

# Lou Reed, Claim To Fame

Talk-talk, yak-yak, watch you pull that old one track  
Get it up and get it back  
Making 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 a claim to fame  
Ooooh, sweet mama, ooooh, sweet mama  
Something 'bout your claim to fame

Wet lips, dry now, ready for that old hand-out  
Now, ain't that some claim to fame  
Spaced out, spaced in,  
The head's round, the square's flat  
Ain't that some claim to fame  
Now, tell me, ain't that some claim to fame  
Extra, extra, read all about it  
Extra, extra, something 'bout some claim to fame ...