

Lou Reed, Call On Me

Caught in the crossbow of ideas and journeys
sit here reliving the other self's mournings
Caught in the crossbow of ideas and dawns
stand I

Oh oh oh oh

Reliving the past of the maddening impulse
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

[Rowena:]

A wild being from birth
my spirit spurns control
wondering the wide earth
searching for my soul
Dimly peering
I would surely find
what could there be more purely bright
in truth's day-star

Ooohhh
Why didn't you call on me
why didn't you call, 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