in the end it's a matter of trust If I had to—I'd call love time

(Priscilla) What do you call love Can't you be more specific What do you call love Is it more than the heart's hieroglyphic

(Nick) Time has no meaning No future no past And when you're in love You don't have to ask There's never enough time To hold love in your grasp Turning time around (Both)
Turning time around
That is what love is
Turning time around
Yes, that is what love is
(Nick)
My time is your time
When you're in love
(Priscilla)
And time is what you never have enough of
(Nick)
You can't see or hold it
It's exactly like love

(Both) Turning time around Turning time around Turning time around

Into the Divine

I think you're so beautiful I think you're so kind And I think I would miss you If you disappear into the divine

I think of an apple core When you start thinking of god And I know I would miss you If you disappear into the divine

I think you're so beautiful As beautiful as the blackened space and stars But all I see is a coreless seed When you cry for a god who's not there

But I think you're so beautiful And I see you as a sun That shines out through these galaxies Shimmering and warm

And I think you're so beautiful And if there's one thing I believe at all It's how much I would miss you If you disappeared into the divine It's how much I would miss you If you disappeared into the divine

Why Do You Talk

Why do you talk Why do you waste time Saying the same old thing It should be a crime

You never listen Instead you stammer As though you're interesting And full of glamour As though you're interesting And full of glamour

Why do you talk so much Why don't you shut up You have nothing to say You lack drama It's the same old thing You'd like to know why Who made the earth move Who made the sky high Who made the sky high Who made the sky high Who made your blood red Who made your blood red Who made you blood red Tell me, why do you talk Tell me, why do you talk Tell me, why do you talk Tell me, why do you talk

Why do you always talk Why do you make sounds Why don't you listen Why do you talk so much Why don't you listen Why do you talk so much

Why don't you shut up

The Collected Lyrics



Talking Book

I wish I had a talking book That told me how to act and look A talking book that contained keys To past and present memories

A talking book that said your name So if you were gone you'd still remain More than a picture on a shelf In imagination I could touch A talking, talking book

I wish I had a talking book Filled with buttons you could push Containing looks and sights Your touch Your look your eyes your scent Your touch Your feel your breath Your sounds your sighs How much I'd live to ask it why One must live and one must die

I wish I had a talking book By my side so I could look And touch and feel and dream a look Much bigger than a talking book A taste of lovings future and past Is that so much to really ask In this one moment's time in space Can our love really be replaced By a talking book? On the Run

You don't ever compromise I see the pain in your eyes Don't you worry, the game is won I'll be there on the run

I'll make you happy, the others are thick Just call me up, I'll be your big stick They do it for money that's what they call fun I'll be there on the run

A room with thirteen chairs Three lions, ten polar bears An ice cube the size of the sun I'll be there on the run

I see pain in your eyes And you know I sympathize I'll come runnin' the game is won I'll be there on the run

We have never compromised I'll say I love you a million times Don't you forget it the game is won I'll be there on the run

Don't you forget it, the game is won I'll be there on the run This page intentionally left blank



Ecstasy

They call you Ecstasy Nothing ever sticks to you Not Velcro not Scotch Tape Not my arms dipped in glue Not if I wrap myself in nylon A piece of duct tape down my back Love pierced the arrow with the 12 And I can't get you back Ecstasy, Ecstasy Ecstasy

Across the streets an old Ford They took off its wheels The engine is gone In its seat sits a box With a note that says, "Goodbye Charlie - thanks a lot" I see a child through a window with a bib And I think of us and what we almost did The Hudson rocketing with light The ships pass the Statue of Liberty at night They call it Ecstasy. Ecstasy Ecstasy. Ecstasy Some men call me St. Ivory Some call me St. Maurice I'm smooth as alabaster With white veins running through my cheeks A big stud through my eyebrow A scar on my arm that says "Domain" I put it over the tattoo That contained your name They called you Ecstasy Ecstasy Ecstasy They call you Ecstasy Ecstasy Ecstasy

The moon passing through a cloud A body facing up is floating towards a crowd And I think of a time and what I couldn't do I couldn't hold you close, I couldn't I couldn't become you

They call you Ecstasy I can't hold you down I can't hold you up I feel like that car that I saw today No radio no engine no hood I'm going to the café I hope they've got music And I hope that they can play But if we have to part I'll have a new scar right over my heart——I'll call it Ecstasy Ecstasy Ecstasy Ecstasy Ecstasy Ecstasy Ecstasy

Mystic Child

It was only the time of the newly born dead With the wispy cobwebs in your head The polar moon looked out instead Going wild

Liquor shifting through the brain The manic-depressive goes insane Going wild going wild

Desperate anger hits the streets By the foul smelling river by the meat market Going wild mystic child

In the winter with the frozen toes Looking out the big windows To fly Going wild

Situation X out of control My eyes half opened like a mole Who smiles Going wild

In the mystic morning where the river meets The hurdy-gurdy of the hip hop beat 5 A.M. the viscous street Wild goin' wild Out the window like a flash Falling through a rooftop crash Blind Goin' wild

Sick and misty like a pup by the curb he's Throwin' up Wild Like a child

If he can't have all that relates To testify that he is great He'll cut someone with a broken plate And stand upon the subway grate And smile Goin' wild goin' wild with a smile

Holy morning Sun is up and someone Here has lost his cups The dawn is tattered all cut up Goin' wild like a mystic child Like a mystic child

Sunday morning looking down from the rooftop Goin' wild With a smile- mystic child Top of the world he's got it made His rings are gold his braids are jade He jumped to the street-he's got it made Goodbye child Mystic child Goin' wild

Paranoia Key of E

How come you say you will and then you won't You change your mind and then you say you don't The mystery is why I play the goat The mystery you call love

Sometimes you're like an eagle strong like a rock Other times it seems you get unlocked And all of your worst fears come tumbling out Into the street into the snow

I remember when you had a dream Everything was what it seemed to be But now nightmares replace everything And everything you see is wrong

You said we'd meet but you're 2 hours late You said you thought someone had picked your gate So you hid and were afraid to wait Seeing shadows in the snow

Now your friend Godfrey is a perfect choice One minute down next time rejoice He seems to have found the perfect voice Paranoia key of E Let's say everything he says is true You love me but I cheat on you And in my bedroom is a female zoo Worse than Clinton in prime time I swear to you I'm not with Jill or Joyce Or Cyd or Sherry or Darlene or worse I'm not kissing you while inside I curse Paranoia key of E

Let's play a game the next time we meet I'll be the hands and you be the feet And together we will keep the beat To paranoia key of E

Now you know mania's in the key of B Psychosis in the key of C Let's hope that we're not meant to be In paranoia key of E

Anorexia is in G flat And F is anything I've left out Dyslexia, Kleptomania and Vertigo Patricide A, matricide D the same schizos Paranoia key of E

Let's have a coda in the key of K Something that only we can play Maybe we'll light up like a 100 K Paranoia out of Key Paranoia key of E

Mad

Mad- you just make me mad I hate your silent breathing in the night Sad- you make me sad When I juxtapose your features I get sad

I know I shouldn't a had someone else in our bed But I was so tired I was so tired Who would think you'd find a bobby pin It just makes me mad Makes me mad It just makes me, makes me mad

Glad-when I'm gone your glad That overwhelming tension dissipates Tad- you think I'm a baby Nobody likes to hear "why don't you grow up" At dawn

I know I shouldn't a had someone else in our bed But I was so tired, so tired Who would think you'd find a bobby pin It makes me mad Makes me mad Don't you know it just makes me mad

Dumb - you're dumb as my thumb In the wistful morning you throw a coffee cup at my head Scum - you said I'm scum What a very lovely feminine thing to do Bark - why don't you just bark Sit, come, stay, are the perfect words meant for you Ass - you says I'm an ass You better call 911 'cause I'm gonna hold you tight

I know I shouldn't a had someone else in our bed But I was so tired so tired You said you're out of town for the night And I believed in you I believed you And I was so tired It makes me so mad It makes me so mad Dumb...

Modern Dance

Maybe I should go and live in Amsterdam in a side street near a big canal spend my evenings in the van Gogh Museum what a dream van Gogh Museum

or maybe it's time to see Tangiers a different lifestyle some different fears and maybe I should be in Edinburgh in a kilt in Edinburgh

Doin' a modern dance Doin' a modern dance

Or maybe I should get a farm in southern France Where the winds are wispy And the villagers dance And you and I we'd sleep beneath a moon Moon in June and sleep till noon

And maybe you and I could fall in love Regain the spirit that we once had You'd let me hold you and touch the night That shines so bright So bright with fright

Doin' a modern dance Doin' a modern dance Shit maybe I could go to Yucatan where women are women a man's a man no one confused ever loses place with their place in the human race

Maybe I'm not cut out for city life the smell of exhaust the smell of strife and maybe you don't want to be a wife it's not a life being a wife

Doin' a modern dance Doin' a modern dance

So maybe I should go to Tanganyika Where the rivers run down mountains tall and steep Or go to India to study chants And lose romance to a mantra's dance

I need a guru I need some law Explain to me the things we saw And why it always comes to this It's all downhill after the first kiss Maybe... I should move to Rotterdam Maybe... move to Amsterdam I should move to Ireland Italy, Spain, Afghanistan Where there is no rain

Or maybe I should just learn a modern dance Where roles are shifting the modern dance You never touch you don't know who you're with This week this month this time of year This week this month this time of year

Doin' a Modern Dance You don't know who you're with-modern dance I should move to Pakistan go to Afghanistan- dance You don't know who you're with- dance You don't know who you're with-modern dance And maybe you don't want to be a wife It's not a life being a wife Doin' a modern dance You never touch you don't know who you're with Dance-modern dance The roles are shifting - dance

Tatters

Some couples live in harmony Some do not Some couples yell and scream Some do not But what you said was something that I can't forget It echoes in my head like a bullet made of lead

Some people yell and scream and some do not Some people sacrifice their lives and some do not Some people wait for sleep to take them away While others read books endlessly Hoping problems will go away

I know you're hoping everything works out Neither one of us is the type who shouts You sleep in the bedroom While I pace up and down the hall Our baby stares at both of us Wondering which one of us to call

I guess it's true that not every match burns bright I guess it's true not all that I say is right But what you said still bounces around in my head Who thought this could happen to us When we first went to bed I'm told in the end that none of this matters All couples have troubles and none of this matters But what you said still echoes in my head And I'm still in the hallway downstairs sleeping alone instead

I know you don't care but here's my last thought Not that it matters, but here's the last thing I thought Our little thing is lying here in tatters And you my dear don't have any manners

Sad to leave this way - to leave it all in tatters Saddening to leave this way - to leave it all in tatters I suppose we all could say that nothing of it matters But still it's sad to see everything in tatters

Baton Rouge

When I think of you Baton Rouge I think of a mariachi band I think of 16 and a crisp green football field I think of the girl I never had

When I think of you Baton Rouge I think of a back seat in a car The windows are foggy And so are we As the police asked for our I.D.

So helpless So helpless Ooohhh so helpless Ooohhh so helpless So helpless

Well I once had a car Lost it in a divorce The judge was a woman of course She said give her the car and the house and your taste Or else I set the trial date

So now when I think of you Baton Rouge And the deep southern belles with their touch I wonder where love ends and hate starts to blush In the fields in the swamps in the rush In the terra-cotta cobwebs of your mind When did you start seeing me As a spider spinning web Of malicious intent And you as poor poor me At the fire at the joint This disinterred and broken mount In the bedroom in the house Where we were unmarried

So helpless So helpless So helpless

When was I the villain in your heart Putting the brake on your start You slapped my face and cried and screamed That's what marriage came to mean The bitterest ending of a dream

You wanted children And I did not Was that what it was all about You might get a laugh when you hear me shout You might get a laugh when you hear me shout I wish I had So helpless Sometimes when I think of Baton Rouge I see us with 2 1/2 strapping sons 1 1/2 flushed daughters preparing to marry And two fat grandsons I can barely carry

Daddy, uncle, family gathered there for grace A dog in a barbecue pit goes up in space The dream recedes in the morning with a bad aftertaste And I'm back in the big city worn from the race of the chase what a waste

So thanks for the card The announcement of child And I must say you and Sam look great Your daughter's gleaming in that white wedding dress with pride Sad to say I could never bring that to you That wide smile So I try not to think of Baton Rouge Or of a mariachi band Or of 16 and a crisp green football field And the girl I never had

So helpless So helpless So helpless

The White Prism

There's a white prism with phony jism Spread across its face And the soulful convicts forever interred Lose the smile across their faces The smile that registered hopes or dreams Has proven just a waste And I'm the indentured servant Forever in his place

I wish I built a cabinet of shiny bolts and wood Secret draws and hiding places sculpted out of wood Secret places secret lies in a desk lying alone A secret letter written to you To be read when you're alone

It says: I'm your indentured servant I can no longer pretend That I'm a lover or an equal I'm not even a friend I'm not good enough to serve you I'm not good enough to stay So it is that I beseech you To please turn me away I'm asking you to let me go It hurts me when you're sad And I can not do better than this Which must surely make you mad I'd be better off in your cabinet or in a prison made of cloth Crouched beneath your dress I come Shooting little spurts

I'm your indentured servant But even I have pride In what I make or say or do Although I've lots to hide I hide from freedom and I hide from you 'cause you've found me out I belong in prison beneath your legs In a cabinet that I've built Beneath a candle in a secret drawer in a prison by a moat

I'm your indentured servant And I'm asking you to leave Me outside this prison cell where only you can breathe

I'm your indentured servant but I'm asking you for this Please release me from this love and do it with a kiss I'm your indentured servant I'm the one you'll miss Do it with a kiss Do it with a kiss I'm the one you'll miss Big Sky

Big sky holding up the sun Big sky holding up the moon Big sky holding down the sea But it can't hold us down anymore

Big sky holding up the stars Big sky holding Venus and Mars Big sky catch you in a jar But it can't hold us down anymore

Big sky big enormous place Big wind blow all over the place Big storm wrecking havoc and waste But it can't hold us down anymore

Big goals big ambitious goals Big talk- talking till I fold Big wind- talking through torrential love But it can't hold us down anymore

Big sin big original sin Paradise where I've never been Big snake break the skin But you can't hold us down anymore

A big house holds a family A big room it holds you and me It's a big mess and baby makes three But you can't hold us down anymore Big news they're out of their heads Big big big news let's fuck them instead There's a big joke did they think we were monks But they can't hold us down anymore

A big doll big enormous eyes Big love holds you in a vise A big man who cut them down to size They can't hold us down anymore

The Rock Minuet

Paralyzed by hatred and a piss ugly soul If he murdered his father he thought he'd become whole While listening at night to an old radio Where they danced to the rock minuet

In the gay bars in the back of the bar He consummated hatred on a cold sawdust floor While the jukebox played backbeats He sniffed coke off a jar While they danced to a rock minuet

School was a waste he was meant for the street But school was the only way the army could be beat The two whores sucked his nipples 'til he came on their feet As they danced to the rock minuet

He dreamt that his father was sunk to his knees His leather belt tied so tight that it was hard to breathe And the studs from his jacket were as cold as a breeze As he danced to a rock minuet

He pictured the bedroom where he heard the first cry His mother on all fours with his father behind And her yell hurt so much he had wished he'd gone blind And rocked to a rock minuet In the back of the warehouse were a couple of guys They had tied someone up and sewn up their eyes And he got so excited he came on his thighs When they danced to the rock minuet

On Ave. B someone cruised him one night He took him in an alley and then pulled a knife And thought of his father as he cut his windpipe And finally danced to the rock minuet

In the curse of the alley the thrill of the street On the bitter cold docks Where the outlaws all meet In euphoria drug in euphoria heat You could dance to the rock minuet In the thrill of the needle and anonymous sex You could dance to the rock minuet

So when you dance hard - slow dancing When you dance hard - slow dancing When you dance hard - slow dancing When you dance to the rock minuet

Like a Possum

Good morning it's Possum Day Feel like a possum in every way – like a possum Possum whiskers, possum face Possum breath and a possum taste Like a possum

Possum tales possum eyes Possum bones possum thighs Like a possum Possum shots possum runs Possum sleeps to possum drums Calm as an angel

Good morning it's Possum Day I feel like a possum in every way Like a possum Wake up with a possum smile Look at me! Look at this smile Like a possum

Things are all right don't worry about this My mind's amiss I've lost the kiss My smile is leaden my gait is rubber And I say as one possum to another Like a possum Calm as an angel The only thing I hope to never see Is another possum in this tree Playing possum Just like a possum

I got a hole in my heart the size of a truck It won't be filled by a one-night fuck Slurping and squeezing ain't it just my luck Got a hole in my heart the size of a truck The size of a truck

The devil tried to fill me up but my down was high As the sky is up Ain't that just my luck Calm as an angel

Smoking crack with a downtown flirt Shooting and coming 'til it hurts Calm as an angel

They're mating like apes in the zoo One for me and one for you Wouldn't it just be lovely

Another useless night in bed By the Hudson River The rollerbladers giving head Used condoms float on the river edge's head Wouldn't it be lovely Wouldn't it be lovely I got a hole in my heart the size of a truck It won't be filled by one night fuck Like a possum Like a possum Calm as an angel

You know me I like to dance a lot With different selves who cancel out one another I'm the only one left standing

One likes muscles, oil, and dirt And the other likes the women with the butt that hurts Like a possum

The devil tried to fill me up But my down was high as the sky is up Calm as an angel

I got a hole in my heart the size of a truck And it won't be filled by a one-night fuck Like a Possum

You know me I like to drink a lot And carry on-don't know which self will show up Over the 5 A.M. sun, the moon is shining Over the docks shining Calm as an angel Girls in the market know what I'm about They pinch their nipples and they lift their skirts With a pierced tongue licking below a stained tee shirt

Look at this smile My mind's amiss

Smoking crack with a downtown flirt Shooting and coming 'til it hurts Calm Calm Sitting on a curb I throw a rock At the passing meat market trucks It's just my luck I'm the only one left standing

Now you know me I like to drink a lot The only one left standing The girls in the market know what I'm about They pinch their nipples and they lift their skirts Licking below a stained tee shirt Calm as an angel

Smoking crack with a downtown flirt Shooting and coming baby 'til it hurts Wouldn't it be, Wouldn't it be, Wouldn't it be love Wouldn't it be lovely Calm as an angel Got a hole in my heart the size of a truck It won't be filled by a one-night fuck Ain't it just my luck Got a hole in my heart the size of a truck

Another useless night in bed Walk down to the Hudson River getting head Calm calm calm calm as an angel Don't know why baby I'm still here Strong and fearless in the outside air I'm the only one left standing

I'm the only one, the only one The only one left standing I'm the only one I'm the only one left standing Calm as an angel I'm the only one I'm the only one The only one left standing Calm as an angel

Shooting an coming 'til it hurts O'holy morning Calm as an angel This page intentionally left blank



The Conqueror Worm

VOICE

Lo! It's a gala night. A mystic throng bedecked Sit in a theater to see A play of hopes and fears While the orchestra breathes fitfully The music of the spheres.

Minds mutter and mumble low— Mere puppets they, who come and go Disguised as gods, They shift the scenery to and fro Inevitably trapped by invisible woe.

This motley drama—to be sure— Will not be forgotten. A phantom chased for evermore, Never seized by the crowd Though they circle— Returning to the same spot— Circle and return To the selfsame spot Always to the selfsame spot, With much of madness and more of sin, And horror and mimic rout The soul of the plot. Out—out are the lights—out all! And over each dying form The curtain, a funeral pall, Comes with the rush of a storm. The angels, haggard and wan, Unveiling and uprising affirm That the play is the tragedy, "Man," And its hero the conqueror worm.

Instrumental overture

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ACT I

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Old Poe

Guitar melody

OLD POE

As I look back on my life—if I could have the glorious moment—the wondrous opportunity to comprehend—the chance to see my younger self one time—to converse . . . to hear his thoughts. . . .

Cello melody—continues throughout speech

YOUNG POE

In the science of the mind there is no point more thrilling than to notice (which I never noticed in schools) that in our endeavors to recall to memory something long-forgotten we often find ourselves upon the very verge of remembrance without being in the end able to remember. Under the intense scrutiny of Ligeia's eyes, I have felt the full knowledge and force of their expression and yet been unable to possess it and have felt it leave me as so many other things have left—the letter half-read, the bottle half-drunk finding in the commonest objects of the universe a circle of analogies, of metaphors for that expression which had been willfully withheld from me, the access to the inner soul denied.

Eyes blazed with a too-glorious effulgence, pale fingers transparent, waxen, the hue of the grave. Blue veins upon the lofty forehead swelled and sunk impetuously with the tides of deep emotion and I saw that she must die, that she was wrestling with the dark shadow. Her stern nature had impressed me with the belief that, to her, death would come without its terrors—but not so. I groaned in anguish at the pitiable spectacle. I would have soothed. I would have reasoned. But she was amid the most convulsive of writhings. Oh, pitiful soul. Her voice more gentle, more low, and yet her words grew wilder of meaning. I reeled, entranced, to a melody more than mortal.

She loved me, no doubt, and in her bosom love reigned as no ordinary passion. But in death only was I impressed with the intensity of her affection. Her more than passionate devotion amounted to idolatry. How had I deserved to be so blessed and then so cursed with the removal of my beloved upon the hour of her most delirious musings?

In her more than womanly abandonment to love, all unmerited and unworthily bestowed, I came to realize the principle of her longing. It was a yearning for life, an eager, intense desire for life, which was now fleeing so rapidly away as she returned solemnly to her bed of death. And I had no utterance capable of expressing it, except to say, Man doth not yield to the angels, nor unto death utterly, save only through the weakness of his feeble will.

I became wild with the excitement of an immoderate dose of opium. I saw her raising wine to her lips or may have dreamed that I saw fall within a goblet, as if from some invisible spring in the atmosphere of the room, three or four large drops of a brilliant and ruby-colored fluid. Falling. While Ligeia lay in her bed of ebony—the bed of death—with mine eyes riveted upon her body. Then came a moan, a sob low and gentle but once. I listened in superstitious terror but heard it not again. I strained vision to see any motion in the corpse, but there was not the slightest perceptible. Yet I had heard the noise and my whole soul was awakened within me. The red liquid fell and I thought, Ligeia lives, and I felt my brain reel, my heart cease to beat, and my limbs go rigid where I sat. In extremity of horror I heard a vague sound issuing from the region of the bed. Rushing to her I saw—I distinctly saw—a tremor upon her lips. I sprang to my feet and chafed and bathed the temples and hands but in vain; all color fled, all pulsation ceased. Her lips resumed the expression of the dead, the icy hue, the sunken outline, and all the loathsome peculiarities of that which for many days has been the tenant of the tomb.

And again I sank into visions of Ligeia. And again I heard a low sob. And as I looked she seemed to grow taller. What inexpressible madness seized me with that thought? I ran to touch her. Her head fell, and her clothing crumbled, and there streamed forth huge masses of long disheveled hair. It was blacker than the raven wings of midnight.

Edgar Allen Poe

YOUNG POE These are the stories of Edgar Allan Poe Not exactly the boy next door

He'll tell you tales of horror Then he'll play with your mind If you haven't heard of him You must be deaf or blind.

These are the stories of Edgar Allen Poe Not exactly the boy next door

He'll tell you about Usher Whose house burned in his mind His love for his dear sister (Whose death would drive him wild) The murder of a stranger The murder of a friend The callings from the pits of hell That never seem to end.

These are the stories of Edgar Allan Poe Not exactly the boy next door

These are the stories of Edgar Allan Poe Not exactly the boy next door

The diabolic image of the city and the sea The chaos and the carnage that reside deep within me Decapitations—poisonings—hellish not a bore You won't need 3-D glasses to pass beyond this door.

These are the stories of Edgar Allan Poe Not exactly the boy next door

No Nosferatu Vincent Price or naked women here A mind unfurled a mind unbent is all that we have here Truth, fried orangutans flutter to the stage Leave your expectations home And listen to the stories of Edgar Allan Poe.

We give you the soliloquy the raven at the door The flaming pits the moving walls no equilibrium No ballast, no bombast, the unvarnished truth we've got A mind that swoons guiltily Cooking ravings in a pot.

These are the stories of Edgar Allen Poe Not exactly the boy next door.

A telltale heart a rotting cask A valley of unrest A conqueror worm devouring souls Keep the best for last The bells that ring for Annie Lee As Poe's buried alive Regretting his beloved's death in all her Many guises.

These are the stories of Edgar Allen Poe Not exactly the boy next door The Valley of Unrest

Electronic music

LIGEIA Far away, far away, Are not all lovely things far away? As far at least lies that valley as the bedridden Sun in the luminous east, The paralyzed mountains, the sickly river. Are not all things lovely far away? Are not all things lovely far away?

It is a valley where time is not interrupted, Where its history shall not be interpreted. Stories of Satan's dart— Of angel wings— Unhappy things Within the valley of unrest.

The sun ray dripped all red, The dell was silent— All the people having gone to war Leaving no interrogator to mind the willful Looting, the pale past knowledge, The sly mysterious stars,

The unguarded flowers leaning, The tulips overhead paler, The terror-stricken sky Rolling like a waterfall Over the horizon's fiery wall— A visage full of meaning.

How the unhappy shall confess As Roderick watches like a human eye While the violets and lilies wave Like banners in the sky hovering Over and above a grave As dewdrops on the freshly planted Eternal dew coming down in gems. There's no use to pretend Though gorgeous clouds fly, Roderick like the human eye has closed forever Far away far away.

Roderick, whatever thy image may be Roderick, no magic shall sever the music from thee, Thou hast bound many eyes in a dreamy sleep. O tortured day the strains still arrive— I hear the bells—I have kept my vigilance.

Rain dancing in the rhythm of a shower Over what guilty spirit to not hear the beating, To not hear the beating heart But only tears of perfect moan, Only tears of perfect moan.

Call On Me

ROWENA

Caught in the crossbow of ideas and journeys Sit here reliving the other self's mournings Caught in the crossbow of ideas and dawnings Stand I

Reliving the past of the maddening impulse The violent upheaval The pure driven instinct The pure driven murder The attraction of daring Stand I

Why didn't you call on me Why didn't you call on me Why didn't you call on me Why didn't you call

A wild being from birth My spirit spurns control Wandering the wide earth Searching for my soul Dimly peering I would surely find

What could there be more purely bright than truth's daystar

Why didn't you call on me Why didn't you call on me Why didn't you call on me Why didn't you call

Why didn't you call on me Why didn't you call on me Why didn't you call on me Why didn't you call The City in the Sea

Electronic music, soft

OLD POE Death has reared himself a throne.

YOUNG POE In a strange city—alone.

LENORE Death has reared himself a throne In a strange city—alone. Their shrines and palaces are not like ours, They do not tremble and rot, Eaten with time.

OLD POE Death has reared himself a throne.

LENORE Lifted by forgotten winds Resignedly beneath the sky The melancholy waters lie A crown of stars.

YOUNG POE In a strange city—alone.

LENORE

A heaven God does not condemn. But the everlasting shadow Makes mockery of it all.

ROWENA

No holy rays come down. Lights from the lurid deep sea stream up the Turrets silently, Up thrones, up arbors Of sculpted ivy and stone flowers, Up domes, up spires, Kingly halls all are melancholy shrines, The columns, frieze, and entablature Chokingly shockingly intertwined, The mast, the viol, and the vine Twisted.

YOUNG POE

There amid no earthly moans Hell rises from a thousand thrones.

OLD POE Does reverence to death.

OLD POE AND YOUNG POE And death does give his undivided time.

LIGEIA

There are open temples and graves On a level with the waves. Death looms and looks—huge!—gigantic! There is a ripple—now a wave Towers thrown aside Sinking in the dull tide The waves growing redder The very hours losing their breath.

POE

Oh, the cunning stars watching fitfully over night after night of matchless wretched sleep—matched only with the horror of the dream unfolding—the telltale beating of the heart the suffocating breath—the desire—the pose—one poses upon the precipice—to fall to run to dive to tumble to fall down down into the spiral down and then....

OLD POE

One sees one's own death—one sees one committing murder or atrocious violent acts—and then a cursed shadow not of man or God but a shadow resting upon a brazen doorway.

YOUNG POE

There were seven of us there who saw the shadow as it came out from among the draperies. But we did not dare behold it. We looked down into the depths of the mirror of ebony. And the apparition spoke.

Electronic reverberation added to voice

"I am a shadow and I dwell in the catacombs which border the country of illusion hard by the dim plains of wishing."

OLD POE

And then did we start shuddering, starting from our seats trembling—for the tones in the voice of the shadow were not the tones of any one man but of a multitude of beings and, varying in their cadences from syllable to syllable, fell duskily upon our ears in the well-remembered and familiar accents of a thousand departed friends.

Instrumental track: "A Thousand Departed Friends"

Change

DEATH

The only thing constantly changing is change And change is always for the worse The worm on the hook always eaten by a fish The fish by a bird man or worse A spot on the lung a spot on your heart An aneurysm of the soul The only thing constantly changing is change And it comes equipped with a curse

The only thing constantly changing is change And it's always for the worse The only thing constantly changing is change And it's always for the worse

The only thing constantly changing is change The living only become dead Your hair falling out Your liver swelled up Your teeth rot your gums and your chin You ass starts to sag Your balls shrivel up Your cock swallowed up in its sack The only thing constantly changing is change And it's always change on your back.

The only thing constantly changing is change And it's always for the worse The only thing constantly changing is change And it's always for the worse The only thing constantly changing is change Ashes to ashes to dust The deer and the rabbit The musk of your hole Filled up with myriad dread The dread of the living The dread of the living The frightening pulse of the night. The only thing constantly changing is change. Its changes will kill us with fright

The only thing constantly changing is change And it's always for the worse The only thing constantly changing is change And it's always for the worse

The only thing constantly changing is change The only thing constantly changing is change The only thing constantly changing is change And it comes equipped with my curse The Fall of the House of Usher

POE And then I had a vision.

The sound of knocking on a door, the door opening, a storm in the background

RODERICK USHER

Ah Edgar, ah Edgar, my dear friend Edgar.

POE

It's been a long time, Roderick. I've ridden many miles. It's been a dull and soundless day for autumn. The leaves have lost their autumn glow, and the clouds seem oppressive with their drifting finery.

USHER

I know, my friend. Though I own so much of this land I find the country insufferable. I deal only in half pleasures.

POE

Speaking of half pleasures, would you care for a tincture of opium?

USHER

Nothing would please me more than to smoke with an old friend.

The sound of a match being struck, inhalation of smoke

USHER

I have experienced the hideous dropping of the veil, the bitter lapse into common life, unredeemed dreariness of thought. I have an iciness, a sickening of the heart.

Long pause

POE

It's true you don't look well, Roderick, but I am your friend no matter the occasion or position of the stars. I'm glad you wrote me, but I must admit to concern.

The sound of rain

USHER

I cannot contain my heart. Edgar, I look to you for solace, for relief from myself. What I have is constitutional, a family evil, a nervous affection that must surely pass. But I do have this morbid acuteness of senses. I can eat only the most insipid food, clothes only of the lightest texture. The odor of flowers I find oppressive. My eyes cannot bear even the faintest light.

A soft moaning Did you hear that?

POE I hear. I am listening—go on.

USHER

I shall perish. I will perish in this deplorable folly. I dread the future. Not the events, the results. The most trivial event causes the greatest agitation of the soul. I do not fear danger except in its absolute effect—terror. I find I must inevitably abandon life and reason together, in my struggles with the demon fear.

Sound of strong wind

Perhaps you'll think me superstitious, but the *physique* of this place; it hovers about me like a great body, some diseased outer shell, some decaying finite skin encasing my morale.

POE

You mentioned your sister was ill.

USHER

My beloved sister, my sole companion, has had a long continuing illness whose inevitable conclusion seems forsworn. This will leave me the last of the ancient race of Ushers.

Soft moaning

POE

She looks so much like you.

USHER

I love her in a nameless way, more than I love myself. Her demise will leave me hopelessly confined to memories and realities of a future so barren as to be stultifying.

Moaning continues

POE What of physicians?

USHER

They are baffled. Until today she refused bed rest, wanting to be present in your honor, but finally she succumbed to the prostrating power of the destroyer. You will probably see her no more.

Guitar melody begins

POE

Sound and music take us to the twin curves of experience. Like brother and sister intertwined, they relieve themselves of bodily contact and dance in a pagan revelry.

USHER

I have soiled myself with my designs. I am ashamed of my brain. The enemy is me and the executioner terror.

Music is a reflection of our inner self; unfiltered agony touches the wayward string. The wayward brain confuses

itself with the self-perceived future and turns inward with loathing and terror. Either by design or thought we are doomed to know our own end.

I have written a lyric.

POE May I hear it?

USHER It is called "The Haunted Palace."

In the greenest of our valleys By good angels tenanted, Once a fair and stately palace— Snow-white palace—reared its head.

Banners yellow, glorious, golden, On its roof did float and flow— (This—all this—was in the olden Time long ago)

The sound of thunder And every gentle air that dallied, Along the rampart plumed and pallid, A winged odor went away.

All wanderers in that happy valley Through two luminous windows saw Spirits moving musically The sovereign of the realm serene, A troop of echoes whose sweet duty Was but to sing In voices of surpassing beauty The wit and wisdom of the king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow, Assailed the monarch's high estate. And round about his home the glory Is but a dim remembered story.

Vast forms that move fantastically To a discordant melody, While like a ghastly river A hideous throng rush out forever And laugh—but smile no more— Nevermore.

POE It's cold in here.

USHER

I tell you minerals are sentient things. The gradual yet certain condensation of an atmosphere of their own about the waters and the walls proves this. Thus the silent yet importunate and terrible influence which for centuries has molded my family.

And now me.

A scream

USHER Excuse me!

Chaotic sounds She is gone. Out, sad light, Roderick has no life.

Soft sounds of creaking and rustling I shall preserve her corpse for a fortnight.

POE But Roderick—

USHER

I shall place it in a vault facing the lake. I do not wish to answer to the medical men nor place her in the exposed burial plot of my family. We shall inter her at the proper date when I am more fully of a right mind. . . . Her malady was unusual.

Please do not question me on this.

POE I cannot question you.

USHER Then help me now.

Sound of coffin opening

POE

One would think you twins.

USHER

We are. We have always been sympathetic to each other. . . .

Have you seen this? It is her!

Swirling electronic sounds

POE

It is a whirlwind! You should not—you must not behold this!

Slamming of coffin

Roderick, these appearances, which bewilder you are mere electrical phenomena, not uncommon. Or perhaps they have their rank origins in the marshy gases of the lake. Please, let's close this casement and I will read and you will listen and together we will pass this terrible night together. . . . What's that?

Sound of metal clanging and muffled reverberation What's that? Don't you hear that?

USHER

Not hear it? Yes, I hear it and have heard it—many minutes—have I heard it? Oh, pity me miserable wretch:

I dared not—oh, no—I dared not speak! We have put her living in the tomb. I have heard feeble movements in the coffin—I thought I heard—I dared not speak.

Sounds of a storm and many people screaming Oh, God, I have heard footsteps—do you not hear them?—attention. Do I not distinguish that heavy and horrible beating of her heart? Madman, madman! I tell you she now stands without the door!

Sounds of fire and screams, a loud heartbeat

The Bed

LADY MADELINE OF USHER

This is the place where she laid her head When she went to bed at night And this is the place our children were conceived Candles lit the room at night

And this is the place where she cut her wrists That odd and fateful night And I said, Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, what a feeling And I said, Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, what a feeling

This is the place where we used to live I paid for it with love and blood And these are the boxes that she kept on the shelf Filled with her poetry and stuff

And this is the room where she took the razor And cut her wrists that strange and fateful night And I said, Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, what a feeling And I said, Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, what a feeling

I never would have started if I'd known That it'd end this way But funny thing I'm not at all sad That it stopped this way Stopped this way

Perfect Day

LENORE Just a perfect day Drink sangria in the park And then later when it gets dark We go home Just a perfect day Feed animals in the zoo Then later a movie too And then home

Oh it's such a perfect day I'm glad I spent it with you Oh such a perfect day You just keep me hangin' on You just keep me hangin' on

Just a perfect day Problems all left alone Weekenders on our own It's such fun Just a perfect day You make me forget myself I thought I was someone else Someone good

Oh it's such a perfect day I'm glad I spent it with you Oh such a perfect day You just keep me hangin' on You just keep me hangin' on

The Raven

Soft cello and electronics

POE

1.

Once upon a midnight dreary, as I pondered, weak and weary, Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore— While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping, As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door. "Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door— Only this and nothing more."

2.

Muttering I got up weakly (always I've had trouble sleeping), Stumbling upright, my mind racing, furtive thoughts flowing once more

I there hoping for some sunrise happiness would be a surprise Loneliness no longer a prize rapping at my chamber door Seeking out the clever bore lost in dreams for evermore— Only this and nothing more.

3.

Hovering, my pulse was racing, stale tobacco my lips tasting, Scotch sitting upon my basin, remnants of the night before. Came again infernal tapping on the door, in my mind jabbing— Is it in or outside rapping? calling out to me once more The fit and fury of Lenore

Nameless here for evermore.

4.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of the purple curtain Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before; So that now (O wind!) stop breathing, hoping yet to calm my

breathing

"Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door— Some lost visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door— This it is and nothing more."

5.

Deep into the darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,

Doubting, dreaming fantasies no mortal dared to dream before, But the silence was unbroken and the stillness gave no token,

And the only word there spoken was the whispered name,

"Lenore?"

This I thought and out loud whispered, from my lips the foul name festered—echoing itself

Merely this and nothing more.

6.

Back into my chamber turning, every nerve within me burning, When once again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before, "Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my iron staircase; Open the door to see what 'threat' is—open the window, Free the shutters—let us this mystery explore—

O bursting heart be still this once! And let this mystery explore— It is the wind and nothing more."

7.

Just one epithet I muttered as inside I gagged and shuddered with manly flirt and flutter

In there flew a stately Raven, Sleek and ravenous as any foe. Not the least obeisance made he—not a minute's gesture

toward me

Of recognition or politeness—but perched above my chamber door—

This fowl and salivating visage insinuating with its knowledge— Perched above my chamber door

Silent sat and staring nothing more.

8.

Askance! Askew! The self's sad fancy smiles,

I swear, at this savage vicious countenance it wears

"Though you show here shorn and shaven, and I admit myself forlorn and craven

Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the opiate shores Tell me what thy lordly name is, that you are not nightmare sewage,

Some dire powder drink or inhalation framed from flames of downtown lore"—

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

9.

And the Raven, sitting lonely, staring sickly at my male sex only, That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour. Pathetic!!! Nothing further then he uttered, not a feather then he fluttered— Till finally was I that muttered as I stared dully at the floor, "Other friends have flown and left me, flown as each and every

hope has flown before

As you no doubt will 'fore the morrow"-

But the bird said, "Never. More."

10.

Then I felt the air grow denser, perfumed from some unseen incense

As though accepting angelic intrusion (when in fact I felt collusion)

Before the guise of false memories respite! Respite through the haze of cocaine's glory

I smoke and smoke the blue vial's glory to forget—at once!!! the base Lenore—

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

11.

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!— By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both ignore— Tell this soul with sorrow laden willful and destructive intent How had lapsed a pure heart lady to the greediest of needs Sweaty arrogant dickless liar who ascribed to nothing higher Than a jab from prick to needle Straight to betrayal and disgrace? The conscience showing not a trace— Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

12.

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I yelled, upstarting—

"Get thee back into the tempest into the smoke-filled bottle's shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of the slime thy soul has spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit as those have quit before!

Take the talon from my heart and see that I can care no more.

Whatever mattered came before I vanished with the dead Lenore!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

13.

But the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, silent sitting, Above a painting silent painting of the forever silenced whore, And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is

dreaming,

And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow to the floor.

I love she who hates me more! I love she who hates me more! And my soul shall not be lifted from that shadow.

Nevermore!

Balloon

ENTERTAINER

I'm a little balloon and I get puffed up Squeeze me and bend me it's never enough Put your lips around me, blow me up But if you prick me I will pop

I'm a little balloon full and firm Here's my aft and here's my stern Here's my lips and here's my hose Put me down or I will burst If you prick me I will burst! This page intentionally left blank

ACT II

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Generic lounge music with walking bass

ENTERTAINER

I'd like to thank all you people for showing up tonight. Sorry about the weather—Let's have a big hand for my longtime accompanist Manfred Gooseberry—hey, Goose, take a bow, relax, be comfortable, have a cocktail in the Poo Poo Lounge—and let us entertain you.

Broadway Song

I'd like to sing you a Broadway song I hope that you'll all sing along A little dancing and some sentiment to put your Mind at ease

I'd like to play you something low and sexy Look at our dancers they're so young and pretty—hi Olga! And when we start to groove you can hear the Saxophones blow

Ah show business is just a wonderful thing All I want is to get down on my knees and sing For you And let the saxophones blow Blow baby blow

I'd like to sing you a Broadway song I hope that you'll all sing along A little dancing and some sentiment to put your Mind at ease

I wanna bring a tear to your eye Awww good old Poe don't he make you cry Ain't it great the way he writes about the Mysteries of life Ah show business is just a wonderful thing All I want is to get down on my knees and sing For you And let the saxophones blow Blow baby blow Go goose go The Tell-Tale Heart, Part 1

Electronics with feedback; voices in Ensemble placed spatially with various amounts of reverb

OLD POE True! Nervous, very nervous.

POE 1 Madman!

YOUNG POE Why will you say that I am mad? The disease has sharpened my senses—not destroyed—not dulled them.

POE 2 Madman!

POE 3 The eye of a vulture—a pale blue eye, with a film over it.

OLD POE Listen! Observe how healthily and how calmly I tell this story.

POE 5 He had no passion for the old man. He was never insulted.

POE 4 He loved him.

POE 1 It was the eye the eye the eye.

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YOUNG POE I made up my mind. To take his life forever.

POE 2 Passionless.

POE 3 The eye of a vulture.

YOUNG POE You should have seen me.

POE 5 You should have seen him.

OLD POE How wisely I proceeded.

POE 4 To rid himself of the eye forever.

YOUNG POE With what dissimulation I went to work!

ALL Caution!

OLD POE I turned the latch on his door and opened it. POE 1 To work.

POE 2 To practice.

YOUNG POE I opened his door and put in a dark lantern.

ALL Dark.

OLD POE Slowly I put my head in; slowly I thrust it until in time I entered. I was in so far. . . .

Feedback swelling

POE 3 He was in so far he could see the old man sleep.

OLD POE And then I undid the lantern so a thin ray fell upon the eye.

POE 5 The vulture eye.

POE 4 He did this for seven days. POE 1 Seven days.

YOUNG POE But always the eye was closed, and so I could not do the work.

POE 2 And in the day he would greet the old man calmly in his chamber.

POE 3 Calmly.

OLD POE Nothing is wrong and all is well.

POE 5 Knock, knock—who's there?

POE 4 Came night eight.

ALL Night eight.

YOUNG POE

I was slower than a watch minute hand. The power that I had with the old man not to even dream my secret thoughts.

POE 1 Secret thoughts. OLD POE My sagacity. I could barely conceal my feelings of triumph.

YOUNG POE When suddenly the body moved.

POE 2 The body moved.

OLD POE But I went in even further, pushing the door open even further.

POE 3 "Who's there?"

ALL "Who's there?"

YOUNG POE I did not move a muscle. I kept quiet and still.

POE 5 The old man sat up in bed.

POE 4 In his bed.

ALL "Who's there?"

OLD POE

I heard a groan and knew it was a groan of mortal terror, not pain or grief.

ALL Oh, no!

YOUNG POE

It was the low stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with awe. I felt such awe welling up in my own bosom, deepening with its echo the terrors that distracted me. Knowing what the old man felt and—

POE 1 —pitying him—

POE 2 —pitying him.

YOUNG POE Although it made me laugh.

ALL Ha-ha!

OLD POE

He'd been lying awake since the first slight noise. He'd been lying awake thinking . . .

POE 3 . . . thinking . . .

POE 5 ... it is nothing but the wind.

POE 4 The wind.

POE 1 It is nothing but the house settling.

POE 2 The old man stalked with his black shadow.

POE 3 Death approaching.

OLD POE The mournful presence of the unperceived causing him to feel my presence.

POE 5 Open the lantern!

YOUNG POE I saw the ray fall on the eye.

ALL On the eye.

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Blind Rage

THE OLD MAN

Who's that peeping through my door Sneaking up and down the hall I can't stand it anymore I can't stand it anymore Who's that peeping through my door Sneaking up and down the hall I can't stand it anymore I can't stand it anymore Blind rage . . . I'm in a blind rage Blind rage Blind rage

Who's that creeping in my room Blocking out the stars and moon I fear you will attack me soon Who goes there!!!

Who's that creeping in my room Blocking out the stars and moon I fear you will attack me soon Who goes there!!!

Blind rage Blind rage Blind rage Blind rage I'm in a blind rage

Blind rage you're making me scared You're making me scared Blind rage

Blind rage Blind rage Blind rage

Blind rage Blind rage I'm in a blind rage The Tell-Tale Heart, Part 2

Organ and electronics

POE 4 Furious!

OLD POE It made me furious!

POE 1 A dull quick sound, pounding.

POE 2 Like a watch encased in cotton.

ALL Tick-tock.

OLD POE I knew that sound well.

YOUNG POE It increased my fury.

POE 3 The beating of the old man's heart.

OLD POE I scarcely breathed and refrained. YOUNG POE Motionless.

POE 5 The tattoo of the heart—

POE 4 Hellish—

POE 1 Increased and was extreme.

POE 2 It grew louder.

POE 3 Louder.

OLD POE

I am nervous at this dead hour of the night; amid the dreadful silence of this old house, this sound excites me to uncontrollable wrath. I thought someone would hear this sound, I thought his heart would burst.

YOUNG POE His hour had come.

Loud metallic knocking Open the door!

Loud metallic knocking; enter Policemen

POLICEMAN 1 Police, open the door.

YOUNG POE The old man has gone to the country.

POLICEMAN 1 Gone to the country.

OLD POE But please search well.

POLICEMAN 2 Please search well.

YOUNG POE These are his treasures.

POLICEMAN 3 Treasures.

YOUNG POE Secure and undisturbed.

OLD POE Please sit and rest. You must be fatigued. YOUNG POE Wild audacity. Perfect triumph.

POLICEMAN 1 So they chat.

ALL Chat.

POLICEMAN 3 Of familiar things.

YOUNG POE I hear ringing.

OLD POE Ringing.

YOUNG POE Do you not hear it?

POLICEMEN No.

OLD POE It is louder. It is making my head ache. Do you not hear it?

POLICEMAN 1 No. POLICEMAN 2 No.

POLICEMAN 3 No.

YOUNG POE I—I have a headache.

Knocking continues The day is long. Do you not hear it?

POLICEMEN No!

OLD POE Do you fucking mock me? Do you mock me?

YOUNG POE They know!

OLD POE Do you think me—

YOUNG POE They know!

Knocking stops

OLD POE —an imbecile? Do you think me a fool! Villains, dissemble no more!

OLD POE AND YOUNG POE I admit the deed!

YOUNG POE Admit! Admit!

OLD POE Here, here!

OLD POE AND YOUNG POE Admit!

OLD POE It is the beating of his most hideous heart!

Burning Embers

POLICEMEN

Fly through the glass of a windowpane Fall through the sky feeling the rain Walk on broken glass your telltale heart

Look through the bars of a dirty jail cell Soar to heaven dive to hell Listen to your telltale heart

Setting fires in the ghost twilight We see you dress we bolt with fright You see an apparition disappear

Ah . . . jump to the table jump up the stairs Stand on the rooftop looking out through the air Walk on broken glass your telltale heart

Lenore am I dreaming How can death keep us apart Lenore I see you burning. . . . And I'd walk on burning embers Walk on burning embers Walk on burning embers telltale heart

Walk on burning embers Walk on burning embers Walk on burning embers Telltale heart The Imp of the Perverse

Rhythmic electronics

FEMALE TEACHER Death by a visitation from God. Death by a visitation from God.

MALE STUDENT I am shadow.

FEMALE TEACHER Things material and spiritual . . .

MALE STUDENT Maternal.

FEMALE TEACHER . . . can be heavy.

MALE STUDENT Suffocating.

FEMALE TEACHER There are seven iron lamps which illumine our senses.

MALE STUDENT Seven knives.

FEMALE TEACHER Seven iron lamps to illumine our senses and seven bells to celebrate the resurrection.

MALE STUDENT

Two marble balls in a sack. One long and slender candle. One mouth, two reckonings. Consternation and treachery.

FEMALE TEACHER

Are you listening? Are you listening to me? Are you paying attention? To me!

MALE STUDENT I am shadow.

FEMALE TEACHER

Seven iron lamps, seven oboes, two small balls, and one tiny candle.

MALE STUDENT Tiny candle.

FEMALE TEACHER One pathetic flame, embers dying.

MALE STUDENT Dying.

FEMALE TEACHER

Five creatures from the monolith, seven whispers from the catacombs, five and seven numbing mumbling speeches—are you listening?

MALE STUDENT I am drawn to do what I should not!

FEMALE TEACHER

Guilty guilty guilty guilty no no never never no; seven mornings, thirteen moons, five wolves, one silk-spread morning, seven bells for seven senses each one lusting lusting.

MALE STUDENT Guiltily.

FEMALE TEACHER

Two milk-fed glands ripe and red-tipped—are you listening, my little mouse? Each sense ripped from its bodice, each gland primed to its overflow—do you hear me, my little mouse man, do you hear me, little cock?

MALE STUDENT Semen!

FEMALE TEACHER Are you listening, my little tumescent smear?

MALE STUDENT

Ligeia! I stand on the edge and am drawn to it! Guilt! I am shadow!

Music swells, becomes louder

Vanishing Act

TEACHER AND STUDENT

It must be nice to disappear To have a vanishing act To always be looking forward And never looking back

How nice it is to disappear Float into a mist With a young lady on your arm Looking for a kiss

It might be nice to disappear To have a vanishing act To always be looking forward Never look over your back

It must be nice to disappear Float into a mist With a young lady on your arm Looking for a kiss The Cask

YOUNG POE

Never bet the Devil your head. When I was an infant my mother treated me like a tough steak. To her well-regulated mind, babies were the better for beatings. But she was lefthanded, and a child flogged left-handed is better left unflogged.

The world revolves from right to left. It will not do to whip a baby from left to right. If each blow in the right direction drives an evil propensity out, a blow in the opposite direction knocks its quota of wickedness in.

Hence my precocity in vice, my sensitivity to injuries, the thousands of injuries heaped upon me by Fortunato, and then finally his rabid insults, for which I vowed revenge.

I gave no utterance to threat. But the knowledge of "avengemanship" was so definite, so precise, that no risk could befall me; by neither word nor deed had I given cause to doubt my goodwill. I would punish with impunity. I will fuck him up the ass and piss in his face. I will redress the wrong.

But lips and psyche, mind, be silent. Fortunato approaches.

The Cask

FORTUNATO Don't take me to task For loving a cask The cask of Amontillado

Please don't make a pass You can go kiss my ass All I want is this mythical cask The cask of Amontillado

I've heard so much through the grapevine I've heard so much on the line But the one thing that I lust after Is the one thing I've never had

So is it too much to ask To have just one taste of the cask Why you could go kiss my ass For the cask of Amontillado

Edgar, old fellow, dear bosom friend. Hail fellow well met. O great elucidator, great epopee.

YOUNG POE

Ah, Fortunato, what luck to meet you, what good luck to meet you and see you looking so splendid. I have received a cask of Amontillado—or what passes for Amontillado.

FORTUNATO

Amontillado? That most wondrous sherry? A cask? Impossible! How? So rare.

YOUNG POE

I've had my doubts. I was silly enough to pay the full price without consulting you in the matter, but you were not to be found and I was fearful of losing a bargain.

FORTUNATO Fearfully stupid if you ask me, Edgar.

YOUNG POE I am on my way to see Mr. Bolo—

FORTUNATO A cask.

YOUNG POE A cask. To gather his opinion. Are you engaged?

FORTUNATO Mr. Bolo cannot tell Amontillado from goat's milk.

YOUNG POE Yet some say his taste is a match for your own.

FORTUNATO Hardly, dear boy. Let us go.

YOUNG POE Where?

FORTUNATO

To your vaults . . . to the supposed Amontillado.

YOUNG POE

Oh, my good friend, no. I could not impose upon your good nature. You have, after all, an engagement.

FORTUNATO

To hell with the engagement. I have no engagement. Before the sky withers and falls, let us go.

YOUNG POE

But the vaults are damp and I see you are afflicted with a severe cold.

FORTUNATO

Let us go! The cold is nothing. You've been taken advantage of. And Mr. Bolo cannot tell Amontillado from piss. The cask?

YOUNG POE

It is farther on. But see the white webwork which gleams from the cavern walls.

FORTUNATO Nitre? Nitre?

YOUNG POE How long have you had that cough? Yes, nitre.

FORTUNATO It is nothing.

YOUNG POE

We should go back. Your health is precious. You are a man who would be missed. Let's return. I cannot be responsible for causing you ill health. And anyway, there's always Mr. Bolo.

FORTUNATO

Be damned! I'll not be swayed. The cough is nothing. It will not kill me. I won't die of a cough.

YOUNG POE

Of that you can be sure. Have some of this Médoc to warm the bones and defend you from this infernal dampness. Drink. Drink, damn you.

FORTUNATO

I drink to the buried that repose around us.

YOUNG POE

And I to your long life.

The nitre. It hangs like moss. We are below the river's bed. The moisture trickles and chills the bones. Let's go back. Your cough.

FORTUNATO

The cough is nothing! Let us have some more Médoc.... Let us proceed to the Amontillado.

YOUNG POE So, proceed. Herein the Amontillado. Now, Mr. Bolo—

FORTUNATO Mr. Bolo is an imbecile! An ignoramus.

YOUNG POE

Can you not feel the nitre? You really should go. I implore you. No? Then I must leave you here. But first let me render you all the little attentions within my power.

FORTUNATO

The Amontillado. Ha, ha, ha. A very good joke indeed. We will have many a rich laugh about it over our wine in the palazzo.

YOUNG POE The Amontillado!

FORTUNATO Yes yes yes. The Amontillado.

YOUNG POE Well, then, let's go! Feedback

FORTUNATO For the love of God!

YOUNG POE Precisely for the love of God. Fortunato! Fortunato!

Feedback continues and grows louder

Guilty

Electronics and guitar drones

MOTHER Guilty?

DAUGHTER Guilty.

MOTHER

I'm paralyzed with guilt, It runs through me like rain through silk. Guilty? My mind won't leave me alone. My teeth are rotten, my lips start to foam 'Cause I'm so guilty.

DAUGHTER Guilty, guilty.

MOTHER Ohhhh—guilty! What did I say? What did I do? Did I ever do it to you? Don't turn your back! I can't look you in the eyeeyeeye.

DAUGHTER Eyeeyeeye. MOTHER I guess I am guilty as charged.

DAUGHTER Guilty, guilty, guilty, guilty, Guilty, guilty, guilty, guilty, guilty.

MOTHER Don't do that.

DAUGHTER Don't do what?

MOTHER

Don't—do—that! Oh, you're such a child! Guilty—what can I do? I do it to you But I do it to me too. Cut off my head—hang me from the yardarm. Guilty? I'm paralyzed with guilt, I've got bad thoughts, I've got an evil clit.

DAUGHTER

Guilty.

MOTHER

My mind won't leave me alone, I've got a bad mind, I've got a bad bone. DAUGHTER Guilty—guilty as charged—guilty.

MOTHER Don't do that.

DAUGHTER Don't do what?

MOTHER Don't—do—that! Oh, you're such a reckless child! You remember when you were a baby?

MOTHER Do you have a jury?

DAUGHTER Yeah.

MOTHER Do they have a verdict?

DAUGHTER Guilty as charged.

DAUGHTER Guilty, guilty, Guilty as charged. MOTHER Do they have a verdict? Do they have a verdict! I'm guilty!

DAUGHTER You're guilty.

MOTHER Oh, you are such a reckless child! I should beat you. I should hit you! I will put you in therapy.

DAUGHTER Guilty, guilty, Guilty, guilty.

MOTHER (LAUGHING) Guilty.

Dialogue to be sung

A Wild Being From Birth

Electronics and organ

ROWENA A wild being from birth My spirit spurns control, Wandering the wide earth Searching for my soul.

While all the world is chiding In visions of the dark night I have had a waking dream, A holy dream a holy dream.

A waking dream of life and light That cheered me as a lovely beam, A lonely spirit guiding With a ray turned back upon the past.

While I aghast Sit motionless through the misty night Dimly peering at what once shone bright Peeking warily at what shone afar— What could there be more purely bright In truth's daystar?

LIGEIA

In the consideration of the faculties and impulses of the human soul in consideration of our arrogance, our radical, primitive, irreducible arrogance of reason, we have all overlooked the propensity. We saw no need for it the paradoxical something which we may call perverseness. A *mobile* without motive. Through its promptings, we act without comprehensible object. Induction would have brought phrenology to admit this. We act for the reason we should not. For certain minds this is absolutely irresistible. The conviction of the wrong or impolicy of an action is often the unconquerable force. It is a primitive impulse.

Elementary—the overwhelming tendency to do wrong for the wrong's sake. This impels us to its persecutions. O holy dream. We persist in acts because we feel that we should *not* persist in them. This is the combativeness of phrenology.

ROWENA

We have a task before us which must be speedily performed. We know it will be ruinous to delay. Trumpettongued, the important crisis of our life calls. We glow.

LIGEIA

We are consumed with eagerness to commence work. Yet a shadow flits across the brain. The impulse increases to a wish, the wish to a desire, the desire to uncontrollable longing, and the longing in defiance of all consequences is indulged. We put off all until tomorrow.

ROWENA

We tremble with the violence of the conflict within us the definite with the indefinite, the substance with the shadow. There is no answer except that we feel perverse. The shadow prevails. Our energy returns. We will commit now, we will labor now—O holiest of dreams—but it is too late. We stand upon the brink of the precipice.

LIGEIA

We grow sick and dizzy. We go to shrink from danger but instead we approach it. We are intoxicated by the mere idea of a fall from such a great height. This fall, this rushing annihilation—for the very reason it contains the most loathsome and ghastly images of death and suffering—for this reason do we now most impetuously desire it. There is no passion in nature so demonic as the passion of him who, shuddering upon the edge, meditates a plunge. We will these actions merely because we feel that we should not. Having realized this, I swoon. It is the spirit of the perverse. The idea of a poison candle struck my fancy, and I procured one for my victim. I will not vex you with impertinent details, but suffice it to say the verdict was "Death by the visitation of God."

ROWENA All went well for me.

LIGEIA All went well for me.

ROWENA

His estate inherited, I reveled in absolute security. I would

never be found out. I was safe. I was safe—if I did not prove fool enough to make open confession.

LIGEIA

If I did not prove fool enough to make public confession. No sooner had I uttered those words than I felt an icy chill creep into my heart. I made a strong effort to shake off this nightmare of the soul. I laughed. I whistled. I walked and then walked faster. I thought I saw a formless shape approaching me from behind. And then I ran. I pushed and shoved blindly. I thought I felt a hand upon my throat—no mortal hand. I screamed, and then clearly, clearly, I enunciated pregnant sentences that consigned me to the hangman and to hell, the fullest judicial conviction.

Today I wear chains but tomorrow I shall be fetterless. But where?

O holy dream, O beam of light, I fall prostrate with excitement this holy night.

I Wanna Know (Pit and Pendulum)

YOUNG POE

Under the intense scrutiny of Ligeia's eyes, I have felt the full knowledge and force of their expression and yet have been unable to possess it and have felt it leave me as so many other things have left—the letter half-read, the bottle halfdrunk—finding in the commonest objects of the universe a circle of analogies, of metaphors for that expression which has been willfully withheld from me, the access to the inner soul denied.

JUDGES AND DEAD PEOPLE (CHOIR) I wanna know.

YOUNG POE

In consideration of the faculties and impulses of the human soul in consideration of our arrogance, our radical, primitive, irreducible arrogance of reason, we have all overlooked the propensity. We saw no need for it, the paradoxical something which we may call perverseness. Through its promptings, we act without comprehensible object.

We act for the reason we should not. For certain minds this is absolutely irresistible. The conviction of the wrong or impolicy of an action is often the unconquerable force. It is a primitive impulse. The overwhelming tendency to do wrong for the wrong's sake. We persist in acts because we feel that we should *not* persist in them.

JUDGES AND DEAD PEOPLE (CHOIR) I wanna know.

Science of the Mind

YOUNG POE In the science of the mind There is no forgiving Paralyzed I lay here sleeping Quiet as a little child Heart starts beating Blood rushing pounding Moving quiet as a little lamb

In the science of the mind Limbs are bound devoid of movement The injuries we do in kind Are visited upon us often

In the science of the mind Trying hard to move a shadow Don't bury me I'm still alive The science of the mind unyielding The science of the mind unyielding The science of the mind unyielding Annabel Lee/The Bells

Electronics with bell tones

LENORE Let the burial rite begin, The funeral song be sung, An anthem for the queenliest dead That ever died so young.

Sweet Lenore has gone before, Taking hope that flew beside, Leaving instead the wild dead child That should have been your bride.

It was many and many a year ago In a kingdom by the sea, She was a child and you were a child In the kingdom by the sea.

But the moon never beams, The stars never rise, No angels envy thee, For Ligeia rests dead With three winged seraphs In this kingdom by the sea.

Wedded darkly Soul to soul You shrink in size Down to a mole And disappear into the hole Of the dark mind's imaginings.

Shrinking Shrinking Shrinking

Hop-Frog

HOP-FROG (THE DWARF COURT JESTER) Well they call me a juicy hop-frog You can see me in any wood bog Don't you know that they call me the hop-frog Hopping frog

I'm a hop-frog A hop-frog They call me the hop-frog Hop . . . Hop-frog

They call me a hop-frog See me in any wood bog Don't you know that they call me a hop-frog Hop-frog

They call me a hop-frog See me in a wood bog They're calling me a hop-frog Hop-frog

You can see me in a ballroom You can see me in a bedroom You can see me in the woods The hop hop-frog They call me hop-frog They call you hop-frog Well they call you hop-frog Hop-frog Frogggggg Every Frog Has His Day

Horn melody

KING O mellifluous dwarf, prince of all the jesters, Funny little thing you are— Make me laugh As God's voluminous star.

HOP-FROG Gracious majesty, today Is not made-for-laughter day. This moment sacred is more for royal sunsets Than comic ruin or suicidal jests.

KING

I'll be the judge of that, thank you. Make me laugh le petite cur. Drink some wine Lest you foul sweet time.

HOP-FROG Drink upsets me—please, your liege— This would mark the death of me.

KING

I said drink, you scabrous whore. Are you deaf as well as short?

TRIPITENA Kingdom's sire, big as you are, Save such bile for larger foes.

KING Make me laugh 'Fore I stretch your neck like a giraffe.

Tripitena's Speech

TRIPITENA

My love. The king by any other name a pissoir. You, my love, tower over them all; they are but vermin beneath your heels. They are monkeys. Suit them—frame them to your own vision—but do not let one false word of mockery seep through to your vast heart. I have seen you from close and afar, and your worth far exceeds your height, your width, the depth of your sorrow.

O willful outcast, dost thou not see the light of our love-our linked fortunes-our hearts melded together into one fine golden braided finery? They listen to the music of idiots and amuse themselves with the sordid miseries of their businesses. They are not the things of angels or of any higher outpost that humanity might aspire to. Your loathsome vomitous businessman king is of the lowest order, his advisers crumbling mockeries of education driven by avarice. My love, dress them in the suits of mockery, and in their advanced state of stupidity and senility, burn and destroy them, so their ashes might join the compost which they so much deserve. If justice on this earth be fleeting, let us for once hear the weeping and the braving of the businessman king. Let them be the orangutans they are and set them blazing from the chandelier for all to see-hanging from the ceiling by their ridiculous chains and petticoats, which you will have them wear under the guise of costumic buffoonery. He who underestimates in time is bound to find the truth sublime and hollow lie upon the grates of systemic disorder.

Businessmen, you're not worth shitting on.

Who Am I?

TRIPITENA

Sometimes I wonder who am I The world seeming to pass me by A younger man now getting old I have to wonder what the rest of life will hold

I hold a mirror to my face There are some lines that I could trace To memories of loving you The passion that breaks reason in two

I have to think and stop me now If reminiscences make you frown One thinks of what one hoped to be And then faces reality

Sometimes I wonder who am I Who made the trees Who made the sky Who made the storms Who made heartbreak I wonder how much life I can take

I know I like to dream a lot And think of other worlds that are not I hate that I need air to breathe I'd like to leave this body and be free I'd like to float like a mystic child I'd like to kiss an angel on the brow I'd like to solve the mysteries of life By cutting someone's throat or removing their heart

You'd like to see it beat You'd like to hold your eyes And though you know I'm dead You'd like to hold my thighs

If it's wrong to think on this To hold the dead past in your fist Why were we given memories Let's lose our minds and be set free

Sometimes I wonder who am I The world seeming to pass me by A younger man now getting old I have to wonder what the rest of life will hold

I wonder who started this Was God in love and gave a kiss To someone who later betrayed And godless love sent us away

To someone who later betrayed Godless love sent us away Someone who later betrayed Godless love sent us away Courtly Orangutans

Electronic court music

HOP-FROG Tomorrow is the seasonal ball. I propose costumes for you And the honorable ministers to wear.

KING Yes?

HOP-FROG

All dress as orangutans. All your guests will run and scream With their mouths agape And try to hide And you, sire, will have last laugh For such imperial cunning.

Ominous low horns I will redress the wrong. I will torture you. I will burn you. Dead!

TRIPITENA

My prince— My prince, you light the fire of eternal fame: BURN MONKEYS BURN!

Loud feedback and electronics—"fire music"

554

Guardian Angel

YOUNG POE AND CAST I have a guardian angel I keep him in my head And when I'm afraid and alone I call him to my bed

I have a guardian angel Who keeps bad things from me The only way to ruin it would be for me not to trust me

The only way to ruin it would be for me not to trust me I have a guardian angel Who's often saved my life

Through malevolent storms and crystal drums The angel on my right Has lifted me up and set me down Always showing me what's right

And if my instinct proved me wrong The angel set it right And if my instinct proved me wrong The angel set it right

I have a guardian angel I keep him in my head And when I'm having nightmares He shows me dreams instead I have a ring—I have a dress I have an empty shell By the books below teacups I've kept a kind of hell By the books below teacups I've kept a kind of hell

Panic and anxiety so often in my head But I had a guardian angel Who took care of me instead

The champagne cork—the nightlight owl A raven and a duck The seed of pining parents And your despairing love The seed of pining parents And your despairing love

Love and luck both having charmed lives Can change all things about I had a guardian angel That's what this is all about

I have a guardian angel I keep him in my head When I'm alone and become afraid He saved my life instead When I'm alone and become afraid He saved my life instead The Latest

Gravity

Gravity is always pullin' us down Pullin' us down pullin' us down

Gravity makes you lower than this What could make you lower than this Gravity pulls you lower than this Lower than this lower than this What could you do and what could you say It's gravity it's gravity

Meet in the garden behind the wall There is no protection at all Listen to the screaming Listen to them holler Gravity gravity It's either love or squalor

Gravity Gravity A law of nature gravity Gravity oh gravity There's nothing lower than gravity Pull to the left pull to the right Gravity all day and night Some kill this and some rape that And some are somehow worse than that

Gravity zoom zoom zoom Gravity keeps us from the moon From the stars down to the earth Gravity is what it's worth

War war You can't get enough of war War War You can't get away from war War war war war All our lives that's all we saw War war war war Or true god's the god of war

Gravity just pullin' us down gravity just pullin' us down Gravity just pullin' us down gravity gravity You can't get away from gravity Gravity gravity You can't get away from gravity

Generous Heart

There's a street called Catalina Where some get pretty mean You could get shot over a parked car And a gentle heart should never start Or try to end some fight There's no glory to doing the right thing You could really get hurt that way Cause a generous heart can be taken apart by A bullet in Catalina Oh there's 21 days, To try to get straight You can pray, You can cry, You can strum

You can whistle a tune with a saddening beat You can measure your life in a spoon You can smoke Tampa Red You can whisper instead To a full and radiant moon

But your generous heart will never again start And we'll never see you again

You got 21 days but all things lost in the fire Add up to a loss too big to hold

I need time off to soothe my suffering To try to learn the word please Please forgive then, Please don't forget me, Please don't leave me with a shout— The streets are mean in Catalina And a generous heart lost out

Oh a generous heart A generous heart A generous heart lost out And here I am with my 21 days But the generous heart lost out

Oh 21 days, 21 days, I'm straight 21 days But a generous heart is gone from this spot And I'll never see you again

21 days 21 days 21 days On the spot But your generous heart will be in my heart Forever forever and a day Not for 21 days Not 21 days Things that we lost in a fire Not 21 days Not 21 days Not 21 days You had a generous heart.

Safety Zone

I thought I'd make a safety zone With the Dr. and the sister I thought I'd make a safety zone I thought I'd make a bridge Keep civility over here I thought I'd build a safety zone

I thought I'd build a safety zone I thought I'd bring together a hospital a school and my home Side stepping morality That isn't me I thought with my heart I thought I'd build a safety zone

The Japanese in this war have brought us to our collective knees

I am asking please can we all agree on one thing please Here are proper letters sealed and sent to state The obvious and though it seems too late I'm asking please can we declare a safety zone

Dear General, may we build a safety zone We're asking please may we build a safety zone Lives fly by in a minute . . . rape at the end of a bayonet . . . the sick the elderly May we build a safety zone Lives fly by in a minute Stuck to the end of a bayonet Nothing to fear from here We're gonna starve or freeze May we build a safety zone Starve or freeze May we build a safety zone Dear General May we build a safety zone

Junior Dad

Would you come to me If I was half drowning an arm above the last wave Would you come to me Would you pull me up Would the effort really hurt you Is it unfair to ask you To help pull me up

The window broke the silence of the matches The smoke effortlessly floating I'm all choked up

Pull me up Would you be my lord and savior Pull me up by my hair Now would you kiss me on my lips

Burning fever burning on my forehead The brain that once was listening now Shoots out its tiresome message

Won't you pull me up Scalding my dead father Has the motor and he's driving towards An island of lost souls

Sunny—a monkey then to monkey I will teach you meanness fear and blindness No social redeeming kindness Oh—or—state of grace Would you pull me up Would you drop the mental bullet Would you pull me by the arm up Would you still kiss my lips Hiccup: the dream is over Get the coffee: turn the lights on Say hello to junior dad The greatest disappointment Age withered him and changed him Into junior dad Psychic savagery

Pass Thru Fire

Power of the Heart

You and me we always sweat and strain You look for sun I look for rain We're different people we're not the same The power of the sun

I look at tree tops you look for caps Above the water where the waves snap back I flew around the world to bring you back The power of the heart

You looked at me and I looked at you The sleeping heart was shining through The wispy cobwebs that we were breathing through The power of the heart

I looked at you and Then you looked at me I thought of past you thought of what could be I asked you once again to marry me The power of the heart

Everybody say love makes the world go round I hear a bubble I hear a sound Of my heart beating then I turn around And find you standing at the door You know me I like to dream a lot Of this and that And what is not And finally I figured out what was what It was the power of the heart The power of the heart

You and me we sweat and strain The result's always the same You'd think somehow we're in a game The power of the heart

I think I'm dumb I know you're smart The beating of a pure bred heart I say this to you and it's no lark Marry me today

You know me, I like to dream a lot Of what there is and what there's not But mainly I dream of you a lot The power of your heart

The power of your heart

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Discography

The Velvet Underground & Nico (Verve, 1967)

Sunday Morning**

Black Angel's Death Song**

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White Light/White Heat (Verve, 1967)

The Gift** Here She Comes Now** Sister Ray**

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The Velvet Underground (MGM, 1969)

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1969 Velvet Underground Live

Sweet Jane (Prototype) New Age (Prototype) Over You

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Loaded (Cotillian, 1970)

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VU

Stephanie Says Temptation Inside Your Heart*** One of These Days*** I'm Sticking with You***

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Another View (Polygram, 1986)

Hey Mr. Rain** Ferryboat Bill**

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The Velvet Underground Live MCMXCIII

Velvet Nursery Rhyme**

Coyote**

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Nico: Chelsea Girl (Polygram, 1967)

Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams

Chelsea Girls **

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Lou Reed (RCA, 1972)

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Transformer (RCA, 1972)

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Berlin (RCA, 1973)

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Sally Can't Dance (RCA, 1974)

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Metal Machine Music (RCA, 1975) Liner Notes by Lou Reed

Coney Island Baby (RCA, 1975)

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Rock and Roll Heart (Arista, 1976)

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Street Hassle (Arista, 1978)

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The Bells (Arista, 1979)

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Growing Up in Public (Arista, 1980)

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The Blue Mask (RCA, 1982)

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Legendary Hearts (RCA, 1983)

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New Sensations (RCA 1984)

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Mistrial (RCA, 1986)

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New York (Sire, 1989)

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Songs for Drella (Sire, 1990)

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Magic and Loss (Sire, 1992)

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Set the Twilight Reeling (Warner Bros., 1996)

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Time Rocker (1996)

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Miscellaneous

Ocean

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My Name Is Mok

Rock and Rule (MGM/UA, 1984)

One World One Voice Why Can't I Be Good* *Faraway So Close! (EMI/Electrola, 1993)

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Little Sister

The Original Motion Picture Soundtrack, Get Crazy (Morocco/Motown, 1983)

Letters to the Vatican Nothing But the Truth (Electra, 1988)

The Calm Before the Storm Nothing But the Truth (Electra, 1988)

Something Happened The Original Motion Picture Soundtrack, Permanent Record (Epic/CBS Records, 1988) Downtown Dirt (Prototype) Published by Metal Machine Music, Inc. administered by Screen Gems—EMI, Inc. (BMI) (Between Thought and Expression The Lou Reed Anthology BMG 1992)

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Gravity

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